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Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

GIVES A SLIGHT INSIGHT INTO THE PROGRESS OF HARLEY'S INTRIGUES FOR POWER.

Two years and upwards had elapsed, and Abigail's promise remained unfulfilled. The Whigs were still in power, and the Marlborough family paramount in influence. But neither delay nor defeat discouraged Harley. Resolved to hazard nothing by precipitation, he carefully strengthened himself so as to be sure of holding his place when he obtained it. His measures, at first obscure and apparently purposeless, began to grow defined and intelligible. Confident of the support of the Tories, and of those in the Jacobite interest, he at last succeeded in winning over some of the opposite party, and among others, Earl Rivers, who became his confidential agent, and acquainted him with all the designs of his colleagues. By working upon his vanity and jealousy, he managed likewise to estrange the Duke of Somerset, and the queen was prevailed upon to aid in the scheme, by constantly inviting the duke to her private conferences, and flattering his inordinate self-esteem. The Duke of Shrewsbury was also gained over by similar arts, though he hesitated to commit himself by any step which should compromise him with his party.

While thus providing himself with supporters, Harley strove to undermine the stronghold of his opponents. He had long since succeeded in rendering the Duchess of Marlborough obnoxious to the queen, and unpopular with the court; and he now turned his weapons chiefly against the duke.

Three more campaigns, which, if not distinguished by victories as glorious as those of Blenheim and Ramilies, still were sufficiently brilliant, had been added to the roll of Marlborough's achievements. The first of these passed off without any remarkable action; but in the summer of 1708, the important battle of Oudenard was gained; and in the autumn of the suc-

ceeding year—namely, the 11th September, 1709—the fiercely contested and memorable victory of Malplaquet occurred. In the latter terrible conflict, in which the French, by the admission of both Marlborough and Eugene, performed almost prodigies of valour, they lost nearly fourteen thousand men, while the triumph of the confederate armies was dearly purchased. Stigmatizing the battle as a wanton and injudicious carnage, Harley went so far as to insinuate that the duke had exposed his officers to certain destruction in order to profit by sale of their commissions; and monstrous and improbable as the calumny appears, it nevertheless found some credence amongst those who had lost relatives and friends on that fatal field.

It must be admitted, also, that the duke's ruling passion, avarice, coupled with his wife's undisguised rapacity, favoured assertions like the present, and caused it at last to be generally believed, that the war was prolonged rather for his own benefit than the glory of the nation. With others, too, though fully sensible of his high deserts, and of the groundlessness and malice of such accusations, the desire of peace outweighed every other consideration, and they joined the cry, in the accomplishing the object of their wishes.

Marlborough unintentionally aided the designs of his enemy. Convinced that he had irrecoverably lost the queen's favour, and anxious, while he had yet power, to fortify himself against further opposition, which he foresaw he should have to encounter, he applied to the chancellor, to ascertain whether a patent, appointing him captain-general of the forces for life, could not be obtained. To his surprise and disappointment, the answer was that the application would be irregular and unconstitutional, and that the grant could not be made; and though further inquiries were instituted, and through other channels, the replies were equally unfavourable.

Undeterred by these opinions, the duke determined to make a direct application to the queen; and with this view, immediately after the victory of Malplaquet, judging it a fitting season, he was unwise enough to employ the duchess on the mission. Prepared for the request by Harley, and glad of an opportunity of mortifying her former favourite, but present object of her unmitigated dislike, Anne gave a decided refusal.

"I shall not remonstrate with your majesty upon your decision," said the duchess; "but since the duke's services are thus disregarded, I must announce to you his positive intention to retire at the close of the war."

"If your grace had said at the close of the present campaign, I should have understood you better," replied the queen, with bitter significance; "but if the duke only means to relinquish his command at the end of the war, I know not when his design will be put into execution."

"Your majesty does not mean to echo Mr. Harley's false and

dishonourable cry, that the Duke of Marlborough intentionally protracts the war?" cried the duchess, with difficulty controlling her passion.

"I echo no cry but that of my people for peace," replied Anne. "They complain of the perpetual call for fresh supplies, and I own I sympathize with them."

"Well then," cried the duchess, "you shall *have* peace. But I warn you, it will be worse than war."

In spite of her resolution to the contrary, Anne was disturbed by the duchess's implied menace. Left to herself, she could not refrain from tears; and she murmured—"Ah! my dear, lost husband, this is one of the occasions when I should have felt the benefit of your support and counsel."

Anne had now been a widow just a year. Her amiable consort, Prince George of Denmark, expired on the 23rd October, 1708. Constant in attendance upon him during his illness, Anne made no display of her grief when his sufferings were ended, and might have been supposed by an indifferent or a harsh observer to have felt little regret for his loss. But it was not so. She mourned him sincerely, but secretly; and almost the only person acquainted with the extent of her affliction was Mrs. Masham, who was destined to be a witness to her emotion on the present occasion.

"In tears, gracious madam!" cried the confidante, who had approached unobserved. "I trust the duchess has offered you no new indignity."

"She has made a request of me, on behalf of the duke, which I have refused — peremptorily refused," replied Anne. "But my grief is not caused by her, but by thoughts of my dear lost husband."

"In that case, I can only sympathize with you, madam," replied Mrs. Masham. "I will not affect to mourn the prince as deeply as you; but my sorrow is only second to your own."

"The prince had a great regard for you," rejoined the queen —"a great regard. His last recommendation to me was—'Keep Abigail and her husband always near you. They will serve you faithfully.'"

"And we will make good his highness's words," returned Mrs. Masham; "but, oh! let us dwell no more on this subject, gracious madam. It distresses you."

"No; it relieves my heart," replied Anne. "It is one of the penalties of royalty to be obliged to sacrifice private feelings to public duties. I can open my heart to no one but you. Abigail," she continued, in a broken voice, "I am now alone. I have neither husband nor children. My brother is in arms against me—my house is desolate—and though I wear a crown, it is a barren one. I dare not think upon the succession to the throne; for others order it for me."

"Alas! madam," exclaimed Mrs. Masham.

"Oh that my brother could enjoy his inheritance," cried the queen.

"Let Mr. Harley once be at the head of affairs, madam," returned the other, "and I am sure your desires can be accomplished."

"The season is at hand for his advancement," said the queen. "I have just read the duchess a lesson, and shall lose no opportunity now of mortifying and affronting her. When the duke returns, I shall give him clearly to understand that he can expect nothing further at my hands. But where is Mr. Harley? I have not seen him this morning."

"He is without, in the ante-chamber," replied Mrs. Masham, "and only waits your leisure for an audience."

"He stands upon needless ceremony," replied the queen. "Let him come in."

And the next moment Harley was introduced. Anne informed him what had passed between herself and the duchess.

"I am glad your majesty has acted with such becoming spirit," replied Harley. "The duke will feel his refusal keenly, but I can furnish you with another plan of galling him yet more sensibly. By the death of the Earl of Essex, which has just occurred, two important military preferments have become vacant, —namely, the lieutenancy of the Tower, and a regiment. These appointments, I need not tell your majesty, are usually made by the commander-in-chief."

"And you would have me dispose of them?" said the queen.

"Precisely," replied Harley; "and if I might venture to recommend a fitting person for the lieutenancy, it would be Lord Rivers."

"Why, he is a whig!" exclaimed Anne.

"He is a friend of your majesty's friends," returned Harley, smiling.

"He shall have the place then," said Anne.

"I have asked few favours for myself, gracious madam," said Mrs. Masham; "but I now venture to solicit the vacant regiment for my brother, Colonel Hill."

"It is his," replied the queen, graciously, "and I am happy in being able to oblige you."

Mrs. Masham was profuse in her thanks.

"This will be a bitter mortification to Marlborough," replied Harley, "and will accelerate his retirement. His grace is not what he was, even with the multitude, and your majesty will see the sorry welcome he will experience from them on his return. I have at last brought to bear a project which I have long conceived, for rousing the whole of the high-church party in our favour. The unconscious agent in my scheme is Doctor Henry Sacheverel, rector of Saint Saviour's, Southwark, a bigoted, but energetic divine, who, on the next fifth of Novem-

ber, will preach a sermon in Saint Paul's, which, like a trumpet sounded from a high place, will stir up the whole city. His text will be, the 'Perils from false brethren.' I have read the discourse, and can therefore speak confidently to its effect."

"I hope it may not prove prejudicial to your cause," said the queen, uneasily.

"Be not alarmed, madam," replied Harley. "But you shall hear the purport of the sermon, and judge for yourself of its tendency. One of its aims is, to show that the means used to bring about the Revolution were odious and unjustifiable, and to condemn the doctrine of resistance as inconsistent with the principles then laid down, and derogatory to the memory of his late majesty. Another is, that the licence granted by law to protestant dissenters is unreasonable, and that it is the duty of all superior pastors to thunder out their anathemas against those entitled to the benefit of toleration. A third, that the church of England is in a condition of great peril and adversity under the present administration, notwithstanding the vote recently passed to the contrary effect. The fourth and chief article is, that your majesty's administration, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, is tending to the destruction of the constitution; that there are many exalted members, both of church and state, who are false brethren, and are striving to undermine, weaken, and betray the establishment. The treasurer himself is reprobated under the character of Volpane, and comes in for the doctor's severest censures. Such is the sum of the discourse, which concludes with the strongest exhortations to the true supporters of the church to stand forth in its defence. Your majesty will agree with me that it is not likely to fail at this juncture."

"It seems to me a hazardous measure," observed the queen; "but I have no doubt you have well considered it, and I will not therefore oppose you. It may lead to what I chiefly desire, though I dare breathe it only to yourself and Abigail—the restoration of the succession to my father's house."

"No doubt of it, madam," replied Harley, with as much confidence as if he had really believed what he avouched.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HOW DOCTOR SACHEVEREL PREACHED HIS SERMON AT SAINT PAUL'S; AND HOW HE WAS IMPEACHED IN CONSEQUENCE.

On the fifth of November, 1709, Doctor Sacheverel preached his celebrated sermon, as arranged by Harley, at Saint Paul's, before the lord mayor, Sir Samuel Garrard, and the aldermen, and its effect was quite as extraordinary as had been anticipated. Carried away by the vehemence and earnestness of the preacher, and only imperfectly comprehending the drift of the discourse,

the lord mayor highly commended it, and requested it might be printed. This being precisely what Sacheverel desired, he immediately took the astute citizen at his word, and not only printed the sermon, but dedicated it to him. Upwards of forty thousand copies were sold in a few days, and it became the general subject of conversation and discussion throughout the city. A firebrand cast into a field of dry flax could not have caused a more sudden and far-spreading blaze than this inflammatory discourse. The cry was everywhere raised that the church was in danger, and that the ministers were its worst enemies. Meetings were convened in various quarters, at which denunciations were hurled against them, and Sacheverel was proclaimed the champion of the high church.

This popular tumult would have subsided as speedily as it rose, if it had not been kept alive and heightened by the arts of Harley and his adherents. Godolphin would have willingly passed the matter over with silent contempt; but this was not Harley's design; and though openly opposing the matter, he secretly contrived to push forward the impeachment of the doctor—well knowing, that the attempt to punish a clergyman was the surest way to confirm the report that the church was in danger.

So much noise, at length, was made about the libellous discourse, that it could not be passed over, and acting under the direction of the ministry, Mr. John Dolben, son of the late Archbishop of York, complained in the house of the sermon as factious and seditious, and calculated to promote rebellion; and after some further speeches to the same purpose, nothing being advanced in the doctor's defence, a resolution was passed that the sermon was "a malicious, scandalous, and seditious libel, highly reflecting upon her majesty and her government, the late happy Revolution and the Protestant succession, and tending to alienate the affections of her majesty's good subjects, and to create jealousies and divisions among them."

It was then ordered, that Sacheverel, and his publisher, Henry Clements, should attend at the bar of the house next day. The injunction was obeyed, and, accompanied by Doctor Lancaster, Rector of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields, and a hundred of his brother clergy, who had espoused his cause, Sacheverel appeared to answer to the charge, and boldly confessing it, it was agreed that he should be impeached at the bar of the House of Lords by Mr. Dolben.

Occasion was taken at the same time to pass a resolution in favour of a divine of very opposite principles to the offender—namely, the Rev. Benjamin Hoadley, who, having strenuously justified the principles proceeded upon in the Revolution, was conceived to have merited the regard and recommendation of the house; and it was therefore resolved that an address should be presented to the queen entreating her to bestow some dignity of the church upon him. The address was afterwards presented

by Mr. Secretary Boyle; but though her majesty stated, "she would take an opportunity to comply with their desire," it probably escaped her memory, for no further notice was taken of it.

On his impeachment, Sacheverel was taken into custody by the serjeant-at-arms, by whom he was delivered over to the usher of the black rod; but he was subsequently admitted to bail, after which a copy of the articles of accusation being delivered to him, he returned an answer denying most of the charges against him, and palliating and extenuating all the rest. The answer was sent by the lords to the commons, and referred by the latter to a committee.

After much deliberation, in which Harley's influence secretly operated, an address was laid before the queen, stating that "the house could not patiently sit still and see the justice of the late happy Revolution reflected upon; their own decrees treated with contempt; the governors of the church aspersed; toleration exposed as wicked; and sedition insolently invading the pulpit; and therefore they were under the absolute necessity of bringing the offender to trial." To this address, the queen, acting under advice, gave her assent, and the trial was thereupon appointed to take place on the 27th of February, thence ensuing, in Westminster Hall, which was ordered to be fitted up for the reception of the commons.

These proceedings increased the unpopularity of the ministers, while they caused Sacheverel to be universally regarded as a martyr. The anticipated trial, on which the fate of parties was known to hang, formed the entire subject of conversation at all clubs and coffee-houses. The fiercest disputes arose out of these discussions, occasioning frequent duels and nocturnal encounters; while high-church mobs paraded the streets, shouting forth the doctor's name, and singing songs in his praise, or uttering diatribes against his enemies.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

OF THE AFFRONT PUT UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BY THE QUEEN.

In less than a week after Sacheverel had promulgated his seditious discourse, the Duke of Marlborough appeared at Saint James's, having been hastily summoned from Flanders by Godolphin, who informed him of the menacing aspect of affairs, and assured him that the only chance of safety rested in his presence. The Duke's return, which had formerly been hailed by the loudest cheers and congratulations of the populace, was comparatively unnoticed, and instead of his own name and achievements forming the burthen of their shouts, he was greeted with cries of "Sacheverel and High Church." The mob had set up a new idol in his absence.

His reception by the queen was cold and constrained, and though she professed to be glad to see him, she made no allusion whatever to the recent victory of Malplaquet. The meeting was further embarrassed by the presence of Mrs. Masham. After some conversation on indifferent matters, Marlborough adverted to the refusal of the grant, and expressed his resolution of retiring, as soon as he could do so consistently.

"I am sorry your grace should misconstrue my refusal," said Anne; "there is no precedent for the grant you claim, and I should not be justified in acceding to your request. As regards your retirement, the grief I shall feel at being deprived of your services will be tempered by the enjoyment of a long stranger to my reign—peace."

"I understand your majesty," replied Marlborough, drily. "But even the certainty of misrepresentation shall not compel me to conclude a treaty of peace with Louis, unless upon terms honourable to yourself and advantageous to your subjects."

"What appears advantageous to your grace may not appear equally so to others," remarked Mrs. Masham.

"Possibly not to Mr. Harley and the friends of France," rejoined the duke, sarcastically. "But I will protect the rights of my country, and oppose and confound its enemies as long as I have the power of doing so."

"You are warm, my lord," said Anne—"needlessly warm."

"Not needlessly, gracious madam, when I find you influenced by pernicious advisers," replied Marlborough. "Oh, that I could exercise the influence I once had over you! Oh, that you would listen to the counsels of your true friend, the duchess, she who has your real interests at heart!"

"Her majesty has shaken off her bondage," cried Mrs. Masham.

"To put on another and a worse," rejoined the duke. "She knows not the position in which she stands—she knows not how her honour, her glory, her prosperity are sacrificed at the shrine of an unworthy favourite."

"No more of this, my lord," cried Anne, peremptorily. "I will not be troubled with these disputes."

"It is no dispute, gracious madam," replied the duke, proudly. "As a faithful and loyal servant of your majesty, and as one ready at all times to lay down his life in your defence, I am bound to represent to you the danger in which you are placed. But I *can* have no quarrel with Mrs. Masham."

"Mrs. Masham respects my feelings, my lord," replied the queen, angrily, "which is more than some of those do, who profess so much devotion to me. But it is time these misunderstandings should cease. Can you not see that it is her perpetual interference and dictation that has rendered the duchess odious to me, and has led me to adopt a confidante of more gentle manners?

Can you not see that I will not brook either her control or yours—that I will govern my people as I please,—and fix my affections where I desire? No parliament can rob me of a friend, and if your grace should think fit to attempt Mrs. Masham's forcible removal, as you once threatened, you will find your efforts frustrated."

"I have no wish to deprive your majesty of a friend, and certainly none to dictate to you," replied the duke. "But if it is proved to you—publicly proved—that your confidante has betrayed her trust, and been in constant correspondence with the avowed opponent of your majesty's ministers—to say nothing of foreign enemies—if your parliament and people require you to dismiss her, I presume you will not then hesitate."

"It will be time enough to answer that question, my lord, when such a decision has been pronounced," said the queen. "I presume our conference is at an end."

"Not quite, your majesty," said the duke. "I must trespass on your patience a moment longer. You are aware that two military appointments have to be made—the lieutenancy of the Tower, and a regiment."

"I am aware of it," replied the queen.

"Lord Rivers requested me to use my interest with your majesty to confer the lieutenancy upon him," pursued the duke; "but on my representing to him that my interest was infinitely less than his own, he entreated my permission to make the request of your majesty himself."

"Has your grace any objection to him?" asked the queen.

"None whatever," replied the duke; "but the person I would venture to recommend to the place is the Duke of Northumberland. By giving it to him, your majesty will also be enabled to oblige the Earl of Hertford by the presentation of the Oxford regiment, which Northumberland will resign in his favour—an arrangement which is sure to be highly agreeable to the earl's father, the Duke of Somerset."

"I am sorry I cannot attend to your grace's recommendation," replied the queen; "for I have already granted the lieutenancy to Lord Rivers."

"How, madam!" exclaimed Marlborough. "Why Lord Rivers only left me a few moments before I set out, and I made all haste to the palace."

"He has been here, nevertheless, and has received the appointment," rejoined the queen. "He said your grace had no objection to him."

"This is contrary to all etiquette," cried the duke, unable to conceal his mortification. "Why, I have never been consulted on the occasion. Your majesty will do well to recall your promise."

"Impossible, my lord," replied Anne. But since your grace

complains of violation of etiquette, I beg to inform you that I wish the vacant regiment to be conferred on Mrs. Masham's brother, Colonel Hill."

"Your majesty!" exclaimed the duke.

"Nay, I *will* have it so!" cried Anne, peremptorily.

"In a matter like the present, involving the consideration of very nice points, your majesty will forgive me if I do not at once assent," replied the duke. "Let me beseech you to reflect upon the prejudice which the appointment of so young an officer as Colonel Hill will occasion to the army, while others, who have served longer, and have higher claims, must necessarily be passed over. I myself shall be accused of partiality and injustice."

"I will take care you are set right on that score, my lord," returned Anne.

"It will be erecting a standard of disaffection, round which all the malcontents will rally," pursued the duke.

"We will hope better things," said the queen.

"As a last appeal, gracious madam," cried the duke, kneeling, "I would remind you of the hardships I have recently undergone—of my long and active services. Do not—oh, do not force this ungracious and injurious order upon me. Though I myself might brook the indignity, yet to make it apparent to the whole world must be prejudicial to you as well as to me."

"Rise, my lord," said Anne, coldly. "I have made up my mind on the subject. You will do well to advise with your friends, and when you have consulted with them I shall be glad of an answer."

"You shall have it, madam," replied the duke. And bowing stiffly, he quitted the presence.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN WHAT GUISE THE SERJEANT RETURNED FROM THE WARS; AND HOW HE BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM A DUTCH WIFE.

THE constancy of Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping was severely tried. The campaign of 1707 closed without the serjeant's return; so did that of the following year; and it seemed doubtful whether the winter of 1709 would see him back again. This, it must be confessed, was a very long absence indeed, and enough to exhaust the patience of the most enduring. During the greater part of the time, Scales corresponded regularly with his friends, and sent them long and graphic descriptions of the sieges of Lille, Tournay, and Mons, as well as of the battles of Oudenard and Malplaquet, at all of which he had been present.

Bimbelot and Sauvageon had been constant in their attendance upon the ladies, and though the corporal's suit could not be

said to advance, the valet flattered himself that he had made a favourable impression upon the heart of the lady's maid. How far he might have succeeded, and whether he might have possessed himself of the hand of the too susceptible Mrs. Tipping, it is needless to inquire. Suffice it to say, that she was so well watched by Proddy, who guarded her like a dragon, that she had no opportunity of throwing herself away.

It may be remembered, that on the last occasion when Bimbelot was brought on the scene, he was locked up in a cupboard by the coachman, and it may be as well here to give the sequel of that adventure. For some time the valet did not discover that he was a prisoner, not having heard Proddy's manœuvre; but at length, fancying all still, he tried to get out, and to his dismay, found the means of egress barred against him. While in a state of great anxiety at his situation, he was somewhat relieved by the approach of footsteps, and presently distinguished the voice of Mrs. Tipping, who, in a low tone, inquired, "Are you there?"

"Oui, ma chère, I'm here, and here I'm likely to remain, unless you let me out," he replied.

"Why, the key's gone!" cried Mrs. Tipping. "I can't open the door. What's to be done?"

"Diable!" roared Bimbelot. "Je mourirai de faim—je serai suffoqué. Oh, mon Dieu! Vat shall I do?—ha!" And in turning about, he upset a large pile of china plates, which fell to the ground with a tremendous clatter.

Mrs. Tipping instantly took to her heels, and alarmed by the noise, Fishwick, Brumby, Parker, and Timperley, who had retired to a small room adjoining the kitchen to smoke a pipe and regale themselves with a mug of ale previous to retiring to rest, rushed into the passage.

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried Fishwick. "Somebody must be breaking into the house."

"The noise came from the china closet," said Brumby. "A cat must have got into it."

"More likely a rat," said Parker; "but whatever it is, we'll ferret it out. Holloa! the key's gone! I'm sure I saw it in the door to-night."

"This convinces me we've a housebreaker to deal with" said Timperley. "He has taken out the key, and locked himself in the closet."

"Maybe," said Brumby. "But let's break open the door—I'm sure I hear a noise."

"So do I," rejoined Parker.

At this instant there was another crash of china, followed by an imprecation in the French tongue.

"Run to the kitchen, Timperley, and fetch the musket, and the pistols, and the sword," cried Fishwick. "We'll exterminate the villain when we get at him. I've got a key which will unlock the door. Quick—quick!"

"Oh! ce ne'st pas un larron, mes amis—c'est moi—c'est Bimbelot," cried the Frenchman. "Dont you know me?"

"Why it sounds like Bamby's voice," cried Fishwick.

"Yes, yes, it is Bimbelot," replied the prisoner.

"Why, what the devil are you doing there?" demanded the cook.

"I got locked up by accident," replied Bimbelot. "Open de door, I beseesh of you."

At this reply there was a general roar of laughter from the group outside, which was not diminished when the door being opened by Fishwick, the valet sneaked forth.. Without waiting to thank his deliverers, or to afford them any explanation of the cause of his captivity, Bimbelot took to his heels and hurried out of the house. Their surmises, which were not very far wide of the truth, were fully confirmed on the following day by Proddy.

It has been said that the serjeant wrote home frequently, but after the battle of Malplaquet, which he described with great particularity, nothing was heard from him, and as this despatch was evidently traced by the hand of a comrade, it was feared, though he made no mention of it, that he had been wounded.

"Well, I hold to my resolution," said Mrs. Tipping. "If he has lost a limb I wont have him."

"I don't care what he has lost," said Mrs. Plumpton, "he will be all the same to me."

"I hope he'll come back safe and sound," said Proddy, "and soon too. I'm sure he has been away long enough."

The campaign of 1709 was over, and the Duke of Marlborough returned, but with him came no serjeant. Great was the consternation of the two ladies. Mrs. Tipping had a fit of hysterics, and Mrs. Plumpton fainted clean away, but both were restored, not only to themselves, but to the highest possible state of glee, by a piece of intelligence brought them by Fishwick, who had ascertained from the very best authority,—namely, the duke himself, —that the serjeant was on his way home, and might be hourly expected. Shortly after this, Proddy made his appearance, wearing a mysterious expression of countenance, which was very tantalizing. He had received a letter from the serjeant, and the ladies entreated him to let them see it, but he shook his head, and said "You'll know it all in time."

"Know what?" demanded Mrs. Tipping. "What *has* happened?"

"Something very dreadful," replied Proddy, evasively; "so prepare yourselves."

"Oh, good gracious, you alarm one!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping. "He hasn't got a leg shot off?"

"Worse than that," replied Proddy.

"Worse than that!" repeated Mrs. Tipping. "Impossible! It can't be worse? Speak—speak! or I shall go distracted."

"Why he has lost his right leg and his right arm, and I don't know whether his right eye aint a-missin' too," replied the coachman.

"Then he's no longer the man for me," replied Mrs. Tipping.

"I'm glad to have such an opportunity of proving my affection for him," said Mrs. Plumpton, brushing away a tear. "I shall like him just as well as ever—perhaps better."

"Well, upon my word, Plumpton, you're easily satisfied, I must say," observed Mrs. Tipping, scornfully. "I wish you joy of your bargain."

"Ah! but Mrs. Plumpton don't know all," remarked Proddy; "the worst's behind."

"What! is there anything more dreadful in store?" asked the housekeeper. "What is it?—what is it?"

"I was enjoined by the serjeant not to tell—but I can't help it," replied Proddy. "He's MARRIED!"

"Married!" screamed both ladies.

"Yes—married," replied Proddy; "and to a Dutch woman, and he's bringin' her home with him."

"Well, I hope he won't let me see her, or I'll tear her eyes out—that I will!" cried Mrs. Tipping. "Bless us! what's the matter with Plumpton? Why, if the poor fool isn't going to faint." And her womanly feelings getting the better of her rivalry, she flew to the housekeeper, who fell back in the chair, and tried to revive her by sprinkling water over her face.

"This is real love, or I know nothing about it," said Proddy, regarding Mrs. Plumpton with much concern. "I wish I hadn't alarmed her so."

And without awaiting her recovery, he quitted the house.

On that same evening, Bimbelot called upon the ladies, and was enchanted by the news which he learnt from Mrs. Tipping.

"Ma foi!" he exclaimed, "here's a pretty conclusion to de sergent's gallant career. So he has lost a leg, and an arm, and an eye, and is married to a Dutch crow—ha, ha! You say he is hourly expected. I sall call to-morrow evening, and see if he is returned."

So the next evening he came, accompanied by Sauvageon, and found the two ladies and Fishwick in the kitchen; but as yet nothing had been heard of the serjeant, nor had even Proddy made his appearance. Mrs. Plumpton seemed very disconsolate, sighed dismally, and often applied her apron to her eyes; and though Mrs. Tipping endeavoured to look indifferent and scornful, it was evident she was not the reverse of comfortable.

"I hope you'll revenge yourself on de perfidious sergent, ma chère," said Bimbelot to the latter; "let him see that if he has got a Dutch wife you can match him wid a French husband—ha, ha!"

"It would serve him right, indeed," replied the lady. "I'll see."

Sauvageon addressed a speech, somewhat to the same purport to Mrs. Plumpton, but the only response he received was a melancholy shake of the head.

Just at this juncture, an odd sound, like the stumping of a wooden leg, was heard in the passage, approaching each instant towards the door.

"Sacre Dieu! vat's dat?" cried Bimbelot.

"It's the serjeant," cried Mrs. Plumpton, starting up. "I'm sure it's him."

As she spoke, the door opened, and there stood Scales, but how miserably changed from his former self! His right arm was supported by a sling, and what appeared the stump of a hand was wrapped in a bandage. A wooden leg lent him support on one side, and a long crutch on the other. His visage was wan and woe-begone, and his appearance so touched Mrs. Plumpton, that she would certainly have rushed up to him and thrown her arms about his neck, if she had not caught sight of a female figure close behind him.

After pausing for a moment in the doorway, and taking off his hat to his friends, Scales hobbled forward. He was followed by his partner, and a thrill of astonishment pervaded Mrs. Plumpton as she beheld more fully the object of his choice.

Never was such a creature seen, nor one so totally repugnant to the received notions of feminine attraction. Mrs. Scales was little more than half her husband's size; but what she wanted in height she made up in width and rotundity, and if she were a Dutch Venus, the Hollanders must admire the same breadth of beauty as the Hottentots. Her expansive attractions were displayed in a flaming petticoat of scarlet cloth, over which she wore a short gown of yellow brocade worked with gold, and over this a richly-laced muslin apron. Her stupendous stomacher was worked in the same gaudy style as her gown; immense lace ruffles covered her elbows; and black mittens her wrists. Her neck was so short that her chin was buried in her exuberant bust. Waist she had none. In fact, her figure altogether resembled an enormous keg of Dutch butter, or a gigantic runnel of Schiedam. A hoop with her was unnecessary; nor would she have needed in the slightest degree that modern accessory of female attire, the bustle. The rest of her array consisted of massive gold earrings, a laced cap and pinners, surmounted by a beaver hat with a low crown and broad leaves; black shoes of Spanish leather, with red heels, and buckles. In her hand she carried a large fan, which she spread before her face, it may be presumed to hide her blushes. As she advanced with her heels together, and her toes turned out, at a slow and mincing pace, the two Frenchmen burst into roars of laughter, and having made her a bow of mock ceremony, which she returned by a little duck of her body, intended for a courtesy, they retired to let her pass, and indulge their merriment unrestrained.

The Duchess foiled by Harley in her attempt to interrupt the Marriage between Masham and Abigail.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET 1844.

"What a creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, tossing her head scornfully, and arranging her pinners; "what an ojus creature! I sha'nt speak to her."

"I suppose I must though," sighed good-natured Mrs. Plumpton. "Oh that it should come to this, after all his promises and fair speeches!"

"She's no great beauty, it must be owned," said Fishwick, crossing his hands over his paunch, and examining the Dutch lady at his leisure.

By this time, the serjeant had drawn near the group. His countenance grew more rueful each moment, and he had to clear his throat to bring out the words, "Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Scales. Katryn, myn lief—Mrs. Plumpton."

As the introduction took place, the fat little lady made another ducking courtesy, and lowering her fan at the same time, discovered a broad puffy face covered with patches, a large double chin, a snub nose, and round protruding eyes. She was so very, very plain, that Mrs. Plumpton stood aghast, and stopped midway in her courtesy as if petrified.

"Ah! diable, comme elle est jolie?" cried Bimbelot. "J'ai un grand envi du bonheur de notre vailliant sergent—ha, ha!"

"Et moi aussi," laughed Sauvageon. "Sa est femme seduisante comme un tonneau de graisse."

"My wife speaks English very well, Mrs. Plumpton," said Scales. "She will be happy to converse with you."

"Yas, I sbege Engelsch bery bell, Mrs. Blumbdon," said the Dutch lady.

"What do you think of her?" demanded Scales. "She's accounted a great beauty in her own country. She was called 'De Vat Haring van den Haag,' or the Bloater of the Hague, which was esteemed a great compliment in that place."

"Yas, I'm taut a grade beaudy in my own coundry," simpered Mrs. Scales.

"There's no accounting for tastes," muttered Mrs. Plumpton. "But do you know, serjeant," she added, aloud, "I think your wife very like Mr. Proddy—so like, that I should almost have fancied she might be his sister."

"Vat does she say?" demanded Mrs. Scales, agitating her fan.

"She says you're very like a respectable friend of mine—one Mr. Proddy, the queen's coachman," replied Scales.

"Oh, Mynheer Protty, I've heard you spege of him before," replied his wife. "He musd be a bery gootlooging man, dat Protty, if he's lige me."

"He *is* very goodlooking," affirmed Scales. "You'll see him by and by, I dare say."

"Oh yes, he's sure to be here presently," said Fishwick. "I wonder he hasn't come before this. Odsbobs! she is uncommonly like Proddy, to be sure!"

"Wont you allow me to present my wife to you, Mrs. Tipping?" said Scales.

"No, I thank'ee, serjeant," replied the lady, glancing scornfully over her shoulder. "Horrid wretch!" she added, as if to herself.

"Well, at all events, you may shake hands with me," said Scales.

"You've only one hand left, serjeant, and it would be a pity to use it unnecessarily," rejoined Mrs. Tipping, pertly.

"Well, I didn't expect such a reception as this," said Scales, dolefully. "I thought you would be glad to see me."

"So we should, if you had come back as you went" replied Mrs. Tipping; "but you're an altered man now. I always told you, if you lost a limb, I'd have nothing to say to you."

"Your wounds would have made no difference to me, serjeant, if you hadn't put a bar between us," said Mrs. Plumpton. "Oh, dear! you've used me very cruelly!"

"Hush! not so loud," cried the serjeant, winking and pointing at his spouse.

"Vat's dat you zay, madam?" demanded Mrs. Scales. "I hope de serjeant hasn't been maagin luv to you."

"Yes, but he has," cried Mrs. Tipping; "he made love to both of us, and he promised to marry both of us, and he *would* have married both of us, but for you, you old Dutch monster!"

"Is dis drue, madam?" cried Mrs. Scales, her face turning crimson. "I'll believe you, but I wond dat saacy slud."

"Barbarous as he is, I wont betray him," murmured Mrs. Plumpton, turning away.

"If you wont believe me, you old mermaid, ask those gentlemen," said Mrs. Tipping. "They'll confirm what I've stated."

"Oui, madame," replied Bimbelot, stepping forward, "je suis bien faché—sorry to tell you dat de sergent did make love to both dese ladies."

"Silence, Bamby!" cried Scales.

"No, I shan't be silent at your bidding," rejoined the valet. "We laugh at your threats now—ha! ha!" And he snapped his fingers in the serjeant's face.

"Yes, yes, we laugh at you now," said Sauvageon, imitating the gesture of his companion.

"Cowards!" exclaimed Scales.

"Whom do you call cowards, sare?" demanded Bimbelot, striding up to him, and grinning fiercely.

"Yes, whom do you call cowards, sare?" added Sauvageon, stepping forward, and grinning on the other side.

"Both; I call you both cowards—arrant cowards," replied Scales. "You would'nt have dared to do this for your lives, if I hadn't been disabled."

The Frenchmen meditated some angry retort, but Mrs. Scales

pushed them aside, crying, "Leave him to me. I've an accound to seddle wid him. Give me back my gilders, zir. I'll be divorzed. I'll go bag to Holland. I'll leave you wid your fine mizzizes here."

"We'll have nothing to do with him," said Mrs. Tipping.

"Answer for yourself, Tipping," rejoined Mrs. Plumpton. "I can forgive him anything."

"Bless you! bless you!" cried the serjeant, in a voice of deep emotion, and wiping away a tear.

"Give me my gilders, I zay," cried Mrs. Scales, rapping him with her fan. "I've done wid you. I'll go bag."

"Yas, give de lady her money," cried Bimbelot, coming behind him, and trying to trip up his wooden leg. "Ah, ah! mon brave, you are prettily hen-peck—ha! ha!"

"Oui, oui, de gray mare is clearly de better horse," cried Sauvageon, trying to knock the crutch from beneath his arm.

"Ah! rascals—ah, cowards! I'll teach you to play these tricks!" roared the serjeant in a voice of thunder, and shaking them off with a force that astonished them.

But what was their terror and amazement to see him slip his right arm out of the sling, pull off the bandage and produce a hand beneath it, sound and uninjured, and hard and horny as the other. What was their surprise—and the surprise of every one else, except Mrs. Scales—to see him unbuckle a strap behind, cast off his wooden leg, and plant his right foot firmly on the ground, giving a great stamp was he did so.

"Can I believe my eyes!" cried Mrs. Plumpton; "why the serjeant is himself again."

"Milles tonneres!" exclaimed Bimbelot, in affright—"que signifie cela?"

"It signifies that a day of retribution is arrived for you, rascal," replied Scales, attacking him about the back and legs with the crutch. "This will teach you to waylay people in the park. And you too," he added, belabouring Sauvageon in the same manner—"how do you like that, eh, rascals—eh, traitors!"

And he pursued them round the room, while Mrs. Scales assisted him, kicking them as they fled before her, and displaying, in her exertions, a tremendous pair of calves. She had just caught hold of the tails of Bimbelot's coat, and was cuffing him soundly, when he jerked himself away from her, and pulled her to the ground. In falling, her hat and cap, together with a false head of hair, came off.

"Another miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton, running up to her assistance. "Why, I declare, if it isn't Mr. Proddy after all."

"Yes, yes, it's me, sure enough," replied the coachmam, getting up—"ha, ha! Oh dear, these stays are sadly too tight for me. I shall be squeezed to death—ho! ho!"

At this moment, the serjeant, having driven out both the

Frenchmen, came back, and, clasping the unresisting Mrs. Plumpton in his arms, bestowed a hearty smack upon her lips.

"You'll forgive me for putting your affection to this trial, I hope, my dear," he said.

"That I will," replied Mrs. Plumpton—"that I will."

"I'll forgive you, too, serjeant," said Mrs. Tipping, nudging his elbow, "though you don't deserve it."

Without saying a word, Scales turned and clasped her to his breast. But the embrace was certainly not so hearty as that which he had just bestowed on the housekeeper.

"Well, I hope you've taken care of my room in my absence?" said Scales.

"Come and look at it," cried Mrs. Plumpton; "you'll find it just as you left it."

"Yes, come and look at it," added Mrs. Tipping; "we've cleaned it regularly."

"Thank'ee, thank'ee!" rejoined the serjeant.

"Your drum's as tightly braced as my bodice," said Proddy. "Oh dear! I wish somebody would unlace me."

The coachman being relieved, they all adjourned to the den, and as they went thither, Scales observed to Mrs. Plumpton, that he should never forget the way in which she had received him, saying, "It had made an ineffaceable impression on his heart."

"Ineffaceable fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, who overheard the remark. "As if she didn't know you were shamming all the while. Why, bless your simplicity, serjeant, did you think you could impose on us by so shallow a device? No such thing. We saw through it the moment you came in."

The serjeant looked incredulous, but at this moment he reached the den, and his thoughts turned in another channel.

He hesitated for a second, and then, with a somewhat trembling hand, opened the door, and passed in. Everything was in its place—the plans, the portrait, the gloves, the sword, the shot, the meerschaum, with the drum standing on the three-legged stool. The serjeant surveyed them all, and a tear glistened in his eye. He said nothing, but squeezed Mrs. Plumpton's hand affectionately.

THE WRONG OMNIBUS.

BY A PHYSICIAN, CONFINED IN BEDLAM.

I WAS sent for, one cold December evening, to visit a patient residing at Shoreditch. My own dwelling was near St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. The weather was very intense. The snow lay upon the ground to the depth, in many places, of two feet. Accidents were happening every moment. People with pinched noses hurried along the streets; and beggars, beneath archways, besought you to have pity upon them for the love of God.

It happened that every cab was off the nearest stand, and time was urgently pressing. I hastened, therefore, into Holborn, and hailed the first omnibus, which was bound, as I imagined, for the part of the town whither my professional avocations called me. It was not till we had reached Whitechapel Church that I discovered my mistake, and "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*"

"Ho, there!—ho, ho!" I cried out.

"Now, sir—Whitechapel Church. You are the gentleman that asked for Whitechapel Church, an't you?" said the conductor.

"Whitechapel! No, confound you, I said Shoreditch!"

"Bless you, we don't go Shoreditch."

"You told me you did. Surely I am not at Whitechapel! I'll pull you up for this."

"You are a merry gentleman. Who'll you pull up? 'Whitechapel!' cries I. 'Ho! I'm for that part,' says you. In you gets, and now you grumbles."

"Don't pay him, sir," said a small, chuckling voice, inside; "I am always getting into wrong 'busses myself, and I never pay; rides come cheap that way—he, he, he!"

I had determined, in my own mind, to withhold the fare, but there was something so jeering in this remark, and the laugh with which it was followed up, that I paid the sixpence, and alighted. Cursing my mishap, I cast my eyes about to discover some mode of conveyance to my original destination. There were no vehicles within call, so I put my feet into motion, and hurried off to reach one. Turning an angle in the street, my steps were arrested by the groans of a woman, who was stretched upon the causeway. I stooped, and found her bleeding at the neck.

"Good God!" I exclaimed; "who has done this?"

She made an effort to answer me, but the sound died in her throat.

I raised a cry for the police, but, as usual, when their services are required, none of them were to be found.

"My poor woman," I said, "who has assaulted you?" At the same time I lifted her from the pavement.

The blood flowed copiously from the wound, which had evidently been inflicted with some sharp instrument, and my sleeves and dress were saturated. Casting a glance upon the pavement, I beheld a large knife glittering in the rays of a lamp which shone from a neighbouring doorway.

By this time, the attention of those who dwelt near the spot was

elicited by my repeated shouts, and more than one door and window opened, and two or three persons made their appearance.

"What's the row?" cried one.

"What's up?" exclaimed another.

"Who has hung himself?" chorused a third.

"My friends, come hither, and help me. Here is a woman dying through foul play," I cried.

Soon a little crowd had gathered around, and lights were brought; but the woman had died in my arms.

"How pale he looks!" noted one, observing my features.

"How he shakes!" said another. "Maybe he did it himself."

"I'll swear I saw him with her ten minutes ago!" exclaimed a third.

"He looks guilty. He has got a gallows' swing in his countenance," averred a fourth.

Why, I know not, unless it was the peculiar position that I occupied, but my trepidation increased momently, and the blood, habituated as my profession had rendered me to the sight, became nauseous, and I appeared to reel beneath the reflection of the gory hues that danced everywhere before me. The crowd, too, closed in around me, and the frosty air of December became, for an instant, sultry as the parching breath of the siroc.

"Let me have fresh air," I cried, "or I shall faint."

"He wants to escape—that's his move," was the response.

At this moment three policemen arrived together.

"He is the murderer," said two or three, pointing simultaneously towards me.

"Here's the knife he did it with," said one individual, picking up from the pavement the weapon with which the deed had certainly been committed.

"Her name is Nanny Simmons," deposed another. "I know her well. She lives in Swallow-street; and this gentleman is a doctor that used to visit her."

"Are you a doctor, sir?" questioned a policeman.

"I am a doctor," I answered; "but there is some mistake here."

"Hark to him, the dirthy vagabone," shouted an Irishwoman. "Oh, there's no mistake, my jewel. Think of his cutting the cratur's throat in a mistake."

"*I* cut her throat!" I exclaimed; "I found her lying here with her throat cut, and I cried for help."

"Ah, but you did it yourself for all that," said a stout fellow, in a coalheaver's dress. "I know the woman; I saw her, not twenty minutes ago, standing by the church. 'Good night, Missis Simmons,' says I. 'I'm waiting for the next 'bus,' says she—'Saucy Bill's 'bus. There's some one I knows coming in it. Maybe I shall have some words with him to-night, so it wont be *good* night, d'ye see.' Them 's just her words."

"Well, I didn't see the woman, but I saw this one (pointing to me) get out of Saucy Bill's 'bus, not ten minutes ago, and it was by the church, too," said another.

"We must move off to the station," said a policeman. "Tom, go for a stretcher, and take up the body. You must come with us, sir," tapping me on the shoulder.

"I am ready to go with you," I answered.

So, amidst the comments of the crowd, who continued to attend and press upon us, we took our departure.

Many times have I reflected upon the occurrence of that evening, and have striven to account for the unwonted and irresistible depression which stole over me, influencing my limbs, till they appeared to bend under my weight, and lying with an incubus' pressure upon my naturally elastic spirits.

The inspector of night charges, stationed at the office, took a report of the case.

"You found the woman bleeding at the neck?" he said, addressing me. "Have you any idea how the wound was inflicted! Remember, I caution you to avoid saying anything which may criminate yourself. Your answers will be written down, and used in your favour, or against you, as may hereafter happen."

"Anything that may criminate myself! Good God! I am not suspected of murder! Here is my card."

The man took the pasteboard, and, glancing at it, remarked that it was a name well known in the medical profession. He also ordered me a seat, remarking, at the same time, that I was in a state of extreme agitation.

Here one of the officers spoke to the effect that two or three witnesses were in attendance who could swear to my acquaintance with the deceased, and to having seen me with her only a few minutes before the murder must have been committed. They were ordered in, and questioned.

"What is your name?" said the inspector, to the first—a man of a forward, and yet repulsive appearance.

"Thomas Turnaway," answered the fellow.

"Are you acquainted with the person of the deceased?"

"Very well. She lived only three doors from my house, in Swallow-street. Her name is Nanny Simmons."

"Have you ever seen the gentleman seated in that chair before?"

"I saw him to-night, for the first time. He was talking to her at the corner of Hart-street, about half-an-hour ago."

I was about to interrupt, but the inspector imposed silence.

"Are you positive of his identity?" he asked of the witness.

"I am positive that the man I saw talking to the woman who was found with her throat cut is the man now sitting in that chair."

"Have you any further evidence?"

"None."

"You may now question him, sir," said the inspector.

A minute before I could have spoken; I now declined.

"Then he may stand back," said the officer. "Who is next?"

Here a woman made her appearance.

"What is your name?" said the inspector.

"Mary Mince, I live at 16, Swallow-street, next door to the house occupied by deceased, whom I knew well."

"Do you know this person?" pointing to me.

"Very well, by sight. I never spoke to him. He used to come and see her till within a month ago. He hasn't been since."

"Did you know his name?"

"I did not. I always understood he was a doctor. Mrs. Simmons

told me he was the father of her child. She was a widow. Her husband has been dead many years. She has a child about one year and a half old. She said a doctor was its father, and that he used to come and give her money. I saw him one day coming along the street, and I pointed him out to her, and asked her if he was the father of her child, as I knew he used to call and see her? She answered that he was."

"And can you swear that the person now before you is the gentleman whom you saw on the day you allude to, and whom the deceased said was the father of her child?"

"I can swear it: he is the same."

Another witness deposed to observing the woman standing by the church, and afterwards seeing me alight from an omnibus, upon which she walked away, and I followed her.

A fourth witness stated that the deceased had informed him that she had quarrelled with a doctor, who was the father of her child, and that she had not seen him for a month, but that she expected him that night, when she hoped to make it up with him.

I here claimed right to make an observation.

Scarcely had I commenced to speak, when some one remarked, in an undertone, that my teeth chattered. They did, certainly. The inspector commanded silence, and awaited my speech, but the ardour had passed off, and I was unable to utter a word. On such a charge bail could not be accepted, and I was locked up on suspicion of murder.

Never shall I forget the horror of that night. The certainty that immediate intelligence would be dispatched to the press, and that on the following morning my name would go forth to the world as the suspected perpetrator of so horrible a deed—the damning evidence, every whit false, with which destiny seemed resolved to work my ruin—my own palsied powers—the abstraction of my faculties—the tremour I had exhibited during the inquisition at the station-house—all would be published, and would co-operate against me in the public mind. I was frantic at the thought. I sat in my narrow cell, and gnawed my fingers; then, roused into momentary madness, I impotently struggled at escape.

The next day I was taken before a magistrate, when the same witnesses attended, and the same and even additional evidence was gone into. Saucy Bill, as he was called, the conductor of the omnbius in which (curses on it!) I had arrived at Whitechapel, stated that he had brought me as far as the church; that I had got up at Holborn, at the end of King-street; that I had distinctly said "Whitechapel;" and that on arriving at the spot I had designated, I endeavoured to shuffle him out of his fare, and created a disturbance by pretending that I wanted to have been taken to Shoreditch, and charged him with having falsely called his a Shoreditch omnibus. He added, that a gentleman, who was the only other passenger in the vehicle at the time, and who overheard the altercation, was in court, and had evidence of his own to give. This person was immediately called for by the magistrate, and proved to be the individual before spoken of, with the small chuckling voice. He corroborated the fellow's statement of my attempt to swindle him out of his fare, and avowed his belief that I was the murderer.

" What reasons have you for that belief ?" asked the magistrate.

" In the first place," answered this individual, " I observed that he was very much excited. When the other passenger alighted, and we were the sole occupants of the vehicle, he seemed to overlook my presence, making passionate gestures, and drawing from his pocket a case of surgical instruments, with one of which he appeared disposed to make other than a professional use."

" Explain yourself," said the magistrate. " What do you mean by other than a professional use?"

" I mean that he went through the pantomimic action of cutting or stabbing."

" Were your suspicions in any way aroused by his gestures?"

" I cannot say that they were at the time. I thought him a singular customer, and was not sorry when he alighted."

The policeman who searched me deposed to the finding a case of surgical instruments on my person.

I will not attempt to recapitulate all the evidence. I even pass over the surprise of my friends, and their strenuous, but useless endeavours to acquit me. It was proved, indeed, that I had been sent for to attend a patient residing at Shoreditch. To my own mind, the most staggering point was, the production of a letter found in the house occupied by the murdered woman, and which even my friends confessed to be in my handwriting. The direction was to the deceased. It was dated on the previous day, and the writer stated that he should come and see her in the evening, and hinted that he would make up their differences, and otherwise expressed goodwill towards her.

" It is a lie,—they are all lies," I stammered out, and sank exhausted on the floor of the dock.

The magistrate seemed to pity me, and himself subjected the various witnesses to a sharp cross-examination, but he elicited nothing to shake their evidence. I was remanded till the jury who were to sit in inquest upon the body should have pronounced their verdict. The next day I was told that they were dissatisfied with the witnesses, and had brought in a verdict of " *Wilful murder against some person unknown.*" I was assured of my acquittal, and that it was only necessary to be taken once more before the magistrate to have my deliverance pronounced by his lips for form's sake.

The day to which I had been remanded arrived. The office was crowded; my wife was there,—my own true-hearted wife; so were my elder children. My friends were sanguine. For my own part, my blood seemed rushing through my veins with an impetuous speed. I was certain of being liberated.

There was one fresh witness against me.

" What is your name?" said the magistrate, in proceeding to take his deposition.

" My name is Andrew Harris," answered the man. " I am a cutler. I live in Bell-alley, Fleet-street. On Tuesday afternoon, the day on which the woman was murdered, the prisoner came to my shop, and intimated that he wished to purchase a knife. I asked him what kind of a knife; he said, a knife such as gardeners use to prune trees with. I shewed him several. He chose the largest, and drew his finger lightly across the edge of the blade, to prove whether it was

sharp. He seemed anxious to have it very sharp. He made no observation whatever. I sold him the knife, and he went away."

"Are you sure that the prisoner now in the dock is the person you allude to?" asked the magistrate.

"I am positive that he is the man," was the reply.

"On your solemn oath, have you any hesitation whatever in pronouncing the prisoner to be the individual who purchased the knife of you on the day in question?"

"I have no hesitation: I am certain that he is the man."

"Could you identify the knife?"

"I could."

"Have you seen it since the day on which you sold it?"

"I have. It was shewn me by a policeman. It is the same knife which was picked up on the spot where the prisoner and the deceased were found. It is stained with blood."

The cross-examination on the part of my legal assistant in no whit shook the fellow's testimony. It was clear and straightforward. The depositions of the other witnesses were read over to them. They acknowledged them to be correct. I was committed to Newgate. When I was being removed from the dock, a piercing shriek rang through the court. It was from my wife, who had fainted.

Night and day to be immured within four stone walls, or allowed only to pace the flag-stones of a paved court-yard, guarded by huge iron spikes, with two gaolers ever at your elbow;—to inhabit a cell, tenanted only by such as had been imprisoned for murder, and had subsequently expiated their crimes on the scaffold,—to eat your meals from the same table from which they had eaten,—to rest your hand on the very spot where their blood-stained hands had rested,—to be yourself considered, to know that you are branded by society, as a murderer, and withal, to be conscious of your innocence,—this would be horrible indeed, you say. Well, the case was mine!

The old Greek drama recognised the notion of destiny as existing apart from all moral agencies. The web of Fate is inextricable. The spider spreads her net, and the fly is entangled therein. Struggle as I might, I felt that I could not escape. How could I baffle the witnesses, who were determined to confound me with the real author of the deed! Did not a handwriting, which was not mine, testify against me, even from the lips of friends? I bore those who had deposed against me no malice. I owed them no ill-will. I felt that they were but instruments in the hand of destiny to accomplish my predetermined end. At times I imagined that I really did commit the terrible act for which I was incarcerated. For how could Providence be unjust? I exclaimed with the author of the Grecian Iphigenia—

"Οὐδενα γὰρ οἶμαι δαιμονων ειναι κακόν."

It was true I had no recollection of the deed. I had never even seen the victim till I found her weltering in her blood. Yet, through brooding incessantly upon the subject, I came at length to consider myself guilty, and I resolved so to plead upon my trial.

I was not allowed to see either a daily or weekly paper; but I imagined well what they contained. At first there had been two, or perhaps three columns, devoted to the examination and the inquest.

Then the public appetite, previous to the trial, was whetted with short paragraphs containing fresh suspicions against the prisoner—accounts of his deportment in Newgate—a history of his life and connexions—severe strictures on his station in society, concluding with a hope that justice might not thereby be defeated.

My wife had not been to visit me since my committal. She had fallen dangerously ill. My children were withheld from the purlieus of a prison.

Never—never shall I forget the conduct of my fellow-prisoners whenever they were suffered to behold me, which was only when we attended service in the Prison Chapel. The busy whisper, or the vacant inattentive stare, was suddenly changed to silence and solemn attention when I appeared. Even these, hardened as they were—and they comprised characters the most reckless and desperate—seemed to regard me with awe. I was a monster for even them to stare at. *He* will be hung, they thought. They looked upon transportation, or protracted imprisonment, as *their* lot.

The sessions at length commenced. The day for my trial arrived. I was led along the malefactor's passage, and placed in the dock. The court was crowded to excess. My friends were there. Two counsellors had been retained for me. The indictment was read over, and I was questioned whether I was guilty or not guilty. "*Guilty,*" I replied. Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet, my friends could not have been more staggered.

"How!" said the judge, "do you confess yourself guilty of the murder of Hannah Simmons?"

"I am guilty," I answered. "I cut her throat with a knife."

There was a murmur in the court, and a thrill of horror seemed to agitate each breast. God knows why I said it. It was untrue.

One of my friends observed aloud, that I must be insane.

"My lord," I said, addressing the judge, "I am not insane. I am guilty—really guilty of the deliberate murder with which I am charged. I cut the woman's throat with a knife."

"Then," said the judge, "there only remains for me to discharge the painful duty of passing upon you the sentence of the law. In what way the dreadful deed, of which you have acknowledged yourself guilty, was provoked, is known only to yourself. The circumstances attending its commission are hidden in mystery; but let me seriously warn you that in the position in which you stand, and considering the awful fate which shortly awaits you, the urgent duty which you owe to society, as the only reparation, besides your actual punishment, which you can make it, is the full disclosure of all facts connected with your intercourse with the deceased——"

"My lord," I cried, interrupting him; "I know nothing about her. I never saw her till I did the deed."

The judge remained silent for an instant, and regarding me attentively, said, presently—

"The case must be gone into."

"My lord," said my leading counsel, addressing the bench, "it is the opinion of the prisoner's friends that he is not in his right mind. It is true, they are not at present fully prepared to substantiate it. Will your lordship take the probability of such a state into consideration, and postpone the trial?"

I again spoke: "I assure you, my lord," I said, "that I am calm and rational. I am guilty of murder, and fit only for execution. I am not fit to be confined with madmen. I have studied insanity in its various phases; in the practice of my profession I have frequently had to deal with lunatic patients. I know madness when I see it. I am not mad."

"The case must be gone into," said the judge. "I cannot pass sentence of death upon you without a satisfactory inquiry. You state that you never saw the woman you confess to have murdered, till you did the deed. How then could you have previously written to her, alluding in your letter to a former intercourse, and intimating a reconciliation of former differences?"

"My lord," I said, "I never saw the woman in my life till I cut her throat with a knife, which was like a pruning-knife. I did not even know her name."

"Can this man be guilty?" exclaimed the judge.

"Indeed, and indeed, my lord, I am guilty," I said.

It was proposed by my counsel to examine some of my friends as to their opinion of my state of mind. My brother-in-law was first called. He stated that for three months past he had observed a decided change in my demeanour. I had become abstracted and gloomy; was fond of solitude; and seemed on every occasion to shun company. He said that my wife had grown alarmed thereby, and had several times conferred with him on the point. He did not believe that I had committed the murder; but thought that I had dwelt on the subject of the accusation so long, that I had come to consider myself as really guilty.

Other witnesses followed, whose testimony was to a similar effect. The whole purport of their statements went to establish the insanity of a sane person, for God—He knows that I am no lunatic.

At this point, my footman, who was present in the court, pressed forward, and requested to be heard. With tears in his eyes, he declared that I could be no murderer; for I had the tenderest heart that ever beat, and would not harm a worm. My friends corroborated the poor fellow's statement, and said that I possessed the finest feelings and the most merciful disposition of any of their acquaintance.

"Yes, my lord," said I, interposing; "but you will remember that the schoolmaster, Eugene Aram, was so mercifully disposed that he would turn aside rather than crush a snail, or a beetle, and yet he was tried for murder, condemned, and executed."

"I am convinced in my own mind," said the judge, "that the prisoner is not in a fit state to be entrusted with his own plea. The case must be tried. Where are the witnesses for the prosecution? The counsel for the defence will watch the case. If the evidence of the prisoner's guilt is clear and incontrovertible, it will be for the learned counsel and his friends to establish, if they can, a plea of insanity. If there is a doubt as to his guilt, the prisoner shall have the benefit of it, and be given up to his friends."

The evidence, as it was stated at the magistrate's office, was gone through afresh before the jury. An eloquent defence was set up by my counsel. The judge evidently leaned in my favour when he summed up; but the jury found me—*guilty*. How could they do otherwise? It was my destiny!

The judge put on his black cap.

At sight of this awful formula, my blood ran cold, and for the first time for many days, I was seized with an instinctive desire to preserve my life.

"Oh, my Lord!" I cried, folding my hands in an attitude of entreaty; "I am not guilty! Indeed, indeed, I am not guilty! I found the woman weltering in her blood; her throat was dreadfully mangled. The knife with which the deed was perpetrated, was lying beside her on the ground."

A tear stood in the judge's eye as he proceeded to pass the sentence. Awful was the silence that reigned throughout the court. A ray of sunshine streamed in at the window that was over the jury-box, and fell upon the countenance of the judge, encircling his head with such a halo, or glory, as we see in the pictures of superior Beings. He seemed a retributive angel. I thought of the Bar before which the Dead shall stand when they are brought up to judgment at the Day of Days.

"You will be taken to the place from whence you came," said the judge, "and from thence to the place of execution, where you will be hung by the neck till you are dead."

"Oh God!" I cried; "will no one save me?"

I was removed to the cell which I had quitted. They brought me refreshment. The physicians of the prison felt my pulse, and ordered me wine. I requested to be allowed to see my wife, or at least, my eldest child. Drowsiness overcame me, and I slept.

When I awoke, the apartment was filled with faces, many of which I had formerly known in the exercise of my profession. Two or three individuals pressed forward and shook me by the hand. They regarded me attentively. They seemed to await the arrival of some one of more experience than themselves. They spoke in whispers, and when I uttered a word, they nodded significantly to each other.

He whom they expected came at last. I knew him. He was the physician of Bethlehem Hospital. "Perhaps," I thought, "they will save my life by his means. It is a good idea; I will be a madman if they choose!"

I knew they would not hang a lunatic.

He spoke to the sheriff who was present, but I could not catch the purport of his remark. He examined me as I would have examined myself a person suspected to be insane. He questioned me on various subjects, and seemed particularly to note my answers. His medical brethren,—*mine* also,—listened to him, and were complacent when he consulted them.

I gathered from their conversation that my wife was dead. Again I did not wish to live. I told them that I was not mad. I described the various forms of insanity, and I defied them to prove that I was insane. I prayed that my sentence might be carried into effect. Yes; I looked without horror to the scaffold. I entreated to be allowed to die.

They left me not to myself, for the gaolers were ever with me. There was no poker in the cell, nor was I, on any occasion, allowed a knife.

I sat down and considered the sensations which former prisoners, who had occupied that cell, must have experienced, when they had yet two days to live,—when six hours,—when two,—when one.

I endeavoured to recollect a French work which I had recently read, and which described, in his own words, the last six weeks of the life of a criminal condemned to die. It was by Victor Hugo. It ran thus:—

"Condamné a mort! Cinq semaines que j'habite avec cette idée ——." I could not continue it, but I remembered that the malefactor's little girl, an infant, was allowed to see him, that he might take his leave of her. I wished to see my children.

The day before that appointed for *the event*, they told me it was not to take place. I had been pronounced *insane*. I laughed when I heard it. Insane!

I was removed hither, and it is now six years since I have dwelt among madmen. At my earnest request I am allowed at times to discourse with them. It is a province of my profession to observe those who are insane. When they let me free, I shall profit by what I have learned here. From many I have gathered their histories. Rational histories, recorded by insane men. A paradox!

I will publish them hereafter, when they give me my liberty; or, now that I am allowed writing materials, I will commit them to paper while they are fresh in my memory.

A LAPSE OF FORTY YEARS.

BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

"Great wits jump," it is said—or, to use a more elegant, because exotic phrase, *ed anch' io son pittore*. The clever, though now half-forgotten author of the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," tells us that he kept a diary of all his actions, from his youth upwards; in proof whereof, he shews us the frivolous day wasted by the young man, and the soberer, but scarcely less frivolous one got through by the old man, and bids us look "on this picture and on that," and draw our own conclusions. Mine is simply this—that the youth was father to the man. But to return to myself, having also kept a journal as diligently as the hermit, and being now sixty-five, and somewhat upwards, what hinders my following his example, and giving my experience to the world? I shall only trouble my readers with a day of each period.

"May, 1800.—Went to Tattersall's to conclude the purchase of the black pony for Caroline. Fine creature—I mean Caroline, not the pony—and she will look like a queen upon it. Called at Hoby's on the way. The last pair of shoes were too tight, but I shall keep them for chamber use—I mean to lie about in my chambers—they look well. My aunt has promised to come with my cousin Maria to lunch with me, next time she drives into town. Maria is a pretty girl, and seems to like me, but I think I may do better if I resolve to marry.

"Drove into Bond Street, met Lady R—— in an open barouche, with her two daughters. The eldest is a very fine girl, but I am afraid

has little or no fortune. She smiled as she bowed to me. Dropped in at Colonel N——'s. Had a lobster and a bottle of claret for lunch. He told me Lieutenant Blake is in love with Lady R——'s youngest daughter.

"Called on Mrs Summerton. Her five daughters each played on the piano or sung, and each shewed me their drawings. Large families are my averson; they always insist on one's staying, and are so troublesomely polite.

"Dined at home with three friends I had invited to go with me to the opera. Captain D——, when in his cups, told us he had heard, from a side wind, that Emily Fairly had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune, and that he meant to propose before the family could guess that he knew anything about it. I sent the captain home in a coach, with my footboy to take care of him, as he was not fit to appear in public. My friends and I proceeded to the opera: the piece was begun, so that our arrival created a little noise and bustle. I hate to arrive in time. I went round to visit several ladies in their boxes. Mrs. Hartly has left off her weeds, and looks very pretty. She told me that Henrietta B—— was a very designing girl. Went to speak to Henrietta, who told me that the widow H—— was a coquette, and would not be a widow long.

"Left the opera-house, after the first act, to be in time to see a new actress come out in a farce at one of the large theatres. Her voice and person are faultless. I went behind the scenes to congratulate, and told her she will become the first actress of the day. She is certainly a much finer woman than Caroline. The manager invited me to come and sup with him and the débutante. He had forgotten his purse, so I paid.

"Fell asleep; resolved to make Emily an offer to-morrow morning."

"May, 1840.—Took an airing in my nephew's phaeton. Jack drives too fast: he says it is owing to the march of intellect. I should have preferred walking if it had not been for the gout. Those last boots were confoundedly tight. Jack drove me home through Regent Street, where he said he saw a great many pretty girls, but I think they used somehow to be prettier. Bond Street is narrower, and was more convenient for seeing one's acquaintance on the other side of the way. Jack said he could not decide whether to marry for love or for money. I told him love was bad, and money worse. The rogue then owned he was in love with a portionless girl, and begged me to persuade his father to approve of the match. I promised my assistance. Jack helped me out of his phaeton very carefully.

"My cousin Maria called to see me, with her two pretty granddaughters. It is very considerate of her to come and see an old man as often as she does. Maria is always cheerful, and has worn vastly well. She does not look her age. I might have been very happy if I had married her; she makes her home so comfortable. I often wish Emily had refused me. I wonder why she eloped so very soon, since she liked me well enough to marry me?

"My physician looked in to know how I was. He says I must go on with the abstemious system. Read the newspapers. Saw a benefit announced for an old actress, Miss B——, who left the stage twenty

years ago, and is now in distress. She will play, for that night only, the character she came out in. To make the evening more attractive, a celebrated danseuse will sing a song, and a famous singer will dance the cachuca. The whole will conclude with a scene from Norma, in which a young lady will sing the part of the high priest. Now-a-days, the whole aim of the scenic tribe is to do something that they are most unfitted for. Nevertheless, I shall take a box, and twenty pit tickets; for having been at her first, I am bound to be at her last representation. I fancy few of the young men that will go to see her, will believe how pretty she once was, poor thing!

"Dined on a boiled chicken and a rice-pudding. Drank toast-and-water as the physician prescribed. If Captain D—— had never drank anything else, I should probably never have married Emily. He saw double, too, when he spoke of her fortune, for it turned out to be twenty, instead of forty thousand.

"My son called in, when I had half done, to lunch at my dinner. He came to borrow five hundred pounds. I lent it, but with a lecture. I wish he would leave off his bad habits and take a wife. I should like to see him marry Maria's grand-daughter when she comes out.

"Went to take tea and play at chess with General Blake. He related to me, for the hundredth time, how he had run away with Lady R——'s youngest daughter when he was only a lieutenant. It turned out a very good match after all. Colonel N——, who used to laugh at him, and say he would never get her, was killed in India years ago. I checkmated the general at the first game. His grand-daughter came in to make tea for us. She is a fine girl, and reminded me of her great-aunt, Fanny, whom she is christened after. She was so attentive to all my little wants, that I could not resist taking out of my pocket a ring, which I had intended for my god-daughter, and offering it to her. She smiled, and said she was afraid she might not receive a present except from older men than myself. Her father told her she was a fool, as I was old enough for anything of that sort. The little gipsy is full of good sense and sprightliness. I left the general at ten; and, as my foot was better I walked home, for we live within a street's length of each other. A poor woman, at a crossing, asked me for money: I gave her sixpence, and, as she seemed distressed, I inquired her name and abode. She answered Caroline ——. I had nearly made an exclamation, but checked myself, and promised to assist her further. All the way home I could not get rid of the recollection of Caroline on the black pony, and how graceful she used to look. Her merry laugh used to ring in my ears. Who could have thought that her high spirits and her blooming cheeks would pass away, and leave not a wreck behind? I wonder how many fortunes she has got through since Major S—— took her off my hands. I must get the poor old soul into an almshouse, and provide for her comfortably. Her support for the rest of her life will not cost as much as furnishing the cottage I once fitted up for her at Brompton.

"Dreamt that I was a young man again, and galloping to Brompton on the bay mare. Was just going to leap a high gate, when I woke with the cramp."

THE BATTLE PLAIN OF IMMA, NOW EL'UMK.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The Plain.—Delay in the Transport.—The Crusaders at the Iron Bridge.—Defeat of the Palmyrenes.—The Acropolis of Cyrrhestica.—Battles of Ventidius and the Parthians.—Arsace.—Geography of the Crusades.—Navigation of the Lake of Antioch.—Pelicans and Storks.—Battle of Ænoporas.—Encampments of the Turkomans.—Manners and Customs.

THE plain, to the description of which the progress of the expedition next leads us, occupies an important tract of country in North Syria, and it possesses many features of high interest, in an historical and political, as well as in a merely economical and descriptive point of view.*

Averaging a mean elevation of three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and watered by several rivers; its lower or central part is occupied by the lake called Denghiz Aghá, better known as the Lake of Antioch, and which has a various extent of from seven to ten miles, and an area of from sixty to seventy. This lake is enclosed on every side by extensive marshes, and beyond these are grassy plains, interspersed here and there, by great tracts covered with flowering plants, chiefly of the natural families *compositæ* and *umbelliferæ*, or of the thistle and hemlock, or parsley tribes, and which attain so luxuriant a growth, as to form at times impenetrable thickets, and even when penetrated, to overtop a man on horseback. Snakes also attain a gigantic size in this jungle, and during our residence at Murád Páshá, we killed one which measured fifteen feet in length.

This great plain is tenanted by Turkomans of the tribe of Reï 'Anlú, and there are also some stationary villages of Arabs and Syrians on the borders, which are marked on the one side by the well-defined foot of the lofty Armanus and Rhosus, on the other by the lower, woodless, and rocky range, called Em-göli Tágh, or the Mountain of the Lake of Em, probably another corruption or abbreviation for the Lake of Imma or Emma. To the north it is bounded by the less distinct range of Jindarís, which separates the valley of the Kárá Sú, or Black Water, from that of the 'Afrín; and to the south, by the hills of Antioch or Anti Casius, which leave an opening in the south-east, to the valley of the Orontes, constituting the renowned Cœlo-Syria.

Ibráhím Páshá made an attempt to bring part of this luxuriant plain into culture, and for this purpose, Syrian peasants were brought down

* This plain is denominated that of Cyrrhus, by Kinneir, in which he is followed by Bell, in his "System of Geography," where it is described as a vast and fertile plain, sufficient to support all Syria with corn. But this name is very objectionable, as not being used by ancients or moderns. Cyrrhus, according to the "Antonine Itinerary," was forty-two Roman miles from Berœa, or Aleppo, and twelve from Ciliza, now Kilís; from which, according to Colonel Chesney, the ruins of Corus are sixteen miles distant. It was, also, according to the Theodosian or Peutingerian Tables, thirty-six Roman miles beyond Gindarus, which is itself several miles north of the plain. Strabo, perhaps more accurately, calls it the Plain of Antioch. It appears, however, more generally to have been designated after the town of Imma, written Emma in the before-mentioned tables, which was more particularly on the plain; and of which its modern appellation, El 'Umk, appears to be a corruption.

from the well-tilled plain of Dana, in the Em-göli Tágh, but owing to the opposition of the Turkomans, the experiment did not succeed.

During the excursions previously detailed, things remained in pretty nearly the same condition at Amelia Depot. The commander of the expedition was provided with a powerful Fermán, from the Sultan, to secure the transport of the material across the country that intervened between the sea and the river Euphrates, a distance of 111 miles, and the Consul-General in Egypt was engaged to secure the submission of Mehemet Ali to its provisions, and his co-operation in the undertaking. But whether it was that the territory in which the transport was to take place, belonging at that time, as far as to the river Sájúr, to the Egyptian Satrap, rendered him jealous of acknowledging Turkish authority therein, or whether he viewed the communication to India by the Euphrates, as interfering with his own favourite project of facilitating the way by the Red Sea, and in which his interests would be always more directly involved, it is difficult to say; probably both combined against the expedition; and too wily to openly oppose what had met with the support of the British government and of the King of England in person, the Egyptian ruler determined to put every difficulty in the way of the enterprise, by passively thwarting its progress, by all possible means that were not overt, and the most formidable of which, was to forbid the natives to assist us with the means of transport.

It was in vain that the country was ransacked for camels, bullocks, and horses. The consul and merchants at Aleppo met with the same inexplicable refusal from the Arabs to be employed on the transport. The agent at Antioch was unable to afford any assistance, and the expedition and its stores lay crowded in a little point on the sea-shore, like a stranded ship, unable to move in any direction.

The landing of the stores, now terminated, had not been unattended by danger. The surf on the bar impeded its progress sometimes for days together. On one occasion, Captain Henderson, of the "Columbine," was going over in his gig with four men, when the boat was capsized. Fitzjames was passing at the moment, with a load, but he could not let go from the halser, by aid of which the landing was effected; and he was only able to throw an oar to the captain and his crew, struggling in the waves. Happily, however, they all reached the shore in safety, but much exhausted.

Annoyed at the obstacles thus put in the way of the transport, and in the absence of Ibráhím Páshá, who had withdrawn himself, in order to avoid importunities; the commander despatched Colonel Estcourt and Dr. Staunton on a mission to the civil governor of Syria, whose residence was at Damascus, and where they met with a satisfactory reception, and the customary vague promises, which were never meant to be fulfilled.

In the meantime, to avoid the mischievous effects of idleness, the men were employed in putting the "Tigris" steamer together on the Orontes, and trying her capabilities; and on the return of the first mission, Colonel Chesney thinking that assistance might be obtained from over the Turkish frontier, as well, also, to secure the privilege of establishing a depot on the Euphrates, despatched a second mission to Reshíd Páshá, the Osmanli Ser 'Asker, who was at that moment

engaged in hostilities with the Kharzen Kurds, the representatives of the ancient Arsanii.

Great endeavours were also being made, during the same interval, to ameliorate the condition of the roads more especially between the sea and Antioch; on which line there were several steep eminences to be surmounted, and two beds of rivers liable to sudden overflows. Captain Lynch and his brother were at the same time engaged in determining the most feasible line for the transport to be carried across the higher portions of the country towards Euphrates, and it was at this juncture in the expedition, and on the 1st of June, seven days after our arrival at Antioch, that the surveying party, having somewhat recovered from their first attack of sickness, received orders to examine that part of the route which lay between Antioch and the more elevated districts.

The road thus explored, was carried at first nearly due east from Antioch, with Anti Casius on one side, and the Orontes, and marshes, and lake beyond, on the other; till at a distance of about fifteen geographical miles, a bridge was attained, which was situated at the point where the broad and fertile valley of Cœlo-Syria, opening to the south, allowed the Orontes to flow from that direction, while the road turned to the north-eastward.

This, then, must also have been from the necessity of circumstances, the site of a bridge from the most remote times. It is designated in the tables as Gephyra, or "the bridge," *par eminence*, and it appears to be, also, that bridge which, constructed by the Persian Satrap, Orontes,* gave his name to the river, which, according to Strabo, was before called after the giant, Typhon. It is now called Jisr Hadíd, or the Iron Bridge, and I have found this name, or a corruption of its Latinization, used in the time of the Crusades, for when Baldwin, then King of Jerusalem, repaired to Antioch, to be present at the celebration of the nuptials of Manuel Comnenus with Mary, the daughter of the deceased Raymond, Prince of Antioch, he is related to have fortified the Castle of *Pontisfer*, upon the river Orontes, against the incursions of the enemy. The bridge is still defended by an arched gateway, above which is a castellated building.

In the first advance of the Crusaders from Maresia, (Mar'ash,) and on the occasion of the first crusade, Robert, Earl of Flanders, was despatched with a thousand men-at-arms, to give summons to Artasia, ('Azáz,) and that stronghold having been obtained possession of, through a revolt of its Christian inhabitants, the army marched forwards towards Antioch, but they were encountered by the Turks at "the bridge" on the river Orontes, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, had to sustain a severe conflict, until the coming up of the main body forced the enemy to give way, and the Latins, passing the river, encamped with their army before "the famous citie of Antioch," the 21st of October, 1097.

In the month of February of the next year, the Saracens advanced in great force to the relief of the besieged city, and the Crusaders, leaving the footmen before the walls, went forth in six parties of well-armed horse, under their separate leaders, and defeated the Paynims.

* The names of Orontes and Orodes are both, according to Colonel Rawlinson, Hellenicized from Erwend, a pure old Persian root.

It was on this occasion that Robert Curthose smote a Saracen through the skull, teeth, and neck, down to the shoulder; in which feat he was only outdone by Duke Godfrey, who clave one of the enemy down so that one half fell off, while the other half remained in the saddle. These are exploits of which modern times do not furnish us with any parallels, so much has man degenerated, or the mists of fiction have been dispelled. The Saracens did not fail, however, to return, soon, to another charge, on which occasion they were even still more signally defeated than before, and being driven back to "the bridge," many were drowned in the Orontes. The old chronicler, Robert of Gloucester, has reference to this circumstance, when he says—

> "And, thorough the grace of Jesus Christ, the Paynims they overcome,
> And slew to ground, here and there, and the other flew anon,
> So that at a narrow brig there adrent mony one."

Here we bivouacked for the night, and the next day travelled across the marshy plain, till we arrived at the rivulet of Em-göli, where the road divided into two branches, one of which led over the hills to Aleppo, and is the same as that anciently followed to Chalcis, while the other was continued northwards, by the borders of the plain, to Jindarís. Not far from us at this point, was an extensive artificial mound, raised upon a platform at the foot of the hills; and there were ruins of dwelling-houses, and other buildings around. This was the site of Imma, a city in the district of Antioch, and written Emma, in the "Theodosian Tables," by which it is placed at a distance of thirty-three Roman miles from the capital. Ptolemy notices it in conjunction with Gephyra and Gindarus; but by Pliny it was erroneously considered as being on the borders of Commagena. The site is now called Herem. A small tributary to the Em-göli Sú flows past the ruins, and upon the banks of the latter were the remains of a bridge and of dwelling-houses, and a few miles further on, the traces of a large Christian village, with the fragments of two churches. We stopped a little beyond this spot, at a mill-stream derived from the same river.

As we sat in the rich sunset, with the expansive plain before us, sweeping away into marsh and morass, and relieved beyond by the blue expanse of the lake, a feeling of melancholy interest came over us, to think that it was on this very plain, probably at this identical spot, that the civilization and rising perfection of the Palmyrenes was crushed by the Roman legions. An Arabian dynasty was destined never to be but the wonder of a day, and Zenobia herself, a name now traditionally handed over to poetry and painting, and who, though an Asiatic princess, possessed at once Grecian refinement and Roman hardihood, was destined to succumb before the warlike skill and fortune of the Pannonian soldier, and to become henceforth a Roman citizen. True, that the indomitable Zabdas bore down the legions by the pressure of his cavalry, and for a time threw disorder into Aurelian's ranks; but it was only to hurry on the fatal result. The heavy armed Palmyrean horse were led on into the marshy ground, thousands were suddenly fixed immoveable in a deep morass; the light armed Romans formed around them, and returning upon the then scattered and broken forces, made horrid slaughter, and decided the fate of the day; which a well-conducted retreat along the vale of

Cœlo-Syria to Emesa, and another hard-fought battle delivered before the departing glories of the Temple of the Sun, was unable to repair.

Zozimus and other historians suppose this battle to have occurred nearer to Antioch, and Vopiscus identifies the field of battle with Daphne—an almost impossible locality—but we have the distinct authority of Sextus Rufus, in which he is supported by Syncellus, Jornandes, Cellarius, and a host of others, that the unfortunate engagement took place before Imma. The great feature of the battle, the slaughter of the heavy Palmyrean cavalry in a deep morass, is what might have been expected to have occurred at this spot, while the neighbourhoods of Antioch or Daphne present no such circumstances, the precipitous and broken ground of the latter being especially unfavourable to the movements of cavalry.

Had the polished author of the "Letters from Palmyra," who so effectively sustains the deep interest felt by all in the fate of the city of the desert, and of its gifted queen, been well versed in the localities of the events which he describes, how much it would have added to the perfection of his otherwise highly-coloured descriptions. Nature in this case, as in many others, surpasses imagination; the vast extent of plain and marsh of Imma, with the deep lake shadowing forth the outline of the lofty wood-clad Amanus, and the clear, sharp air, broken by the rocks and turreted ramparts of renowned Antioch, present a picture far more complete in its details, and more gorgeous in its aggregate, than the pen of poetry and feeling combined has been able to suggest.

The vast expanse before us, indeed, derived an interest from its very nakedness and immensity, and possessed in some degree the solemn grandeur of the ocean. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the landscape, the only visions of life were distant flights of birds—scarlet flamingoes and lily-white crested herons—occasional flocks of sheep and goats, like little dots, on the far-off hill-sides, and here and there a straggling herd of camels or cattle, stretching, like an army, over the tawny waste, and attended by a herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long tasselled lance tapering up into the air; while, beyond all, the broken line of a Turkoman encampment, with its dark chequered tents, was faintly seen on the verge of the horizon.

The next day, (June 4th,) we continued our route across the plain, till we gained a gentle ascent, which brought us to the village of Jindarís, containing about fifty cottages, and characterized by its artificial mound, or tel, upon which but few traces are now to be met with of the castle or citadel of ancient Gindarus, variously designated as the Acropolis, and the Arx of Cyrrhestica, and described by Strabo, as καὶ λησήριον ἐυφνὲς, "a fit receptacle for thieves."

It may be remarked here, that the existence of one of these tels or mounds is generally characteristic of an ancient site throughout northern Syria and Mesopotamia, and in some districts, almost every village is grouped around one, of greater or less magnitude, for they vary in size, and attain a various elevation, of from thirty to upwards of a hundred feet. These factitious hills were designated by the ancients as κομαται, and Strabo describes Tyana and Zela as built on such mounds, raised originally by Semiramis. Herodotus (ii. p. 137) and Diodorus Siculus (i. 36, and ii. 14) use the same word. "For thou hast made of a city a heap," (Isaiah, xxv. 2,) is in the Greek version rendered by εἰς κομα.

Xenophon designates them, however, by the more elegant expression of γηλοφος, "a mound or hill of earth." They are called tels by the Arabs, teppehs by the Turks, and u'yuks by the Turkomans.

The generality of these mounds are artificially raised upon the plains, out of which they rise like so many gigantic mole-hills; but in many cases, the existence of jutting rocks or crags, has been taken advantage of, to facilitate the piling up of materials for the purpose of raising a mound on which to build an Acropolis; at other times they are simple mounds of denudation — rocks worn into more or less rounded hills by currents of water—as in Tel Ba'lkis, in the valley of Euphrates, but even these have been afterwards fashioned by art. Then, again, they appear sometimes to have in part originated on the plain from the passage of ancient currents of water, like the mounds of so-called diluvial gravel, in our own country; and it not unfrequently happens that they contain boulders or large transported masses of basalt, and other rocks; which, as Strabo described long ago, (p. 812), constitute the kernel around which the other matters have accumulated, but which are also sometimes left exposed by the gradual removal of the softer materials. In some cases, as at 'Ak Deyavín, the mound is surrounded by Cyclopean walls formed of huge irregular masses of basalt, piled one upon another. Examples of materials artificially accumulated on rocks occur at Arsace and elsewhere; of the same piled on alluvia or river detritus, at Arbela, and at the Babylonian Ecbatana; but it must not be omitted to mention in this little history of the origin and nature of these characteristic Oriental mounds, that in most cases, when they are of Babylonian and Chaldean, or Assyrian origin, that the added materials are the usual sun-burnt bricks, and in some few cases, such mounds were subsequently cased with regular stone-work, as at the Ur of the Persians, and in the case of the celebrated pyramid of Resen or Larissa.

It was but a few days from the anniversary (June 9th, B.C. 38) of the great defeat of the Parthians, which revenged, but could not repair the disasters which had occurred, by a curious coincidence, on the very same day, fifteen years before, on the plains of Mesopotamia; that we were also traversing the field of battle delivered by Pacorus, the son of Orodes, (Arsaces, xiv.,) to the Romans under Ventidius.

Continuing our journey northward, we forded the river 'Afrín, where it was about 150 paces in width, and at a point a little below which were the ruins of a castle now called Basul Kal'ehsi, with a neighbouring village of same name. This castle, which formerly commanded the passage of the river, appears to correspond to the Heraclea in Cyrrhestica of antiquity, and which is described by Strabo (p. 751) as being close to Gindarus. The same author, also, elsewhere (p. 517) describes the Temple of the Minerva of the Cyrrhestides as being at a distance of twenty stadia, or ten geographical miles from the same spot, and at or about the same distance, we found the remains of ruined monasteries or ecclesiastical edifices, shewing what is not uncommonly the case, both with Christians and Mohammedans, that the traditional sanctity of a spot had been perpetuated by new religions.

One mountain, distinguished by its elevation, for it rises to nearly double the height of any other hill on the same range, and by its peculiar conical and almost triangular shape, rises in these districts out of the Em-göli Tágh, and is called by the Arabs Skeïkh Barakat; but

by the Aleppines, Mount St. Simon. This is undoubtedly the Mons Trapezus of Strabo, at the fort of which, or in the Plain of Dana, while Marc Antony was indulging in that inglorious passion which earned for him the severe Philippic—

"Interque signa (turpe!) militaria
Sol aspicit conopium"—

Ventidius repaired the losses sustained by the quaestor Saxa, by defeating the Parthian general, Pharnapates, or Phranicate, as he is called by some, and it was the year following this, that the same able legate delivered, on the spot where we now stood, that engagement with the Parthians in which Pacorus was slain—a disaster from which his royal father never recovered. For many days he refused to take food, and did not utter a word; and when at length he spoke, he did nothing but call upon the name of his dear son, Pacorus. What a sequel to the triumphs of fifteen years before, and to the similar melancholy fate of Crassus and his son!—

* * * * "Miserando funere Crassus
Assyrias Latio macuavit sanguine Carras."
LUCANUS, i. 104.

It is curious that in the text of Dryden's tragedy, "All for Love," in which the characters of Antony, and of his old general, Ventidius, are ably brought out, the readers, fancying that such a thing as marshes in dry, sandy Parthia, was quite out of the question, have rendered what the author had evidently obtained from the classics as "marshes," "marches," and that in a manner which leaves to it no distinct meaning:—

"By painful journeys,
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian *marches* to the Nile."

The road is carried from the valley of the 'Afrín, through rocky vales and a broken country, till the more level districts of North Syria are attained, and which, from this point to the Euphrates, have a mean elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. At the head of this plain is the large village of 'Azáz divided into three different portions, each containing about twenty-five houses, and lying chiefly eastward of a nearly circular tel or mound of more than ordinary magnitude and height, being 250 yards in circumference at the base, and 90 at the top, and having an altitude of 120 feet.

Under the name of Arsace this stronghold played a part in the rebellion of Avidius Cassius against Marc Antony, and it was by Pliny placed in the Tetrarchy called Mammisea. Ptolemy calls it Ariseria; but it was under the various names of Artasia and Arthusia that it came most into notice in the time of the Crusades. The Christian inhabitants rose against the Turks, as we have seen at the approach of Robert, Earl of Flanders, and slaying the greater portion of them, received the Latins into the place. After this, it became a site of much importance to the Crusaders; for, by means of a station at the Iron Bridge, another here, and others at Tel Bashír and Birtha westwards, the communication was kept open between the princes of Antioch and the counts of Edessa. Defended by the Latins, the same castle repelled several attacks made upon it at various times by the Sultan of Aleppo; and it was one of the strongholds which held out

last against the victorious troops of the Kurd Saláhu-d-dín, our Saladin. In after times, it, in a similar manner, opposed, but unsuccessfully, the devastating progress of Taïmur the Tátár, who, after its capture, bestowed much care in restoring its fortifications.

It is impossible not to remark here how much, notwithstanding the daily advance which is made in our acquaintance with the comparative geography of the East, is wanting to give accuracy and correctness to the details of the progress of the Crusades, and the history of the Latin possessions in Syria and Palestine. As they at present exist, these histories are often little better than romance; and, indeed, the Crusades appear to have been long since given up as a theme only for poetry or fiction. It is not that a noble exception to this presents itself in the labours of such men as Robertson, Mackintosh, Chateaubriand, and Guizot, who have justly vindicated the philosophy of these otherwise unfortunate enterprises, and which were truly not mere questions of rescuing a tomb, but wars, upon the event of which hung the decision as to whether the Christian or the Mohammedan religion should predominate in the world. It is that no such a thing as a correct history, in regard to sites, exists of the Crusades. The best, the German work of Frederick Wilken, is wonderfully incomplete and unsatisfactory in these points; and those of Mills and of Michaud are, in the same point of view, utterly useless. It is an error to suppose that the exploits of the Crusaders would lose in interest or beauty by being subjected to such a searching inquiry. They would, on the contrary, in a country like Syria, where the natural beauties are so great, and the archæological and scenic details are always of the most picturesque character, gain by it to an unanticipated and unimagined extent.

From 'Azáz, our object being attained, we returned by the same road to Antioch. During the early part of this month the wagons brought from England, and a number of vehicles of different kinds, amounting in all to thirty-three, had been either constructed or put together at Amelia depot; and a few camels and mules having been at length procured, chiefly through the exertions of the British consul and merchants at Aleppo, the transport now for the first time commenced; and shortly after our return the novel spectacle was afforded to the inhabitants of the ancient city of Antioch of loaded wagons, with teams of six horses, crossing the narrow bridge of Orontes, and plying their way from beneath its arched gateway through its encumbered markets and rudely paved streets.

This mode of transport proved, however, from the badness of the roads, to be very laborious and dilatory; and on the 22nd of the month I received orders to explore the Lake of Antioch and its affluents, with a view to ascertain if the transport could be assisted by water-navigation. I accordingly started the next day, in company with Mr. Bell, and we proceeded up the Orontes in a native boat propelled by poles. We were not long in arriving at the point where this river is joined by the Kárá sú, or Black water, which flows out of the lake; and we continued our way up the latter, passing on our right hand a mound isolated among the marshes, and on the summit of which is the tomb of a holy man, to whom once a year a crowded pilgrimage is made.

The two natives we had with us as boatmen, however, made but

slow progress, added to which, although the current was not strong, the river was very tortuous; and night was coming on apace when we reached the border of the lake, so that it was not deemed advisable to venture upon the open water that night. The boat was accordingly, for security sake, run out of the channel into the marsh, composed at this point of reeds, amid which occasional willow trees rose, their aged-looking trunks half buried in water. After sunset the musquittoes came down upon us like a cloud, and added, by their incessant hum and piercing attacks, to the dismal character of the swamp.

We were glad to start the next day with the earliest dawn, not waiting for daybreak, which came too tediously, in so grievous a position; and the native mode of propulsion not allowing the boat to take the open waters, the navigation of the lake was performed by the slow and safe means of keeping to the limits of the marsh; and the same day we gained the Black Water, where it entered the lake at its north-western extremity, and were forced to pass the night in a somewhat similar position as on the other side of the lake, only that the channel of the river was less discernible from the number of aquatic plants which nearly choked it, and which harboured numerous water-fowl.

The ensuing day (June 25) we continued our way up the Black Water, our progress being somewhat impeded by the close vegetation, amid which beauteous nymphæas and nuphars,—naïads of the stream, —made themselves peculiarly noticed by their gorgeous beauty; the common white water-lily especially attained great perfection, its large flower, filled with petals so as to appear almost double, expanding to a gigantic size. Nor was our progress void of life or animation. Here and there a solitary heron watched, in motionless silence, for a passing fish; red legged storks waded in the marsh, where crested herons herded in troops; spur-winged plovers screeched above; bald coots stole away behind tufts of reeds or rushes; various kinds of duck and snipe occasionally winged their long flight away; while giant pelicans sailed bravely before us, the boat being unable to match them in speed.

Pelicans and storks were always objects of interest to me. Afterwards, when encamped at Murád Páshá, it was part of the evening's recreation to watch these great fisher-birds collecting from the lake, and its various affluents; then eddying for awhile in aerial evolutions, performed at a vast height, to ultimately descend on some open part of the plain, where they disposed themselves in a circle, so that danger could be perceived approaching on whatever side, and where they resigned themselves to a repose only interrupted by the prowling hyæna, or the savage gambols of troops of jackalls.

As to storks, there was something that was always refreshing in their entire confidence in humanity, and their noisy and vehement conjugal affection. They constituted excellent alarum clocks, for the male and female, throwing their long mandibles upon their backs, saluted each other by reiterated clappings at the earliest dawn. It was once my lot to be quartered in a town, close by a mosque, at the time when the storks came from their southerly migrations to build. One perched upon my roof, which the functionaries of the Mohammedan house of prayer observing, they sent a boy to carry a basket to the summit of

the dome, in order to entice the sacred bird from the infidel's roof. I at once, however, sought also a basket for my visitor—a lady stork, by the bye, for the gentleman was soaring over her somewhere between us and the sun—and to outdo the Mussulmans I added a bit of carpet. This, however, only increased the activity of my rivals to win the affections of the bird, and they sent devout urchins in pursuit of frogs and other reptiles, and deposited them on the top of the dome. It so happened, however, that my house furnished an abundant opposition supply of lizards, centipedes, scorpions, and other pleasant creatures which were to be met with in every crevice of the mud-walls, even in my dormitory, and under every brick that lay about, and which I seized with a pair of small forceps, and laid out for the bird's refreshment; so that, although the stork did for a time delight the eyes of the multitude which had assembled in the court-yard of the mosque, by settling on the dome, it soon returned to take up its dwelling with the Christian, a thing the chagrined Mohammedans asserted had never before happened in that city to a follower of the Messiah.

We continued the navigation of the Black Water to where it was joined by another stream from the north-east, called the Egrí, or Crooked; and we turned up this latter till we came to a bridge, which put an end to any further necessities for exploration. The road from the sea to Aleppo is carried round the northern part of the lake at this point, and it is here carried across marsh and river, and a territory liable to extensive inundations at certain seasons of the year, by this bridge and a stone causeway nearly three miles in length, and called after its originator, Murád Páshá. Not far from the bridge, was a tel, having upon its summit a village of Arabs called Göl Báshí, or the "Head of the Lake," from an abundant spring of clear water, which issued from a mass of basaltic rocks cropping out at the foot of the tel.

Having now, by the route, followed from Beïlan to Antioch, and from Antioch by the Iron Bridge to Jindarís, combined with the present navigation of the lake and its northerly affluents, explored the plain of Imma in nearly all its details, the opportunity may be taken to remark that the identification of the rivers at present existing on this plain, with such as are described as watering the same expanse of territory in ancient times, presents greater difficulties than usual. We have, indeed, but one leading statement to assist us in this inquiry. It is that of Strabo, who says, "not far from Gindarus is Pagræ in Antiochidæ, a place strongly situated on the road which, crossing the Amanus, leads from the Amanian gates into Syria." Pagræ denominates the plain of Antioch, where flow the Arceuthus, the Orontes, the Labotas, and where are also met the rivulet or ditch of Meleager and the river Ænoparas.

From the description here given of Pagræ there would be much to justify the identification of that site with Beilan; but it appears, according to Colonel Chesney, that the castle previously described as that of 'Ibn 'Abi Dáúd is also known by the name of Pagras Kal'ehsí. Concerning the identity of the Orontes and the present El 'Así, we are safe by tradition and position, originating, according to Pliny in Cœlo-Syria, from the neighbourhood of Heliopolis (Ba'lbek); and, according to Mr. Barker, five hours north-east of the village of Ar rás, or the "Honoured Head," (Abú-l-fedá Syria, p. 150). It washed,

according to Strabo, amongst others, the cities of Apamea and Antioch; and its embouchure was, according to the same authority, at a distance of forty stadia from Seleucia Pieria, shewing that, even at that point, it differs little from what existed in antiquity.

With regard to the Arceuthus, as it comes first on the list, we ought to seek for its representative in the largest river of the plain; and this is presented to us in the 'Afrín, a tributary to the Lake of Antioch, which has its origin in the Arsís Tágh, or ancient Arsace Mons, with which its name appears to have some relation. Words like Arsaces, Ariarathes, Arii, &c., all contain the same root Ar, signifying, as in the Sanscrit, Arya, "honoured or respected."

The next on the list is the Labotas, which follows the Orontes, and therefore, probably, adjacent to it; and from its name, if taken as expressive of a leaping or vaulting stream, the same as the river of Emgöli. There only remains, then, to identify the river Ænoparas and the ditch of Meleager, which appear together in Strabo's enumeration, and we must thus seek for them in the only remaining rivers of the plain—the Kárású, formed by the junction of numerous tributaries from the higher country, and the shorter affluent, which flows beneath the bridge of Murád Páshá.

The fact of Cyrus having, in his celebrated expedition against his brother Artaxerxes, passed the plain of Imma, on his way from Myriandrus to the river Chalus (Koweïk), without the historian of the expedition, Xenophon, having noticed either the plain itself, the lake, or any of its various affluents, has led to many surmises, some of which have affected the accuracy of the historian; others have suggested doubts as to the existence of a lake on this plain at those remote periods; but there is nothing in the character of the soil to uphold the last of these suppositions, for the greater part of the plain is occupied by lacustrine deposits, formed by the gradual desiccation of the lake, proving at once its very remote antiquity, and at the same time that it was in former times even more extensive than at present.

It was on this plain, washed by the Ænoparas, that Darius encamped, previous to passing the Amanus and delivering the battle of Issus: and it was on the same plain, that one of the most complicated political dramas, which resulted from the establishment of different governments in the East, upon the death of Alexander the Great, met with a fatal solution.

The drama here alluded to, is presented to us in the usurpation of the throne of Demetrius Soter, by Alexander Balas, "Lord or King," a person of low origin, but who was supported in his pretensions by the Roman senate, and by the kings of Egypt, Cappadocia, and Pergamus. Ptolemy Philometor even conferred upon him the hand of his daughter Cleopatra. The usurper, however, proved himself unworthy of his elevation. Giving himself up to the pursuit of pleasure, he permitted his minister, Ammonius, to put to death all the members of the late royal family, with the exception of two sons of Demetrius, who had taken refuge in Crete. Indignant at the proceedings of the usurper, Ptolemy took from him his daughter Cleopatra, and conferred her on the eldest of the sons of Demetrius, marching with him, at the same time, against the infatuated King of Antioch. The armies met on the plain now before us, and in the battle that ensued, the usurper was defeated, and the throne regained by its rightful claimant; but

Ptolemy died of the wounds he received on this occasion; and Balas was assassinated by an Arab chief, with whom he sought refuge.

Considering that Antioch occupies one corner of the plain of Imma, and that we have in no instance referred to historical facts except when some new and interesting geographical light could be thrown upon the events of olden time, it will be seen how much we have left unnoticed, and that few limited tracts of territory have been more stained by the blood of battles and sullied with human gore than the one now in question. We find, under the Antiochidæ, under the Romans, under the Persians, during the Low Empire, under the Saracens, the Crusaders, the Mamluks, Tatars, and Turks, down to the time of Ibráhím Páshá, a repetition of the same sanguinary scenes, which sometimes, indeed, by the vast destruction they entailed, rivalled anything that has been presented by any other portion of the globe; and yet this is by nature a beautiful territory, a rich and fertile soil, a most luxuriant climate, with a clear sky, and equally pellucid waters, most favourable to the pursuit of literature and the arts, renowned for learning, philosophy, and religion, the seat of the seductive mysteries of Daphne, the cradle of Christianity, and the so called "eye of the Eastern church."

What induced Strabo to connect the name of Meleager, the unfortunate slayer of the wild boar of Calydon, with a remote and insignificant stream on the plain of Imma, I am at a loss to discover, unless for Calydon we were to read Chalybon, and this was the site of the fabulous boar-hunt; but the fact is, that we often find the fables of Greece repeated throughout the East, as we find the name of the fountain of Phocis given to that of Daphne, and of Marsyas to the spring near Apamea. Such a repetition of names is far from uncommon.

Having obtained horses and a guide from the Arabs of Göl Báshí, we started on a visit to Ahmet Bey, the chief of the Reï 'anlú Turkomans, and who was encamped in the valley of the 'Afrín, not far from the lake. At the foot of the hills, to the eastward, and on the road from Murád Páshá to Jindaris, were several thermal springs, which presented the peculiarity of having made their appearance at different periods—epochs generally marked by earthquakes—and the temperature of these springs I found to vary with the period to which the tradition of the natives assigned their appearance, the most recent possessing the highest degree of temperature, or 99° 5′. Another, which appeared at a more remote epoch, 98° 7′; a third, 98°; and a fourth, only 77°. Notwithstanding the warmth of the water, in a country where the mean annual temperature was about 66°, these springs contained tortoises, frogs, and plants. They were much resorted to by the natives; and Ibráhím Páshá had erected a house for their accommodation, which was afterwards much used as a place of shelter during the transport.

On our way across the plain, we passed by several encampments of Turkomans, at each of which we were assailed so fiercely by the dogs, that it was with difficulty they were prevented biting our own or our horses' heels. The people themselves never offered to interfere or call them off; and a stranger, on such occasions, defending himself with a whip or stick, or dealing playful blows with the flat of his sabre, his horse kicking about in every direction, makes a very ridiculous figure,

which often rejoices the Turkomans exceedingly. We also passed through a good deal of the tall jungle previously described, and saw some very large snakes.

At length we arrived at an encampment, where some signs of preparation, on the part of our guide, who was not a hired guide, but a peasant proprietor, who had volunteered his services from friendly motives, and a larger tent than usual, announced the vicinity of the Turkoman chief. In a moment afterwards, the servants had rushed forward to seize our horses' heads, and in another, we were seated at the divan of Ahmed Bey, a handsome young man, who had also, as visitors, one or two officers belonging to the Egyptian army. Our reception was in every respect hospitable, and what might have been anticipated from Turkomans, who are the real aristocrats of tent-life; but as the object of our mission was to express our commanding officer's regret at the little assistance afforded by the chieftain to the expedition, in the loan of camels, &c. (and we saw plenty on the plain in the course of the day's ride), our visit was more ceremonious than it might otherwise have been; and we felt it advisable, our unpleasant duty performed, after taking a little refreshment, to mount our horses, and return the same evening to Göl Báshí.

The stationary tents of the Turkomans, such as we were received in on the present occasion, are large, and made of a goats'-hair canopy, which is stretched upon rows of small poles. The interior is divided into two apartments, both of which are open in front, one for the women, the other for the men, where the carpets and cushions of the divan, or reception-room, are spread, and in the midst of which, in cold weather, there is a fire. The women, however, move about from one apartment to the other, with uncovered faces, and perform their various avocations of making bread, cooking, &c., without any regard or concern at the presence of strangers.

The men have a well-formed, athletic frame, with a taste for bright, gaudy colours, and showy arms. The women are good-looking, but much plainer in their attire than the men. They are particularly industrious in their various occupations, which include the manufacture of tent-cloths of goats' hair, of large double bags, and men's cloaks of the same material, and of fine woollen carpets, renowned throughout the East, and which, on the whole, rival those of Eastern Persia, the blue, green, and red dyes of the Turkomans, being superior to those of Kirman and Yezd. Piles of these carpets were to be seen in almost every tent of these rich, peaceful, and industrious nomades. Burghul, or bruised wheat boiled, rice, cheese, of which they make large quantities, butter, kaïmak, or clotted cream, lebban, and other preparations of milk and cream, with eggs, honey, dried fruits, and occasionally a little chopped meat, constitute their fare, which, like their residences, and condition generally, is much superior to that of the Arabs.

Formerly, at certain seasons of the year, the majority of the Turkoman tribes used to emigrate from Syria into Asia Minor, but at this time, the great tribes of Reï 'Anlú, Jeríd, and Rishwán, did not quit the plains of Syria. About forty-five years ago, Haïda Aghá, one of the Reï 'Anlú chiefs, induced some of his tribe to become cultivators, and having once perceived its advantages, agriculture gradually in-

creased among them up to the time of Ibráhím Páshá, who, as the best means of encouraging this desirable spirit, entrusted local power to certain chiefs, as with Ahmed Bey of 'Umk, and Mohammed Bey of Kilís.

When the Turkomans move from one place to another, they observe much order, and a severe ceremony. A certain number of armed men, with shields, precede the procession, others keeping the whole in a definite succession, and others bringing up the rear. The march of a Turkoman encampment, the slow and stately pace of the camel, the bullocks laden with women and children, and the solemn tread of the warriors, only now and then interrupted by the dash of some mounted heads of the tribe amusing themselves by throwing the jerid, or brandishing their tasselled spears, forms a very striking picture, to which a slight tinge of the ridiculous is unavoidably given, by the extreme gravity of all parties, and an air of haughty pride which seems to say that the nomadic life gives to them an immeasurable superiority over all strangers, cottagers, and tillers of the soil. The favourite animal of the Turkomans is a low-set powerful camel, of a cross breed between the double-humped, or Bactrian, and the Arabian camel. Their horses are also in high repute, although inferior to the Arab.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that after the little difficulty which we had experienced in navigating the affluents of the Lake of Antioch, and the gain of distance as well as of labour, which was promised by this line, over that of the iron bridge, that our report, made on our return, was highly favourable; and, accordingly, a first depot was at once formed at the village of Gúzel Burj, or the pretty tower, so called from an edifice now no longer in existence, and situated upon the left bank of Orontes, a little above Antioch, at a point which the wagons could reach without passing the bridge.

Here Charlewood and Fitzjames launched the boats of the expedition, and constructed rafts on pontoons, with many other ingenious devices, to facilitate the transport, and another depot was formed at Murád Páshá, to receive and forward the same objects. About the same time, Col. Estcourt having returned from his mission, Lieut. Cockburn, of the artillery, was dispatched, with a party, to throw up some slight field works, and construct slips at a spot selected for this purpose, one mile and three quarters below Bireh-jík, on the right bank of the river Euphrates, and afterwards called Port William, while the two Lynches were at 'Azáz, doing their best to get assistance in that part of the road from Mohammed Bey of Kilís. Afterwards, Col. Estcourt superintended this portion of the line, and at the same time that Cleaveland and Charlewood were conveying the boilers, sections of steamers, diving-bell, and other heavy weights to Gúzel Burj, from whence the water transport was carried on by Fitzjames; Eden was engaged forwarding light stores, by camels and mules, direct from Amelia depot to Port William, by the iron bridge. Thus, by the latter end of June, the transport may be said to have been in full operation.

TWO POEMS BY ANASTASIUS GRÜN.*

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE EXCLUDED ONE.

NINE friends once I had, and what love was mine,
When I was the tenth to that goodly nine!
One band was entwined around ev'ry heart,
But fate was opposed—we were forced to part.

We went to the banqueting-hall one night,
And nine brimming cups were at once in sight;
Then each of the nine from a goblet quaff'd;
For me, for me only there stood no draught.

Nine wheels in the village in chorus twirl;
By each one is sitting a charming girl,
And each of my comrades has chosen one:
No maiden loves me—I am left alone.

Nine altars are raised, and nine jewels are bright,
Nine bride-songs are sung, and they all breathe delight.
Yes, one is for each of that fortunate nine;
For me there's no song, and no altar is mine.

Nine ships bravely rigg'd all depart from the strand,
My comrades sail off to a happier land;
But ah! there's no boat that will carry me o'er,
Where love, joy, and happiness bloom on the shore.

Now long in deep slumber the nine have laid,
Their bed in the narrow garden is made.
The garden is small—the nine graves fill the space;
O Heaven! canst thou not for a tenth find a place?

DIFFERENT KINDS OF GRIEF.

A GIRL is by a tomb on bended knee,
And close beside it plants a poplar tree:
"Thou slender tree, arise, arise!
As he arose to spangled skies;
As both my hands are lifted now,
To heaven be lifted every bough;
As to the stars my glances wander,
Let every leaf be pointed yonder.
To him! To him! Ascend, ascend!
Your rustling sound must upwards tend.
Thus, poplar, thus beside the grave
An image of my grief I have."

A youth is by a tomb on bended knee,
And close beside it plants a willow-tree:
"Bend down to earth, thou tree of weeping,
For she below the earth is sleeping.
As on the grave these tear-drops flow,
So from thy leaves the dew-drops throw;
And as my hands thus downwards grasp,
And that cold coffin fain would clasp,
So to the grave, ye branches, bend.
To her! To her! Descend, descend!
Thus, willow, thus beside the grave
An image of my grief I have."

* It is needless to repeat that this is the assumed name of Count Auersperg.—J. O.

THE PRUSSIAN PADDY GRENADIER.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

PART I.

Frederic the Second, King of Prussia, has furnished, both in his public and private life, a subject for the pens of many authors. We are not about to detail in this little narrative his well-known merits or faults, though we must premise that he professed somewhat of a contempt for religious institutions, which was rendered by his enemies as implying a want of respect for religion itself.

We are told by his historians that he was avowedly an unbeliever in revealed religion, and that his notions of natural religion appear to have been vague and fluctuating, which were doubtless caused by his profound admiration of the writings of Voltaire. But then, as a set-off against this infidelity, Frederic the Second, in the year 1783, published a rescript, signifying his pleasure that no kneeling should in future be practised in honour of his person, assigning for his reason, that this act of humiliation was not due but to the Divinity; and as he expended nearly two millions of crowns about the same period in works of utility, establishing factories, draining marshes, settling colonies, relieving distresses, and in other purposes of philanthropy and policy, posterity must not consider him the immoral character he has been represented by some of his Roman-catholic subjects.

The city of Posen was the see of a Catholic bishop, and contained a university and thirteen convents. A Prussian regiment was on duty in the town. There was a private soldier in this regiment, a native of Killala, county Sligo, by name of Patrick Doyle, a fine, well-formed, strapping fellow, son of a farmer, but who had not sown his wild oats. Patrick had made Killala too hot to hold him, and was obliged to run for it while he had some money in his pocket. He made his way to Dublin, having determined to enlist; but meeting with some Killala boys, he treated them, and they treated him, but advised him to go to London to enter the army, as he would get more money by enlisting there. Pat Doyle was just in the condition to take the advice of anybody; so they all agreed to keep company, and drink away the time until the Dublin and Holyhead packet sailed in the evening.

But as the whisky had made them all very merry, when the hour arrived, the Killala boys determined on seeing their townsman off safe, and they rowed him themselves, with his spare clothes in a bundle, and put him aboard what they imagined to be, in their muddled state, the packet, and noisily bade him "good bye, and good luck." After they had returned to land, Pat Doyle went below to the steerage, to make himself comfortable for the night, and was not long, from the effects of the whisky he had imbibed, before he went asleep. In the morning, the ship was far out in Dublin Bay, when Pat Doyle, waking, and shaking up his feathers, ventured to inquire of one of the mates, what time they would be likely to reach Holyhead.

"Holyhead!—i' faith, honey, what puts Holyhead into your head?"

"Och!" answered Mr. Doyle, "and 'ant I going to London?"

"No, my lad, you 'ant," said the mate;—"this vessel is bound to Dantzic!"

"Och, cruel murther!" exclaimed Pat Doyle—"shure this is the packet that Tim Mullins and the two O'Rourkes put me aboard of last night?"

"This here brig is the 'Shelah'—O'Shaugnessy, commander—laden with provisions — beef, pork, and butter — for the Baltic; and we brings back timber."

Pat Doyle was aghast at that piece of information; but after, in vain, in his simplicity, begging of the mate to explain the matter to Captain O'Shaugnessy, with his compliments, and he would thank him to turn his ship back again to Dublin; which motion being civilly declined, another sort of motion (that of the vessel) caused in Mr. Doyle those very uneasy sensations peculiar to most persons on their first sea-voyage, and he was compelled to yield himself entirely to the influence. Oh, what a prostration it causes, both mental and bodily! and the stronger the constitution of the person afflicted, the more violent is the effect. Poor Patrick suffered a martyrdom!

On the third day, as the mate passed what might be called Mr. Doyle's resting-place, if he could have taken any rest in it — for though it was denominated his "berth," he thought it would witness his "death," he was so very bad,—Pat inquired, "Where did you say I am going?"

"Dantzic!" gruffly answered the mate.

"What did you say?" faintly asked Mr. Doyle.

"Dantzic!" replied the mate, as he hurried past.

"Very true!" ejaculated Pat—"*d—d sick*, indeed!"

At length, the brig Shelah arrived in the river Vistula. Had Patrick Doyle been enabled to have done anything towards *working his passage*, beyond the malady, the master of the vessel would not have demanded any payment of him for the voyage; but O'Shaugnessy was compelled to account to his employers, partners in the brig, a portion of whom were Prussian merchants, for the amount of the fare of every passenger.

It was in vain that Mr. P. Doyle remonstrated that he had been left on board the wrong ship, and that, by rights, he ought to be conveyed back to Dublin "gratis, free, for nothing." He at last positively refused to pay; in fact, in treating the Messrs. O'Rourke and Mr. Timothy Mullins, he had, with true Hibernian hospitality, miscalled improvidence, expended nearly all the cash he had brought from Killala.

The Prussian agent summoned poor Doyle before the police-court; the judge of which, though he commiserated his case, briefly informed him that he must go to prison, in default of payment.

Oh, how Pat Doyle longed again for "ould Ireland!" and the township of Killala in particular, wherein, if he had only blown a well-recognised whistle between his knuckles, a dozen brave boys, his associates, would have scampered up and rescued him from the hands of the Philistines; but here, in Polish or Western Prussia, he was marched away by a guard of soldiers as tall as himself, commanded by a corporal taller than himself.

When they were all within the court-yard of the prison, and Pat Doyle wondering what they were going to do with him, he observed a

diminutive Polish Jew, whose occupation appeared to be as a sort of agent for those in confinement to purchase little articles, such as snuff, tobacco, night-caps, eggs, *cum multis aliis* of wares allowed within the walls.

The keen eye of the little Jew was instantly fixed on the Irishman, and he addressed him thus :—

" Plesh ma hart, you're an Englishman!"

" I am an Irishman," replied Mr. Doyle.

" Vat tid dey pring you to dis plaish for?" asked the Jew.

" You spake English," remarked Pat, " but you spake it like a Judy!"

Doyle then informed the little Israelite of his exact situation, who replied—

" Vel, if you voud take my counshel, you could get quits of thish prisin in five minnits."

" How well you discoorse English!" said Mr. Doyle, coaxingly.

The Jew remarked, after looking at him from head to foot—" Six foot three, at leasht!—what a fine sojer you would make!"

" I was goin' for a sojer in London, when I came to this outlandish place," answered Pat.

The Jew then told him that he had been in London several times, and that, although it was a very charming city, it was a dangerous place, as there were so many *crimps* and *kidnappers* there. The simple Irishman did not know the positive meaning of either of the words, but not liking to exhibit his ignorance, he replied—" Och, I'll be bail for the blackguards!" The Jew then took the tall corporal aside, and entered into earnest conversation with him: from the quick gesticulation of the little Israelite, Doyle conjectured that he was the subject of their dialogue, which was carried on in German.

His curiosity was soon set at ease, by the Jew approaching him and saying—" Upon my sacred vord, yoursh is a hard fate ! how do you mean to exhist in dis plaish?"

Pat sighed and answered that it was none of his seeking, and he did not know.

The Polish Jew then carelessly remarked that he had been considering how he could do for him.

" How *he could do for him*" sounded suspiciously.

" You shaid," continued the Jew, " that you were about to enter the army."

" Well?"

" Vat difference voud it make whether you henlisted in Prusshier or in Angland?"

Mr. Doyle thought, that if he put himself up as a mark to be shot at, that it mattered very little in whose service he was hit. He had a national prejudice against England and the English. He was a prisoner, and, moreover, his Killala appetite was momentarily becoming exceedingly ravenous; besides, nothing could be more desperate than the internal economy of his affairs and body ; so he announced himself as quite ready to enter the service of his Majesty Frederic the Second, King of Prussia, as a gentleman private soldier.

We are not aware what might have been the amount of the bounty for such a recruit, but Corporal Muller easily satisfied the Prussian

agent for Doyle's passage-money, and there was very little doubt but that Shadrach received his per centage—as gentlemen of his persuasion rarely undertake anything without a share of profit.

Perhaps, at the period which we are describing, the military training of Prussia was the most minute, precise, and tedious in its detail, in the whole world—and it required more patience than was in Pat Doyle's stock of virtues (for patience, they say, is a virtue) to endure it. After a general drill, he was placed under the private tuition of Corporal Muller, who spared neither pains nor industry to make Mr. Doyle an accomplished soldier; in fact, to such an extent, that when the Irishman was at school, in his own country, he learned that to *drill* was to *bore*,—he now discovered that the words in Prussia had precisely the same meaning.

Time and perseverance effect wonders; and Patrick Doyle, drawn up to his utmost height, was at least a foot taller than when he quitted Killala, or when he enlisted. And as he stood *en grand tenue*, stiff as an artillery rammer, and thought of his home, he ejaculated—"Farewell father, farewell mother, farewell sisters and brothers!—even if I were to get back to ould Ireland again, I should never see any of ye any more." He meant that he should be unable to get his head down again to the level of the family.

About this time, the regiment in which Pat Doyle was being trained was ordered to Berlin. Now, if our Hibernian thought that the discipline was severe at Dantzic, he certainly was not agreeably surprised by the change of system in the capital, where the soldiery are harassed with continual *gater* service (small services and exercising).

In winter, during severe frosts, the military are exercised in large premises, which are built on the outskirts of Berlin; these premises extend over an immense space, and are covered with a vaulted roof; and in fine weather, the beautiful Thiergarten was frequently the scene of the evolutions of the troops.

During one of the reviews, the king was personally inspecting the regiment, when his eye fell on the tallest man amongst the grenadiers. Frederic, like his celebrated grandfather, had a hobby for gigantic soldiers. On being informed that Patrick Doyle was a foreigner, a native of Ireland, who had entered his ranks, he remarked, with a gracious smile, "that he was a fine fellow," and passed on. These flattering words from the king caught the ear of Corporal Muller. Doyle was, it is true, an inch or two the taller, but Muller was an experienced soldier—and a feeling of jealousy came over him, which he never afterwards was able to restrain; and whenever he could exert the petty authority of the corporal over the private, he never neglected the opportunity.

After the regiment had done its routine of duty at Berlin, it received the orders of the commander-in-chief to take up its quarters at Posen. Posen, we have already stated, was the see of a Roman-catholic bishop, and had several religious houses established in the town. When a town is thus situated, the following facts occur in contradistinction to a neighbourhood where the population are entirely Protestant. In the place of a level feeling of religion, as in the Protestant church, the old women are more devout, and the younger females are more gay, in the Catholic faith. If an accidental error occurs,

the demoiselle can go to her confessor and clear her conscience of it instantly. Thus the priest gains any power he pleases over his penitent; for all good Catholics are compelled to own the infallibility of the church in its decisions, and admit the obligation of submitting to all these decisions, in spite of their own private judgments or opinions. The priests are devoted to celibacy—they are mere men, after all; and many of them, in their hey-day of life, surely must have considered it outrageously sinful to thwart the passions and feelings with which they have been endowed by nature.

There was no want of gay young women in Posen; and the grenadier company, or, rather, the *company* of the grenadiers, to which Pat Doyle was attached, soon became an acquisition, and was speedily put in requisition, when off duty. Patrick was very gallant, and perceived that he had made an evident impression on a fine creature—so he paid his *devoirs* to her, with all the impetuosity and blarney of a Sligo man.

Charlotte Baumer, his *inamorata*, ostensibly followed the business of a mender and cleaner of lace; but the time she lost in walking about after Mr. Doyle and teaching him German, while he instructed her in English and Irish, could not be repaid by coin from the pocket of a private soldier of the Prussian army. Pat gave her his warm affection, which was all he had to bestow.

Two months after this, Charlotte Baumer having, by neglecting her business, and spending her spare money in more becoming apparel, fallen into arrear for rent, was threatened by her landlord with legal proceedings, and a transmission to the street. Consequently, when Mr. Doyle called to take a German lesson, or to give Charlotte an Irish one, we forget which, he found his fair one bathed in the tears of profound grief. He insisted on being made acquainted with the cause of her woe, and his fingers itched to give the person who had offended her "a divil of a bating;" but when he found that her misery could not be alleviated, excepting a certain sum was instantly forthcoming, he was extremely perplexed. Patrick Doyle could not unmoved see the weeping eyes of his adored mistress, and he swore to her, that by hook or by crook, he would bring her the amount of the rent, and told her to dry up her tears. He then left the house.

He pondered how he should obtain the money. The greatest part of his pay went for pipe-clay and blacking-balls; he was not one of those practical military economists who can

"Spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."

Shortly he observed a congregation emerging from a chapel, and seeing the vessel against the wall containing the holy water, he recollected that he had been brought up in the Roman-catholic persuasion, and had never once attended mass since his sojourn in Prussia. This reflection gave him some pain, and he began to think, that if he entered the chapel, it might bring him "a bit of luck." So, crossing himself devoutly, in he went.

The service had concluded; the officiating priests had gone to remove their vestments; the rays of the setting sun shone on the antique and beautifully-coloured painted glass windows, casting various prismatic tints on the columns of the chapel. The massive missals, with their embossed silver clasps, had not yet been removed to

their depository; and on the altar table were placed several offerings that had been piously made to a carved figure of the Virgin Mary, and which carved figure was painted, both on the face and arms, to resemble life, while it was dressed in a flaunting pink satin gown, and a white Mechlin lace apron; and had been adorned, with singular good taste, with a false head of hair, raised on a cushion, and highly powdered. Mr. Doyle had never seen a Virgin dressed so becoming, in Sligo or any part of Ireland he had visited; he exclaimed to himself, " I' faith, that's a tip-topper!" His eye then glanced on the altar-table, at a small, chased, silver candlestick, and a pearl necklace, that had been deposited there by some well-meaning votaries of the congregation that had recently departed; a thought (in all probability, devised by the arch fiend himself) came over Pat—" That candlestick and necklace can't be of any sarvice to the wooden madam in the powdered *toupée.*"

We have already premised that Mr. Patrick Doyle was rather loose in his principles, although he had been brought up in the Roman-catholic faith, under the worthy Father Keonavanagh, and was a favourite pupil of the parish priest, but more in little particulars than *en masse.* The good father was a keen sportsman, and Pat Doyle, who carried his game-bag for him, or his fish-basket, was his constant companion, when the packs of grouse were to be sought, or when the salmon came up the weirs or rivers. Keonavanagh, though active for his age, was fat, and the exercise of walking was quite sufficient for his corpulency, without carrying the hampers, rods, landing-nets, whisky-bottles, ammunition, and guns—so he selected Pat as his jovial companion and beast of burthen; and it is to be feared, that on these frequent and agreeable excursions, theological discussion formed a very small part of the entertainment. The pernicious tenets held out by the restless spirits who paved the way for the French Revolution had already planted themselves in various parts of Ireland. To Patrick Doyle and many of his ardent associates and schoolmates, Religion was known only by name, and not unfrequently ridiculed in the obese and convivial person of Father Keonavanagh.

Doyle, at this unlucky moment, thought of the deep distress of Charlotte Baumer;—he looked round the chapel, to see if he was observed,—not a being was in sight; and he exclaimed, " Blessed Vargin, help my poverty!" and he then placed the candlestick in his coat pocket, and crumpling up the pearl necklace in his hand, stalked out of the chapel, imagining that he had neither been seen nor heard. But he was mistaken, for an old verger came hobbling up the aisle, and distinctly beheld the tall soldier quit the portal. There was also an oral witness, in the person of an aged Scotch lady, a devotee, who was on her knees before her patron saint, in a corner of the chapel, near the altar. This was a Mrs. Mable M'Gregor, who had escaped to the Continent with her husband, Captain Hugh M'Gregor, from Scotland, after the unfortunate affair of the young Pretender, 1745. She had survived her husband for many years, and resided in Posen, on a small annuity, her time being wholly passed in acts of devotion.

When the functionaries of the chapel had removed their surplices and robes, the offerings that had been placed on the altar table were discovered to be abstracted. The priests were instantly in a *furor* at so glaring an instance of sacrilege,—the culprit must instantly be sought, apprehended, and brought to condign punishment.

Here again it would seem as if Old Nick had a hand or a hoof in it; for as Patrick Doyle was wending his way through the narrow street that leads to the quarter of the town wherein the Jews dwell—and that, in every city in Europe, is always in the dirtiest and most crowded situation—he suddenly encountered his former acquaintance, Shadrach; the first thing that caught his sight was the brilliant eyes of the Polish Jew, that seemed to be orbs of cut glass. Shadrach welcomed him, and remarked on the wonderful improvement in his person, occasioned by his drilling, and tight cleanly uniform.

It instantly crossed Pat Doyle's mind, that the Jew would be very likely to recommend him a purchaser for the property he had about him.

"You're de finesht figger of a man I ever shee!" said Shadrach. "I shuppose, now, you haven't made no vay vith de young ladysh?"

"I niver kiss and tell," answered Pat. "By the way, I'll just inform you how you may serve a young lady."

Shadrach grinned, exhibiting a mouthful of sharkish-looking teeth, and said—"I never have nothing to do vith young ladysh, except among my own peoples."

Pat Doyle took out the pearl necklace, and told Shadrach that a friend of his wished to dispose of it. Shadrach glanced rapidly at the pearls, then looked around him cautiously, and beckoned the grenadier to follow him. They traversed several narrow lanes in the quarter of the Jews, built over with squalid, overhanging tenements, from which hung old clothes, odds and ends, never by possibility seen in any other place than a colony of Israelites; dishes of fried fish—glass bottles, and vessels of all ages, shapes, and sizes—old gold and silver lace—large unleavened biscuits—and long beards wagging in every direction.

The Hebrew then tapped at a door, and uttering a few unintelligible words, Shadrach and his companion were admitted.

THE ARRIVING TRAIN.

DARTMOUTH ARMS STATION: CROYDON RAILWAY, APRIL 28, 1844.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Behold, smoke-panoplied, the wondrous car!
Strong and impetuous, but obedient still;
Behold, it comes, loud panting, from afar,
As if it lived, and of its own fierce will
Ran a free race with wild winds blowing shrill:
Fire-bowell'd, iron-ribb'd, of giant length,
Snake-like it comes, exulting in its strength,
The pride of art—the paragon of skill!
Triumph of mind! what hand thy bound shall mark?
Lo! through the curtain of the coming time,
Seen looming palpably 'mid cloud and dark,
Yet other triumphs, more than this sublime,
Rise numerous on the far-seeing ken
Of those who watch, and hope the good of men.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHEWING HOW MANESTY TOOK HIS PRECAUTIONS—HIS SEARCH AFTER HUGH—AND WHAT ENSUED ON HIS INTERVIEW WITH LAWYER VARNHAM.

FEELING convinced that he had secured his son's safety, as far as the intended duel with Stanley was concerned, Manesty, after Hugh had rushed from his presence, deliberately proceeded to re-open the sea-chests, and to apply again to the task of examining and selecting their contents. Having lit a taper, he held many of the manuscripts over the flame, and threw their burning relics into the grate. Others he put aside, with a view of placing them, under seals and lock and key, in the custody of his attorney, Varnham. In this way, he had nearly emptied one of the chests, when he took out from among the under-most layer of papers, an unsheathed and rusty sword. Gazing intently on it, he exclaimed—

"Ah, old acquaintance! I did well in consigning thee to perpetual rest after thy great deed! More than four and twenty years hast thou slumbered in utter inactivity. Thy blade formerly was bright and keen; *now* the greedy rust has gnawn it, and thou art sadly defeatured. But it was not fitting that thou shouldst be stained by mean blood, after having drawn forth some of the best in the land. I have looked often at thee with exultation. Why dost thou now draw up the blinding water in my eyes, so that I can scarce see thee? And where-fore does my breast swell, and my heart throb, thus intolerably? Dost thou reproach me, old sword? What! did I use thee wrong-fully? Well, well! Thy silent appeal almost unmans me. Yet, how could I bear the scorn, and hate, and fierce pride of him on whom at last I wreaked a bloody revenge?"

Manesty placed the sword aside, and leaned back in his chair, as if in deep rumination. He was, however, only a few minutes thus abstracted. Starting up, he said—

"I have no time to waste. I am in the toils, and the hunters are upon me. Dexterously have I played my game—dexterously will I play it still. In spite of them, I shall escape. Escape! And am I then brought to such a pass as to think my greatest good is in suc-cessful flight? O, Manesty, thy pride, and cruelty, and selfishness, have ruined thee! Thou hast thought too little of this; and lo! the dreadful cup of bitterness is at thy lips. Thy fortune is gone. Thy name is the prey of the scorner. Though consorting with pious men, thou hast turned—hypocrite as thou art—a deaf ear to their counsels. But the words that are written in the wondrous book sink deeply even into the hardest and most unbelieving hearts; and then, when least they are expected, rise up with fearful threatening. In the days of my pride I cast them off; but *now* they burst out against me, even as avengers. 'God,' says the Psalmist, 'hath prepared for the wicked

man the instruments of death. He ordaineth his arrows against those that persecute. Whoso travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood, and made a pit and digged it for others, shall fall into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon himself.' This is the truth of all ages; fearfully do I feel it! Fearfully *have* I felt it; but success, and pride, and the strength of manhood, and the impious sacrifice of all to self, have tempted me to defy it. Now I must reap the harvest I have sown."

Having thus soliloquized, Manesty again addressed himself to the examination of the papers. While so employed, his hand lighted on a miniature of a woman, which he hastily thrust among the reserved documents.

"No, no!" ejaculated he, "I cannot look on *that!* I could contemplate the sword; but one glance at that pictured face would turn my eye-balls into stone. Hugh shall have it with the rest; 'twill be precious to *him.* O Bertha!—dear, unhappy, lost Bertha! I have devoted to thy memory many a melancholy vigil; but never again may I visit the sacred room at Wolsterholme!"

Manesty covered his eyes with his hand awhile; when, removing it, and looking at his palm, "What!" vociferated he, "*tears!* I never thought to be guilty of this weakness. Rouse—rouse thyself, John. Be not cast down. Summon to thee the daring of thy other self—Hoskins the pirate. It is all over with thee as a Liverpool merchant. This is no time to be maudlin. Pack up thy papers; order thy horse; but first see if thy pistols are in trim, and load them. John Manesty shall not be taken alive; no, not by twenty Oglethorpes."

The merchant now thrust his reserved documents, including the old sword and the miniature, into a portmanteau, which he carefully locked and sealed; and then, summoning Hezekiah, ordered his horse, and prepared for a final adieu to Liverpool. Looking around him, as if for a farewell glance at a room where he had passed many hours, his eyes fell on the papers he had given to his son as confirmations of the astounding intelligence respecting the young man's paternity.

"D—n—n!" roared Manesty. "He has left behind him the writings which alone could substantiate the truth of my assertion! Reflecting carefully on my words, he may think they were uttered in extremity as a manœuvre to hinder his duel with Stanley; and, under that impression, may rush into the field and be slain! Oh, my boy—my boy!—gladly would I die for thee even on the scaffold!"

This idea of Hugh's danger so absorbed the mind of Manesty that, for a moment or two, he was unconscious of everything else. He was recalled, however, to a state of vigilance by hearing a low whistling and coughing below in the corn-store, in Mud-lane. "A signal!" said Manesty; when, approaching the window cautiously, and looking out, his eyes met those of Ozias Rheinenberger, whose face, lifted up towards him, was deadly pale and terror-stricken. Speech was out of the question, considering the interposing panes of glass, and the distance between the parties. The Moravian, therefore, trusting to dumb show, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, as if to indicate that something was approaching in that direction, while, with a move-

ment of the other hand, he waved Manesty off towards the front of the premises in Pool-lane.

"I understand him," thought the merchant, drawing away from the window, after nodding to Ozias to indicate that his hint was taken; "and will profit by his suggestion. I thought to escape by the store; but I find I must take the other way. Well, it cannot be helped. Oglethorpe knows nothing about *two* doors. He will be over-reached by his own cunning. I have been in greater danger than this on the coast of Guinea. Now then."

And, having placed a pistol in each of his capacious pockets, he seized the bundle he had made up, and drew aside the heavy bolts in the front door. At this moment a sound of voices in busy parley was heard at the entrance of the out-house, quickly followed by the thrust of a crow-bar, and a jarring noise made by forcing the door from its fastenings. Manesty kept his position for a moment, anxiously listening, on the top of the front stairs, to ascertain if any similar danger was to be apprehended in *that* direction. But all *there* was quiet. Meanwhile, he was aware of a rush up the steps, or rather ladder, by which the room was gained from the out-house in the rear.

"Judging by the variety of voices," said Manesty to himself, with an inaudible chuckle, "the fellows are strong in number. But even if they reach the door, they'll find it rather a tougher job to force than they did the entrance below; and, as the ladder is narrow, only one can work at a time. Hallo! what's that?" continued he, as a sudden snapping of wood was heard, succeeded instantly by a heavy fall, and sundry groans and execrations. "Capital, by ——! The ladder has broken; and some of the heavy rogues must have a few more bruises and fractures than they bargained for, even in coming to take me. Now is the time," he added, descending the front stairs, and saying as he went, "neither Oglethorpe, nor the devil himself, shall hinder my going to Wavertree after Hugh. My boy—my boy!"

Manesty's steed was at the door, as had been ordered. Directing the portmanteau to be quickly strapped behind the saddle, he mounted, and galloped off in the direction of Wavertree, where he arrived soon after the time indicated by his son. Not a soul was on the ground; nor did the merchant meet any one either going to or coming from the spot. Had anything happened of the kind he feared, some symptom of it must have met his observation. Braving every danger to himself, Manesty next went to other places where he thought Hugh might be found; but though, to his infinite disappointment, he could not trace him, he felt comforted in the conviction that no hostilities had taken place. He was resolved, however, at all hazards, to lurk about Liverpool till midnight, in the hope of seeing his son once more, and imparting to him certain information as to his future prospects in life. But first, he must call on his attorney, Ezekiel Varnham.

Boldly and openly, as in the days of his pride, did John Manesty ride through the streets of Liverpool. He neither hung down his head, nor drew his hat over his brows, nor sought by-streets, nor urged his horse beyond a gentle trot. It is not probable that he would have been thus careless on foot; but he felt convinced that, in case of any untoward rencontre, he might depend on the fleetness of his steed, whose blood and bone could not easily be matched. Thus audaciously

did he ride to Varnham's house, standing by itself in a kind of court-yard. Having learnt that the lawyer was at home, Manesty took the precaution of placing his mare near the stable at the back of the building, whence egress could be obtained into a by-lane, and was then ushered into the lawyer's presence.

Ezekiel Varnham was a pleasant-spoken, good-looking man, but an infinite rogue; a fellow of coaxing manners, but so thoroughly unprincipled, as to take advantage of any knowledge confidentially communicated to him by a client, if by those means he could forward the suit of a richer employer. Varnham was a sharp practitioner; that is to say, in his very first steps against an unfortunate debtor, he would at once swell the costs to the utmost extent. This, probably, was never intended by the spirit of the law; but Ezekiel Varnham looked only to the letter, equally reckless of the sufferings of his victim, and the interest of his client.

On entering the room, Manesty was immediately struck with a change in the demeanour of his attorney, who, scarcely rising from his seat, returned the merchant's greeting with marked coolness. Manesty was not slow in assigning this to its proper cause, and was resolved at once to bring it to an issue.

"Come, come, Ezekiel Varnham," said he, "this is folly. I know what you have heard of me; but I know also that, if it answered your purpose, you would not object to the devil himself for a client."

"You do me honour," returned Varnham, with a slight sneer.

"To be sure I do," rejoined the other. "Am I not right well instructed in the art of honouring lawyers?"

"I have no time to-day to bandy compliments," observed the attorney. "If you wish to speak to me, Mr. Manesty, you must be brief. I have many pressing engagements," he added, taking out his watch.

"My time is also precious," said Manesty. "Therefore let us at once to business. In the first place——"

"Stop a moment," interposed Varnham, "just while I give my clerk a few instructions touching a mortgage which——"

"No, no, Varnham," returned Manesty, glancing sternly and significantly at the lawyer; "out of this room you do not pass till you and I have had full conference together. It is fit that we speak plainly one to another. *My* character is in rather a dangerous state at present; and *yours*, friend Ezekiel, is not so sound, but that it stands a little in need of repair. You, doubtless, think it would advance your reputation as a disinterested and public-spirited citizen, if you were to deliver up to the law John Manesty—Manesty, the ruined man—who comes voluntarily and in confidence to your house. You shall not do this, Varnham, much as I admire your virtue."

"What mean you, Mr. Manesty?" asked Varnham, in all the confusion of a conscious rogue.

"Oh, you know well enough. Let us have no affectation. In a word, Varnham, you believe, because I am in extremity, that I must be without money. You are mistaken," continued he, producing a heavy bag, and convincing the lawyer that it was loaded with guineas. "Nay, more," he added, "it is perhaps your opinion that the present posture of my affairs intimidates me. This is equally erroneous. See, Varnham, how well I am prepared, both to confer a reward, or to repel hostility."

So saying, the merchant drew a pistol from his pocket, and coolly laid it on the table. The lawyer's cheeks turned white, and his eyes were fixed on Manesty.

"I see you understand me, Ezekiel," pursued Manesty; "and you know I am not a trifler. Here, take this gold; you will find it to be no paltry fee."

The lawyer, with abundant acknowledgments, clutched the money, professing his readiness to act on behalf of Manesty with the utmost zeal and activity. But this change in his demeanour was only momentary. His eyes became restless, glancing hither and thither, as if with apprehension; his manner was embarrassed, and his whole frame seemed uneasy and agitated.

"I want nothing of you myself," returned the merchant. "My object in visiting you is to place in your custody this portmanteau, chiefly containing papers. They are for the inspection of one eye only. But even that eye is not to see them yet. At the proper time, an order, signed by myself, will be presented, when you will deliver them. The bearer of this order will be prepared to pay, in addition to what you have now received, five hundred pounds, for the faithful discharge of your trust."

Varnham's eyes twinkled at the prospect, though his restlessness evidently increased; and he repeatedly looked at his watch.

"But," pursued the merchant, "the slightest evidence of any tampering with the lock or seals will not only deprive you of the money, but also of a very valuable client, in the person of my successor, Mr. Hugh Manesty, whose property will not be prejudiced by any underhand dealing with that which I now commit to your charge, however he may be pained at knowing that the family information contained in those papers has been perused by any other than himself. I have entrusted you with the packet, because I have reason to suspect that all documents in my house will be overhauled by the authorities, and I should not like these to fall into their hands. I think I can now depend upon you, Varnham."

"Implicitly," returned the lawyer.

"Nothing more, then, need be said," observed Manesty. "That is your iron chest there in the corner, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let me see you deposit my portmanteau safely in it, and then farewell."

This was accordingly done to the merchant's satisfaction; when, offering his hand to Varnham, who eagerly grasped it, as if infinitely relieved at the termination of the interview, Manesty rose to depart.

But his exit was destined to be not so quiet as his entrance. The door of the room was suddenly opened, and a man, whose head was bound round with a handkerchief, and whose visage bore evident marks of a recent contusion, entered. Though thus disfigured, Manesty instantly recognised Measly Mott, whose voice he had heard among others during the morning assault in the corn-store. Varnharm looked like one stricken with epilepsy. Catching a momentary glimpse of one or two other men in the passage, Manesty sprang like lightning to the door, closed, and locked it, and seizing Mott by the throat with his left hand, while with his right he held a pistol to the fellow's temple, said, in a low tone—

"If you make the least signal, Measly Mott, you are a dead man. This is the fruit of your contrivance, Ezekiel Varnham. You knew I was coming here to-day," added the merchant, with a reproachful and furious look at his attorney.

The constable trembled from head to foot. "For God's sake, Mr. Manesty," said he, "don't go for to harm me! Consider my wife and her three beauteous babbies at home!"—an appeal which Measly Mott was in the habit of making on all occasions.

"Open that closet, Varnham," said the merchant. "Quick, man—quick!"

Varnham could not choose but obey; and Manesty pushed Mott towards the recess, the man faintly ejaculating, "Here's a go! assault and battery, and false imprisonment, and a compounding of felony, Mr. Varnham!"

Measly's further eloquence was stifled, by his being jammed and bolted into the narrow enclosure. All this was accomplished in little more than a minute, when Manesty, springing through the window, gained the stable-yard at the rear, found his mare, vaulted into the saddle, and galloped off as fleetly as if he had been mounted on the back of a race-horse.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEETING AT WAVERTREE.—WHAT HAPPENED THEN AND THERE.

Having exchanged a few words with Lord Silverstick, Hugh repaired to his own room, where he found Captain Brooksbank.

"Pray be seated, sir," said Hugh; "You come, I believe, from Colonel Stanley."

"I do, sir," replied Brooksbank.

"I can guess the purport of your visit," rejoined Hugh; "and you will oblige me by coming to the point at once."

"In one word, then," said Brooksbank, "the colonel demands from you either an unqualified apology, or a meeting at Wavertree, within an hour from the present time; and I am further to intimate, that if you elect the latter alternative, no apology will be received on the ground."

Hugh's blood boiled in his veins, but he suppressed any manifestation of resentment, saying, calmly—

"Apology, Captain Brooksbank, is quite out of the question. I will meet the colonel."

"But," pursued Brooksbank, "I trust I need not point out to you the consequences of any other——"

"I know what you are about to say," interrupted Hugh. "Spare yourself the trouble of speaking, and me the mortification of hearing. Colonel Stanley may rest fully assured I shall not fail him."

"Favour me with your friend's name," said Brooksbank.

"The Earl of Silverstick," replied Hugh, to the evident surprise of Stanley's second. "You will not have to seek him, because, anticipating a message from the colonel, his lordship has been so polite as to accompany me here. Permit me to bring him to you now?"

Hugh left the room, returning immediately with the earl, whom he introduced to Captain Brooksbank. After his lordship had made his most graceful salutations, Hugh left him and the captain together.

Their conference, however, was but short, for in less than ten minutes Lord Silverstick rejoined his young friend, telling him he had stipulated that pistols, not swords, should be the weapons used.

"Have you any affairs of pressing moment to arrange?" asked the earl.

"None," replied Hugh.

"That is well," returned Lord Silverstick. "A wise man should always be fully prepared for any and every emergency, as I see you are; and nothing ensures this but method. My Lord Chesterfield insisted strongly on the virtue of method. 'Nothing,' says he, 'contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably.' Now I never could impress this on my son, Randy. But you, my dear young friend, are instinctively a gentleman—a gentleman *nascitur, non fit;* whereas twenty Lord Chesterfields could not have qualified for that appellation such a character as Colonel Stanley. I protest I have an excessive dislike to a man who cannot be brought to apprehend 'the graces, the air, address, politeness, and, in short, the whole *tournure* and *agrémens* of a man of fashion. So many little things conspire to form that *tournure*, that though separately they seem too insignificant to mention, yet, aggregately——'"

"Pardon me, my lord," said Hugh, interrupting the earl, who was gradually getting involved in the metaphysics of Chesterfield and *la mode;* "but time is fast slipping away, and though I have no affairs to arrange, yet, should I fall, perhaps your lordship will not object to be the bearer of a message from me to Miss Stanley, especially as I have given her reason to suppose that all hostilities were at an end between me and her cousin."

"I trust my agency will not be required," said Lord Silverstick; "but, in any case, I will fulfil your wishes."

"Tell her, then," pursued young Manesty, "that I was forced into the field. Convince her that I had no choice."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that my last thoughts rested on her."

"I trust that happiness is yet in store for you both," said the good-natured nobleman. "In the affair now on your hands, firmness is everything, and I see you are firm. Stanley is irascible, and that is a disadvantage. His second, too, seems rash. But, depend on it, nothing shall be done *contre les règles.* It is time to think of moving. Come. Where are your pistols?"

Hugh handed him the case, and Lord Silverstick inspected its contents. "London-made, I perceive," said he; "and, I protest, in very pretty condition. Come," he added, "we shall be able to drive deliberately to Wavertree. A gentleman should never be in a hurry. My Lord Chesterfield is precise on that point; and it is better to be too early than too late, especially on such an occasion as this."

The carriage was ordered. Lord Silverstick and young Manesty entered it, and proceeded towards Wavertree. Hugh, this time, was first on the ground; but he had not long to wait, as Colonel Stanley and his friend soon appeared. The earl, with a ceremonious bow to Brooksbank, drew him aside, and they conversed for a couple of minutes.

"I think," said Lord Silverstick, "as the moon is high, and gives

a pretty equal light, and as the ground appears to be quite level, one position is as good as another."

"Precisely so, my lord," returned Brooksbank. "We have nothing to do but measure the distance and place our men."

"Nothing more," assented the earl. "Promptitude is a great excellence."

A pistol was handed to each of the principals, who, at the distance of twelve paces, stood, erect and calm, over against each other, waiting for the word, which Captain Brooksbank was on the point of giving in military style, when the quick tramping of hoofs was heard, and a man on horseback darted into the midst of the group, and, dismounting, stood between Stanley and the young merchant.

"Desist!" vociferated he, in a commanding tone. "Neither of you shall fire at the other, or the ball shall pass first through my body. Oh, Hugh," he added, "I have sought you all day—I have traced you to the Liverpool Arms, and there heard something which convinced me you had come here on this mad purpose. But I have arrived in time. You shall not fight this Stanley. Give me your pistol."

"Mr. Manesty," said the young man, in a low voice, "leave the ground, I beseech you. I can take care of my own honour, which such an act as this, on your part, will injure for ever. Leave the ground; this affair with Colonel Stanley *shall* go on."

"It shall not, I say," roared Manesty. "Consider, dear Hugh, I have now no object to bind me to the world but you. And shall I see your life put in jeopardy on a mere punctilio? You will never behold me again after this night. I have much to say to you. Give over this encounter, or I shall do some deed of desperation."

"And pray who may you be, sir?" asked Captain Brooksbank, stepping forward.

Manesty bent a stern brow on his interrogator. "I answer no impertinent questions," said he. "Suffice it, that I am a man who will not be bullied. You will find it dangerous to meddle with me." Then, turning to the earl, who by this time had come close to the other second, he added—"Lord Silverstick, I know you; and I ask if you consider it worthy of your years and station in life to abet these foolish and deadly brawls? If your friend there, Colonel Stanley, should be maimed for life, he'll be apt to think, that with a little less folly on your part, you might have taken care of his limbs and of his honour at the same time."

"You are pleased to be satirical, sir," returned Lord Silverstick, with a bow. "But give me leave to say, that you are in error in supposing Colonel Stanley to be my friend. I come here as the friend of Mr. Hugh Manesty."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Manesty. "As his *friend*, then, do you desire this affair to go on?"

"Most assuredly," replied the earl, "unless my principal should receive an apology, which is not in the least probable. You must permit me, sir, to add, that I consider your interference most irregular, and contrary to the rules prescribed in the code of honour. Pray do me the favour to stand aside."

"Idiot!" muttered Manesty. Then advancing to the colonel, he said, "George Stanley, will nothing satisfy you but taking this young man's life, or meeting your own death at his hands?"

"Nothing," replied the duellist. "You will not succeed in interrupting us. Provoke me not, John Manesty, or you may rue it. What! are we to have whining morality from the lips of a pirate and a murderer? Where was your morality when the sailor was drowned by your deed? Here, Brooksbank, help me to bind this fellow neck and heels to ——"

Manesty did not pause for the conclusion of Stanley's threat. "Scoundrel, black-leg, madman!" shouted he. "Thou wilt make me guilty of more blood. Thy death be on thine own head!" Drawing forth a pistol, Manesty fired, and Stanley fell mortally wounded.

The suddenness of this desperate act struck a momentary panic into the whole party, during which Manesty armed himself with a second pistol, saying, as he cocked it, "Let no man, as he loves his life, venture to lay hands on me."

He then, in a voice not to be heard by the others, told Hugh where he might find him, and supplicated the young man to come to him at night. "I must now," added he, "fly from this place."

The words had no sooner escaped him than a tumult of voices swelled on the wind, among which the most audible was that of Oliver Oglethorpe.

"Come on, my men!" bawled he. "We've caught him at last. There he is. I see him. Mr. Hibblethwaite, secure the horse, while I tackle the man. Quick—quick!"

"Say you so?" ejaculated Manesty. Vaulting into the saddle, and putting spurs to his mare, he flew away like the wind.

LIFE AND POETRY OF SAPHO,

WITH SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF GRILLPARZER.

BY T. ROSCOE.

"Grillparzer is grand, antique. The tragedy of Sapho is superb and sublime; there is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. *And who is he?* I know him not; but *ages will.* 'Tis a high intellect."

LORD BYRON.

THERE can be no surer test of surpassing excellence in art than the voice of common fame. When a name has become "familiar in men's mouths as household words," and been transmitted to successive ages and the most distant lands, it seems to come to us invested with the halo of immortality. It has been emphatically so with the name of Sapho; the Greeks' "Tenth Muse," of whom the most celebrated writers of antiquity, even her rivals, spoke only in terms of rapture. The most severe and impartial critics, with Longinus himself, do not scruple to hold up her works as perfect models of their kind, fragments only of which, like the proportions of the Venus de' Medici, still suffice to rekindle admiration and regret. Keenly sensitive and ardent, love and passion were the elements of her nature, and seemed to leave her genius no choice. Hence the peculiar fire and tenderness which gave that genius so supreme a command over a refined and imaginative people, and made them worship truth and beauty at the altar of woman's passion—a deity quite as influential as the more sapient one, to whom they attributed a tutelary power.

Sapho painted love as she felt it; and hence her resistless power—

"They best can paint it who have felt it most,"

her tenderness and her transports—her perfection, in short, of the sentiments and language of the passion—achieved for her the highest point of erotic fame on the same proud eminence with the few great master-spirits of Greece. A congenial destiny was also hers—she was persecuted—envy and malice prepared her funereal urn, and betrayed, deserted, she perished, a victim of the embodied passion which consumed her. It was in harmony with such a fate, that Mitylene, the queenly head of Lesbos, should have given her birth. Her mother's name was Cleis; that of her father, Scamandronymus. She had three brothers—Larichus, recorded in her poems; Eurigius, of whom we hear nothing; and Charaxus, whom she reproaches for his excessive devotion to the courtezan Rhodope, the same who raised a pyramid out of the prodigal presents of her innumerable lovers.

Sapho, we may add, for the gratification of all dark beauties, was a decided brunette, of middle height; her features could not boast that symmetric beauty and regularity peculiar to the Greeks; but they had a vivacity, sweetness, and fascination, when lit up by the fire of genius and a passion-beaming eye, that bore the palm above her more exactly-featured rivals. Her greatest eulogists admit such a defect, if it be one; and there are some antique heads we have seen that seem to confirm their honesty. But the soul of genius—the passion—the source of her brilliant fame are there; that divine energy which may be called the essence of all beauty—beaming ineffable love. This was the sentiment which filled her heart and life, as it inspired her muse. Disposed of young in marriage to Cercola, one of the wealthiest Greeks of Andros, she had by him a daughter, named Cleis; but an early widowhood exposed her to all the new temptations of youth and liberty, rendered more seductive by a warm poetic temperament. Soon the fame of her first verses, marked by the same magic charm of grace, originality, and impetuosity of soul, drew the eyes of her contemporaries, which the fascination of her manners, and her participation in public pleasures and spectacles, riveted upon her. She was invited, and entered the lists for the palm of fame with the most popular poets of the day. She at first disarmed envy by the dazzling brilliancy, and distanced it by the rapidity, of her poetic career. The most distinguished women became her pupils; and more than one disputed with her the glory of contending against the Grecian laureats of their time. The greatest beauties became peculiarly distinguished as the friends or pupils of Sapho. Her admirers, at first a small circle, became a whole people; and Archilochus, Alcæus, and Hipponax, the favourite Olympians, began to tremble for their pride of place. The object of homage from both sexes, Sapho's young widowed hours were the happiest to an aspiring and high-souled ambition—combining all that was best of pleasure, admiration, and gratified genius that can be conceived. But they were too short; and to render the change more poignant, the first shaft which reached her was aimed by a man's hand. Women are sufficiently jealous of each other's reputation, of whatever kind; yet men turn upon them, like their natural enemies, the moment they dare to assume an intellectual position, equal or independent. Nothing short of this manly persecution seems to awaken them to a sense of com-

bination—the grand ancient as well as modern recipe for redress; but then when it comes, common cause is made with a vengeance for the honour and interest of the sex. Then poor Sapho stood in too bold and grand relief to awaken this sexual sympathy aright; and both men and women at last seemed to agree only in persecuting her—for in the first she met a traitor, in the second a successful rival to her love. Yet, strange enough, her misfortune was to set out by pleasing both too well, more especially the three great poets, whom she rivalled or eclipsed. Athenæus does not say which of these three she preferred —a preference, however, merited by none who could be guilty of such venomous attacks upon a woman, as if not aware how strong an evidence it gave of their fears. Alcæus, the most bitter and jealous of all,—a man high in the republic, at the head of the most powerful party, and a leader in war, a native of Mitylene too,—should have felt honoured in having Sapho for a fair compatriot and a rival. But Alcæus was a sexagenarian, and she had perhaps rejected his suit. She had addressed him as the "Poet of Lesbos," but in that title she had not included the attributes of youth and grace, and her elderly admirer began to murmur and look a little surly. He next attacked her character and her verses; those lyrics and erotics he had before held up as models of excellence. He could not, however, so easily impose on the public of Mitylene and of all Greece as upon himself; they took the more polite part of supporting the lady—a support to which her fame as well as her weakness entitled her.

At length, as if to avenge the sexagenarian, and his rejected addresses, young Phaon, the handsomest of Lesbian Greeks, made his appearance at Mitylene. The lion of the day, the observed of all observers, in the fresh lustre of Olympian victories, yet deaf to the voice of flattery, unwarmed by the smiles of common beauty, he seemed to have eyes only for the soul-speaking charms of Sapho. Old Alcæus was more enraged than ever; and her young friends and pupils, before upon her side, listened to and repeated all the most cutting things they could invent.

The affair could not rest as it was; "pistols and coffins for two" were not yet in fashion, and the only mode in which Phaon could reply to the insinuations of Mr. Sexagenarian Alcæus was, either by a bout at singlestick, a good throw in a wrestle, or a ride over him upon the Olympian sands. Treachery was soon added to the amiable group of Sapho's calumniators: even the lovely Damophile, the most cherished of all her pupils, dealt the most cruel blow, by first inducing Phaon to doubt the fidelity of his beloved. Without quitting Mitylene, he treated her with studied neglect, attached himself to a young Greek slave, her favourite pupil, and it is on this cruel circumstance, the critical moment of her brilliant career, that the great dramatist, eulogized by Byron, founds the startling incidents, the pathetic beauty and grandeur of his drama. The transcendent tenderness, the absorbing passion of Sapho's soul, do not, in this drama, prevent the display of a refined and noble spirit, of a beauty and grandeur of character in the midst of her despair, which excite our highest admiration, mingled with pity. The struggle is confined deep within her own heart, no weak murmur, no mean recrimination, no efforts of paltry revenge—all within the atmosphere of her fiery poetic spirit is grand, decided,

and terrible. So finely has the author of this powerful rhapsody—for such it is like—sustained her character, so exquisitely adapted all the traits and incidents of the one great purpose, that with our admiration of her he actually blends our compassion, and bitter contempt for Phaon, so weak and blind, as to be incapable of appreciating half the beauty, the fascinations of soul-lit splendour that array her woman's charms. Dead to the glory of a choice which immortalized his name, he sports with the noblest attributes of a sensitive and lofty nature, he pollutes the fountain of his own intellectual being, and wounds the hand that raised him from ignoble dust. Neither Ovid nor Pope—exquisitely beautiful, tender, and pathetically as they have drawn their Saphos—approach the penetrative power, the fine discrimination, the shades of beautiful contrast, exhibited by the German dramatist. In her interviews with Phaon he gives, in few scenes, more than all her letters, and her pursuit of him, as described by any preceding poets, convey to the reader's mind.

Warburton, in his "Essay on the Genius of Pope," has observed, that the elegant Addison, in quoting the two following lines of Phædrus, to characterize the poetic spirit of Sapho, hit upon one of the most felicitous applications that perhaps ever was made from any classic author:—

> "O suavis anima! qualem te dicam bonam,
> Ante hac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquiæ!"*

The same pleasing writer compares the various fate of those ancient writers, whose works, like Sapho's, are in great part lost to us, to that of adventurers upon some unknown sea. "Like the first explorers, many noble geniuses, the glory of their times, are entirely swallowed up, others are much shattered and damaged, and some totally dispersed and broken up. A few, however, have happily escaped the general wreck; and out of those of whom only scattered but precious relics have survived, the name of Sapho ranks conspicuous above all, and seems to fill a space that has never been filled by any other votaries of the muse." These fragments "are sufficient," in the opinion of Mr. Addison, "to give us a taste of her style of writing, perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her in the judgment of her admiring contemporaries, and of following writers best able to appreciate, as being most intimately conversant with, her entire works." From the disjointed fragments, it requires, in the same manner, no great effort of the imagination to form some idea of the beauty and harmony of parts that would have struck us in the finished edifice; it is evident she possessed all that tenderness, mingled with fire and enthusiasm, that sways the soul of the true poet, and, like the lover's, ever preserves his thoughts just, fervid, and true to nature. Sapho's poetry betrays no traces of those studied points, epigrammatic turns and conceits, from which some of the most reputed among the lyric writers of antiquity are by no means free. She had a soul infinitely above the petty arts of inferior wits; she spoke the language of nature as she felt all its warm sympathies and passions, from a heart as keenly alive to sentiments of honour and glory, as of gentle-

* O sweet soul! how excellent must you once have been when your remains are so delicious!

ness and love. That she felt the last in all its force, its softness, its sorrows, its tumults, despair, and too often unhappy end—as she has indeed described it in all its symptoms, there can be no doubt; and from her unrivalled success in delineating the successive changes and alternations of joys and woes, it is probable she was designated by the most celebrated writers of her times as the "Tenth Muse." She is still more characteristically compared by Plutarch to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, whose breath was believed to consist of nothing but flame. It is from this all-pervading fire, in "the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," that Sapho drew the sort of enchantment which, as a lady said of the brilliant conversation of Burns, carried the hearers off their feet, and gave her so undisputedly the palm of song; and it is the same which has induced more than one modern writer to assert that it may perhaps be better for the generality of mankind that most of her compositions are lost. "They are filled," says Addison, "with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading."

That a character, composed like that of Phaon, should have exercised so powerful and malignant an influence over a genius so brilliant, and a nature awake to the most delicate and susceptible, as well as the grandest impressions, supplies an additional example of the compensatory scheme, which, with the most brilliant wit, the noblest qualities, blends some inherent weakness, some leaven of evil, that gradually extends its poisonous influence over the fate of the noblest and the best.

It is this strange, mysterious truth, so powerfully illustrated by the author of the simple but grand drama of "Sapho," which excites the wonder and rivets the attention of the reader to its eventful close. Out of the simplest materials, he has wrought, by the pure triumph of his art, a beautifully classic and majestic Grecian temple; and by the force of illusion, and the associations it awakens, carried us back into the very heart of the living and moving scene, with the impression of all its startling reality and minuteness, as it passed with its rapid, "but silent and stealthy foot," in the Lesbian isle. The characters are few, but in perfect classic harmony with the subject, and with the genius of the times. The interest of the plot depends most upon its masterly development, on those brilliant contrasts, and startling situations, which, true to nature, and apparently without artifice, really form the most perfect triumph of the poet's art.

But to convey, in a small space, a just idea of the powers of Grillparzer, we must follow his example at least in plunging at once into the grandeur of the pathetic scenes, offering a strange, mournful contrast to her opening triumphs, when returning crowned from Olympia, amidst the deafening plaudits of the isles of Greece. It is when first suspicious of treachery, she discovers the love of Melitta, her pupil, and still her slave, for the handsome Phaon, without being aware that she is the cause of his strange neglect. Then first a growing distrust, a sense of danger, an effort to throw off her love, followed by jealous and bitter pangs, seize upon her heart, till, after a series of struggles, masterly and powerfully portrayed, she is impelled to the summit of the fatal rock, the name of which is never uttered without blending with it the recollection of her unhappy love and fate.

In the fourth scene of act the second, Sapho discovers Phaon in

company with her fair slave and future rival. They are on the point of parting, when the treacherous lover detains, and presents her with a flower.

PHAON AND MELITTA.

PHAON. Let that remind you that we two have met—
A token that you will not quite forget me
When far away;—the friend who felt for you—
Who gave you freedom.

(MELITTA *places the flower in her bosom; her eyes are bent upon the ground. She stands with throbbing heart before him.* PHAON *contemplates her in silence.*)

(*A voice from within calls.*) Melitta!
MELITTA. (*Without moving.*) Did some one call?
PHAON. Yes; from within—was't not?
MELITTA. (*Taking up her chaplet.*) Nay; I must leave you.
PHAON. Are you so thankless, maiden. What! not one
Word—for all. (*He approaches her.*)
MELITTA. What have poor I, alas! to give?
This precious gift—the freedom that you promise.
PHAON. You have flowers—friendship; and love should be
Content with flowers. Gold is for vanity.
MELITTA. Not these; all gather'd by those slave girls' hands.
I scarce can see one left! Yes; there's one rose
Upon that branch; if not too high, I'll reach it.
(*She stands upon a turf seat.*)
PHAON. Stay, let *me* help you.
MELITTA. Ah! I've got it—there!
(*As she is on the point of falling.* PHAON *catches her in his arms.*)
MELITTA. Oh, leave me; go—no, no! (PHAON *presses her to his bosom, and kisses her.*)
PHAON. Melitta!—my——

SCENE V.

(SAPHO *enters, simply clad, without her crown.*)

SAPHO. You are call'd! What is't I see?
MELITTA. (*Melitta disengages herself.*) Ah! 'tis my mistress!
PHAON. What! Sapho here! (*A long pause.*)
SAPHO. Melitta?
MELITTA. Noble lady!
SAPHO. What dost thou here?
MELITTA. I gather'd flowers.
SAPHO. Flowers to make a crown of?
You have got them.
MELITTA. See the rose!
SAPHO. Burns on thy lips.
MELITTA. It hangs so high.
SAPHO. Methinks, not high enough.
Go—go!
MELITTA. What, shall I——
SAPHO. Now—at once—begone!
(*Melitta lingers—then exit.*)

SCENE VI.

SAPHO — PHAON.

SAPHO. (*After a long pause.*) Phaon!
PHAON. Sapho!
SAPHO. How was't you rose
So early from our festival? Your absence
Caused much surprise.

PHAON. I do not love the bowl;
Nor yet the clam'rous joys such revelry
Is apt to bring.
SAPHO. Clam'rous! Would you reproach me?
PHAON. How?
SAPHO. That I have done wrong to hold the feast
On our arrival in that clam'rous manner.
PHAON. It was not so intended.
SAPHO. Oft the full heart
In secret joins the social, general joy;
Even when a prey to woe.
PHAON. 'Tis even so.
SAPHO. Methought 'twas well to shew you and our friends
I was not thankless for their generous kindness—
The heart's warm welcome—homage not exacted.
There is a feast, too, of the soul; and wine
Is the gods' gift to celebrate it. That done,
Thou canst not better love sweet peace, than I.
PHAON. I thank you. (*Offers to retire.*)
SAPHO. And are you going? So soon!
PHAON. Not if you wish my stay.
SAPHO. To go or stay,
Rests but with Phaon's self.
PHAON. Sapho is angry.
SAPHO. (*In great emotion.*) Phaon!
PHAON. What is your pleasure?
SAPHO. One thing—to say—
Yet how? I saw thee, Phaon, with Melitta.
PHAON. Melitta! Who?
SAPHO. Yes; saw you! You caress'd her!
PHAON. Ah, true! Go on.
SAPHO. She is a child, 'tis true;
A lovely child!
PHAON. So looks she; and yet not.
SAPHO. A child, most loved by me of all my handmaids;—
All are my children; and my children, pupils—
Not slaves;—and if I do not make them free,
'Tis but to bind them by the dearest ties,
And fill a guardian's, and a parent's place.
To guide—admonish, till the season come,
That I dare trust them on life's faithless sea—
To the world's flatteries—arts—heartless seductions.
(*She fixes her eye upon him.*)
Go, ask the Mitylenes, if the best mothers,
Wives, citizens, owe not their fame to Sapho?
PHAON. 'Tis well and nobly done.
SAPHO. Then hear me, Phaon!
'Midst these poor orphans, none so dear to me
As sweet Melitta. She—the gentle, musing,
And of deep-feeling heart; yet fancy-free,
As calm along the flowery vale of youth
She holds the guileless tenour of her way;
All peace—all innocence. Though no high gifts—
The poet's fire, the sculptor's plastic hand,
Or painter's vivid scenes, her soul allure;
For soft domestic bliss, and tender cares,
Has placid Nature form'd her—a loving heart
Her best and only dower; her modest fear
Alive to the least shade of blame.
PHAON. How beautiful—
How true and nobly spoken!
SAPHO. Pardon, my friend;
'Twould irk me much, if from a thoughtless vein—
A playful disposition—you should waken
Emotions destined but to make her wretched.

To feel the stings of unrequited love
I fain would spare her; or that sharper wound
To natures soft as hers—of a despised,
Perhaps, a hated love; in sad requital
For lavish gifts and loves too lightly pledged.

PHAON. What is't thou sayest?

SAPHO. Did not Phaon hear me?

PHAON. I hear! It is love's knell!

SAPHO. The mourner, I.
Mourners I should say, soon; or much mistake.
Hereafter more of this; you're not in the mood
To hear it now—nor I.

PHAON. Another time, then.

SAPHO. Phaon! Fare you well!

PHAON. And are you going?

SAPHO. What would Phaon wish?

PHAON. Farewell.

(*Sapho turns abruptly from him, and enters the adjacent grotto.*)

PHAON. She is gone! Too late! My brain is in a whirl!
(*He throws himself on a turf seat.*)
Twas here Melitta sat; fair blooming maid.
Here will I rest my head—and seek repose.

(*In his sleep,* PHAON *dreams of* MELITTA; *while* SAPHO, *having vainly invoked the muse, reappears from the grotto, and finds him reclined on the seat.*)

SAPHO. Ah, see! there in the rose-shade, he can slumber—
The heart's thorn 'mid the flowers, while the poor heart
Is doom'd to mourn its lovely lost betrayer.
He sleeps; the hush of peace—the serene spirit
Of sweet forgetfulness, rests on that brow;—
Care, grief, and love—all steep'd in blest oblivion—
The innocent only can breathe sleep like this.
Ah, would that I dared trust such calm sleep's witness!
He smiles!—his ruby lips apart seem eager
To utter the loved name—he murmurs—breathes it!
Awake, and waking, speak it. Call thy Sapho,
Who thus embraces thee—wake up, my love.

(SAPHO *here kisses his forehead;* PHAON *awakes; he opens his arms, and with half-closed eyes, utters the name of* "MELITTA!")

SAPHO. Ha! Did I hear?

PHAON. And who so rudely waked me?
Disturb'd th' enchanting dream that hovered o'er me!
The rapture of a life new-born—just wishing
To enjoy it more—all to possess—

SAPHO. Melitta!
That was thy wish. (*In a distracted tone.*)

PHAON. So beautiful!—so heavenly beautiful!
Soft falls with dewy wing the summer evening
Upon the sleeping flowers, bathing their eyelids
With odours fresh, to charm the breath of night;
The sea beats with a calm heart—full of love.

SAPHO. Cease, cease thy throbs, my heart; and fly the charmer,
Or he will torture thee afresh—too surely
I've read his inmost soul!

TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA.*

Since the long disputed problems of the course of the Niger, and the sources of the Nile, and after the navigation of the ancient rivers of Euphrates and Tigris, there have been no questions in geography which have presented so much interest as the exploration of the savage territories which lie between the sea and the Abyssinian uplands, and the consideration of the course and termination of its various rivers and lakes.

It is this particular position of the African Highlands (we agree with Mr. Johnston that the term Alps is inapplicable), surrounded by desert tracts, rather traversed than peopled by tribes of rapacious and murderous habits, that the Negus, or King of Shoa, places his strength, and upon which, indeed, depends the maintenance of the integrity of the population, prevented by those very circumstances from emigrating, not to more favoured countries, for they can scarcely be found, but to a more lenient rule.

Nothing in the annals of modern travel presents so great a variety of adventure, and so many difficulties to be overcome, as the journey from the east coast to Abyssinia. Every tribe, of which there are six in number, openly opposes progress through its own territory; every pass is made a point of offence, and when each successive family of plunderers is bought over by hard dollars, every night is spent in the fear of secret assassination. It was bad enough in the times of the Portuguese, and when a few adventurous travellers and ardent missionaries reopened the blood-stained pathway; but the rivalry of French and English missions, accompanied by a most impolitic and diffuse distribution of presents, and the pouring of the riches and luxuries of India into the lap of the poor cloud-begirt Abyssinians, and among naked Bedwins and Adayil, have brought the thing to a maximum. It was bad enough, in a journey of one hundred and forty hours, or three hundred and thirty miles, to have to fight, or pay tribute to the Debenik Wema, the Mudaïtu, the Adayil, the Bukharto, the Dinsarra, and the Galla tribes, all, with the exception of the last, branches of the Adal, in the plural Adayil, also equally frequently called Dankali, which is the adjective of Donkolah, more commonly called Dongola (although they speak a totally different language), and the plural of which is Danakil. But the celebrity attained by the passage, more particularly of the British mission, followed as it was by the constant transport of bales of goods, even to loads of wine and spirits, for the consumption of the embassy, and which were sometime left lying about on the road, has drawn crowds of other savages to the hitherto wilderness of rocks; and in our present author's time, he had not left the sea-shore before the way was blockaded by the Bursane Bedwins, and the scenes of murderous conflicts, or of extravagant conciliations, did not cease, even when they had gained the country of the Gallas, on the Hawash.

For amount of interest, then, in 'scapes and adventures, as well as in detailed descriptions of the habits and manners of these very remarkable tribes of the Adayil, Mr. Johnston's work far surpasses that of Sir C. Harris; without the pompous elaboration of the latter, the interest is throughout sustained, clear, and of a high order; the narrative is not interrupted by highly coloured tales from the national traditions, nor are the chapters on Abyssinia relieved by ponderous extracts from Ludolf and the Portuguese missionary works; but, like Sir C. Harris's work, it is, strange to say, incomplete. We do not know how Mr. Johnston has arranged the matter with his publisher, or if he has purposely kept back material for an additional work; but considering the difficulties and dangers undergone in attaining Abyssinia, both Sir C. Harris and Mr. Johnston were naturally expected by the public to relate how they got back.

* *Travels in Southern Abyssinia*, through the country of Adal, to the Kingdom of Shoa; by Charles Johnston, surgeon. 2 vols. 8vo. J. Madden & Co., London.

Mr. Johnston's travels were undertaken under adverse circumstances, carried through under difficulties, and received in this country with open opposition. To discuss all these matters, with justice to the author, is beyond our space; but we must make some brief observations. In the first place, the author discards the adopted principle of spelling oriental words, or what he calls a foreign standard of pronunciation, by which we suppose he means the soft i's which we have in many English words. Falling back then, as he says, upon "his despised mother alphabet," his system, or rather, want of system, does not allow him to distinguish the Alif from the Ain, the Ta from the Tha, the Sin from the Shin or Sad, the Kaf from Kef, or any of the more complicated oriental combinations, as in Hha or Kha, and which, combined with the dislike of the soft and long i, make his spellings unnecessarily long, necessarily erroneous, and, worse than all, often inconsistent, as Asward (vol. i. p. 15) and Assuard (vol. i. p. 41) for Aswad "black;" Jowaree (vol. i. p. 51) and Jowahree (vol. i. p. 264) for Juwari "millet:" in fact, the orthography in many places anything but facilitates the reading, as in Goobat ul Khhrab for Ghubbat el Kharab,* Ambabboo for Anbado, Allee for Ali, Aleex' for Halak, Khrabtu for Karautu, Soumaulee for Somali, and Abiheosoph for Abu yusuf, "the sons of Joseph."

In the next place, with regard to the great question of the lake of Ausa (Owssa of our author), and the change which the author has been bold enough, upon, at the best, very insufficient data, to introduce into the hitherto accepted geography of the Adal country. It is impossible not to remark, that it is a very extraordinary fact, that the British mission, accompanied by its surveyors, Lieut. Barker and Mr. Kirk, passed over the same ground as Mr. Johnston—the plains of Gobad and of Arabdereh—from which, according to Mr. J., the lake is but an hour distant, without ever hearing about it. And Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf ascended the hills of Marri also without noticing the proximity of the lake. This, however, is merely negative evidence, if opposed by positive, on the part of Mr. Johnston; but although that gentleman gives a drawing of a corner of a lake, or of a mirage, as seen from Sankarl (Sunkul), as a frontispiece to the second volume, the notices of the lake in the text are very slight indeed, and not always very clear.

Seated on the stony ridge of Sunkul, "a careless movement of the hand over the shoulder made by Ohmedu (Ahmedu,) (vol. i. p. 198), intimated that the lake was in our neighbourhood." The author then balances his means, and offers a bribe to go and see it, but no one will accompany him. Yet upon this datum, as here given, and upon that alone, the author adds immediately afterwards (p. 200), "Every object of science," (including, we suppose, astronomical positions,) "however, was effected, excepting the testing and analysis of the waters of the lake." It is after arriving at this absurd, lame, and impotent conclusion, that the author (p. 203) alludes, as if quite accidentally, not to the lake, but to the lakes *in sight* of the encampment. We by no means wish to say that the author did not see the lake, of which he has given a drawing, we only mean to say that he does not intimate directly and distinctly the fact of his having done so; we thought from this oversight that the sketch might have been taken on the return, but then he was accompanied by the mission, the members of which would also have seen the great lake of Ausa, the wonder of the Adal country.

Admitting, then, the positioning given to the lake of Ausa in the author's map, with the canal of Garandura, as neatly delineated as if from the most careful survey, besides the unnatural curve which the Hawash is made to follow, in order to reach so southerly a point, we must observe that the plain of Gobad was ascertained by Lieut. Barker's astronomical observations to be in N. Lat. 11° 0′ 56, and therefore Mr. Johnston's positioning of the same plain in 10° 52′, and of Sugagedan in 10° 44′, when it is by observation in 10° 53′, will not stand for a moment. It is further to be remarked, that the

* We omit the punctuation in a memoir which has so little pretensions to permanency as a mere critical notice.

British mission, on its advance, after travelling nine and a half miles in a westerly direction from Sugagedan (written by our author, Sagagahdah) to Dawaileka (Daunileka of Isenberg and Krapf), and eight and a half miles W. N. W. to Umargulaf, arrived at a caravan route to Ausa, passing over hills in a *W. N. W. direction*, and at a distance of two days' journey by Kafila, a direction, distance, and position, quite inconsistent with Mr. Johnston's views upon the subject.

The author was evidently viewed as an intruder in Abyssinia by the British mission, and that, although he brought stores and luxuries along with him, and had picked up much stray luggage by the way. He is on his arrival put in arrest by Wallasma, the Mohammedan governor of Ifat, part of the kingdom of Shoa.* Liberated at length, after a bold but unsuccessful attempt to run away, he reaches the British mission at Angalola, where, as occurred with another English traveller, of very high merits, a very scanty assistance was afforded; and what is worse, by some unfortunate misunderstanding or distortion of remark, a quarrel followed, and from that time all intercourse between the author and the members of the embassy ceased for some months.

The author should, for his own sake, as his veracity was called in question, have given some explanation of this misunderstanding; but, be that as it may, the public are the gainers by an enemy being thus created in the camp, and many facts, which the gorgeous language of the chief of the mission did not condescend to notice, are here given in the apparently simple language of truth. It is quite evident that the King of Shoa, with the cunning common to orientals, took advantage for his own purposes of this enmity borne by the mission towards Mr. Johnston. This is not only evident from the conversation of the Armenian spy, Bethlehem, who endeavoured to draw him out by alluding to the bad effect produced on the mind of the king by the quarrels of the embassy with their servants, but also by the king's polite and frequent receptions of the author after, according to his account, the British mission had obtained from the king an order for his being sent out of the country, and still more so by the king's telling him to remain quiet, *and study Amharic*. The mission brought this upon themselves, by placing the traveller in that position which obliged him to be dependent upon the king's hospitality.

It appears from our author, that besides the dislike created in the mind of the king by the imperious bearing of the embassy, and the Anglo-Indian treatment of servants, who being sent back to the coast, in the language of Sir C. Harris, "one-half of their number were murdered on their way down," that that feeling was much increased by the infliction of corporeal punishment upon a soldier, but the fact is, that the King of Shoa, like most half-savage despots, does not want either English or French in his country, or the road opened to it. He was glad to receive the three hundred muskets of the English and the one hundred and forty of the French missions, and the many valuable and profuse presents tendered besides, but we have our author's authority, (vol. ii. p. 284,) that before the departure of the mission the king had joined in a league with all the monarchs of Southern Abyssinia to prevent the ingress of Europeans into the country; and, as he elsewhere says, (vol. ii. p. 70,) "the physical failure of the expedition on the western coast of Africa is much less to be regretted than the great moral injury the cause of African civilization has sustained by the incapability of one man."

If the failure of the mission, and its humiliating departure from Abyssinia, are matters of regret, the involving the missionary Krapf in the disgrace is indeed certainly much more so. The good works of that man are universally admitted. The Mohammedans of Ifat, says Mr. Johnston (vol. ii. p. 46,) fully believe that the exhortations of that pious missionary alone prevented the Negus from changing his religion; and in places the author describes the natives running out and offering hospitality simply on the score of his being a friend of Krapf's, yet this

* I write here Ifat for I' fát, and Shoa for Shwá, because the Xoa of the Portuguese and Shoa of the English is now as accepted as Cairo for Kahirá. Shwá, or Shĕwá, is the Amharic; Shéwá, the Ethiopic name.

gentleman was unfortunately, from his knowledge of the language, made the instrument to write a letter, which led the king, on receiving it, to say, in a tone which implied more of sorrow than of anger, "Did you write that, my father?" and which ultimately led to the hitherto unexplained expulsion of the missionaries from the country.

There can be no doubt, however, that if the proposed colonization of certain points, more especially on the great rivers of Eastern Africa, was carried into execution, with a view to the production of sugar by free labour,—a branch of industry for which the Euphrates also presents a very good opening with better disposed natives,—that the Negus of Abyssinia, or his successors, would find it their interest to pursue a very different line of policy, and that colonizing the coast would at the same time be opening the trade and the resources of the interior, and cementing a perpetual alliance with the Christian nations of the African highlands.

With the exception of an attempt to rival Sir C. Harris's shooting exploits, in the celebrated elephant shot, (concerning which, however, we have heard various versions,) by a still more remarkable destruction of an infuriated bull, and an assumption of the character of Joseph, (carried rather too far to be credible, in his relations with the comely Ina,) we have given, and cannot give the author too much, praise for the general execution of his work. In the scientific portions the pretensions, we must say, are less creditable. How did he ascertain that the extensive deposit of crystalline rock, near the Bahr Assal, was sulphate of soda rather than sulphate of lime? Could the former *soluble* salt form a rock when exposed to the elements? The fact of gulls letting shell-fish fall from a height is well known, and his suggestion that eggs may be incubated by exposure to the sun has been long an established fact. And there are also many oversights, as in the words vertebre, (vol. i. p. 130,) sulphurated hydrogen, (vol. i. p. 109,) and trifoliolate, (vol. i. p. 249,) not to mention the confusion regarding a table land surrounded by a rampart-like scarp, which we have not space to enter upon.

But the classical researches, which are made rather to adorn than to constitute a regular portion of the work, are perfect curiosities of their kind. The author describes himself as, during a certain period of leisure, comparing the actual condition of the coast with notes he had collected respecting the ancient geography, as contained "in the Periplus of Arrian, and other works of the same character I had read." Now the Periplus of the Erythræan stands alone and without compeer. It is true that the Nicomedian endeavoured to be to Epictetus what Xenophon was to Socrates, and that his Anabasis of Alexander was modelled upon the Anabasis of Cyrus; but what other works of the same character as the Periplus of the Red Sea the author was enabled to consult, we are quite at a loss to imagine. One of the most ancient and most distinguished tribes of the Arabian peninsula were the children of Ad, the son of Aws, (whence Avalites,) the son of Shem, the son of Noah. The history of this tribe, "the men of stately buildings," constitutes the noblest, and, erroneously considered, fabulous parts of the Kuran. They fought more particularly with the Abyssinians, as we also learn from the Hamyaritic inscription of Aden, (named after them,) translated by Mr. Foster:

> "We assailed with cries of hatred and rage the Abyssinians and Berbers;"

and a tribe of the same family, under the name of Adu-Ali, from whence the modern Adal and Adayil derive their name, settled in the Abyssinian territories in the most remote times, after which the chief part of the country became known to classical antiquity by the name of Adulis. The author, after discussing the origin of the tribe of Adal, after his own fashion, finishes by placing the cart before the horse, and derives their patronymic Adal from Aduli, or the classical Adulis, as he says, without the terminal sigma. With this exquisite bit of philological criticism we leave our otherwise entertaining, and, we fear, somewhat ill-used author.

NOT SO BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"———— Men's evil deeds are writ in brass,
Their virtues we write in water."

SHAKSPEARE.

We all know the many names of the personage who, by the concurrent voices of several generations of men, is acknowledged to be not so black as he is painted—a handsome admission to make, in a quarter where a delicate generosity and profound deference are not, perhaps, pre-eminently called for. Mankind, however, will persist in shewing this deferential spirit, and the fact is everywhere received as indisputable.

When will mankind set about propagating such a proverb in their own behalf? When will they cease to be more tender of the arch-enemy's reputation than of their own? When will they become less anxious to soften, by a shade or two, the intense shadows of that complexion, compared with which the raven down of darkness is mountain snow, than to give to ill-used, insulted, depreciated human nature a liberal proportion—nay, only its just proportion—of pleasing red and white? Where is man's handsome admission in favour of man? We know where the dark-featured caricature of him is to be found. Where is the atoning sentence underneath, confessing that humanity is not so black as it is painted?

There never was an age—there is not an hour of the present—in which some blot is not added to that inky sketch which flesh perpetrates of flesh; and the future will perhaps be employed in inventing new and more atrocious deformities to make the likeness absolutely perfect. Is the time never to arrive when we may with one accord do the same justice to our own mortal brethren and libelled selves, which we have done in a proverb of universal circulation to the Leader of the Fiends.

Anybody who is in want of a new doubt may, not quite irrationally, perhaps, entertain this:—whether literature be truly the unmingled blessing we proclaim it—whether ink be a fluid so unquestionably nutritious to the thirsty mind—whether the goose-quill be indeed the real plume of the paradise bird, since literature, in its true history of all humanity, finds so much of the diabolical to delineate. There is an amazing profusion of kindly doings constantly going on in the world that were never yet illustrated in full, or perhaps scarcely hinted at, in books; but we may defy an author, however dexterous, industrious, and cunning, to discover an evil, or a combination of evils, in unhappy man, that has never yet figured in history or romance.

Man is not so *grey* as he is painted. He is still pure white in places, though mercilessly spotted with the ink of moralists. The worst fault he has, consists in not having long ago discovered this flaw in the account against himself; in not having patted his own head, and put his best foot foremost. On the other hand, the worst fault attributed to him is, that he is selfish to the core; foolish to himself—knavish, often brutal, to his fellows.

Foul, dark, and monstrous, as is this picture of selfishness, nobody

ever says that flesh and blood are not so selfish as they are painted. We shall try and find something to say for them.

And this, in the first place, may be declared without much diffidence; that however vilely people use their fellow-creatures, they still treat them better than they treat themselves. Examples of this truth are the most common occurrences to be noted in the world we live in.

We call men selfish, innately and in all things selfish; and yet on every side of us, now and always, we see them inflicting upon themselves, with wonderful alacrity, cheerfulness, and goodwill, the most deplorable injuries. We pronounce them to be selfish, and yet acknowledge them to be their own enemies. Selfish we style them, while we behold them everywhere sporting with whatever is most dear and precious to them. Selfish we insist they are, while under our eyes they are playing pranks at their own cost that make the angels weep. Selfishness we still cast in their teeth, though we see them so opposed to every principle of self, as to be often engaged, as if for mere amusement, in lowering their own characters, and even ruining their own health with their eyes open.

All this happens hourly. But when we catch people serving their friends and neighbours so, we seize upon the enormity, and hold it up for the reprobation of morality, or for punishment by law. That ceremony over, we sit down and write romance or history to commemorate the dark event. Of these subjects we make our literature; but self-injuries barely serve as matters for a morning gossip, or an after-dinner anecdote.

To come from generals to particulars. Do we not find people—not universally, to be sure, but widely, frequently, keeping their sulks for solitude, and their smiles for society? Are they not often splenetic, self-tormenting, and blue-devilish, by the fireside, and contributors, the instant they quit it, to the "harmless stock of public pleasures"? dull as the death-watch in their own company, but gay as glow-worms when some dark places out of doors are to be lighted up. How many thousands are slovens to themselves, who pay the veriest nobodies they may meet abroad the compliment of their full dress!

It is not surely in soliloquies, or in household converse with those who are so closely connected with them as to be part of themselves, that men are in the habit of lavishing their most diverting and delightful sayings; they reserve these good things for the exclusive benefit of the persons they may chance to encounter on the highway or in the social retreat. Left to themselves they are as nobody; but to everybody else they will be somebody if they can. This is unselfish, generous, philanthropic. How can the doctrine of selfishness be maintained if the same man who has no joy in his own joke, and could never laugh at it by himself, can yet travel so far into the broad field of philanthropy as to keep it by him three long months, for the sole sake of setting some hospitable table on a roar, and bringing it forward for the benefit of the jokeless?

Again, is it on themselves, or for themselves, that people who have money to spend most commonly spend it? Every knocker we lift, when visiting the friendly and the hospitable, thunders "no." Is it on their own account merely that they decorate and make gay and pleasant their habitations in town and country? On the contrary, they reside, when alone, in the plainest part of the house; simple comforts, without luxuriance; papered walls, without a picture worth

looking at upon them. But their friends and intimates—their visitors —ah, there you touch them! It is for *them* that these treasures of art and monuments of taste are gathered at enormous cost. The works of the finest masters, the richest subjects of *virtu*, in some cases, it may be said, even the most valuable features of the noble library itself, are sought and displayed, not from any personal enjoyment in them, but for the surprise and pleasure of the little crowd of people whom the owners know!

Who can say a word against human nature, or advance an argument in support of its unvarying and constitutional selfishness, until he can confidently deny these allegations ?

And when, but never with the aid or sanction of truth, he shall have ventured so to deny them, let him still prepare to answer :—Is it for his own sake that a kind soul orders in scores of dozens of claret, hock, and sherry ; preserves it in the nicest order, guards it from hurt as if it were the living tide in his own veins ; brings it to light in proper season, and makes despondency merry under its influence?

Let the idiot who could say that the owner of these liquid glories sought them for his own sake, perish without partaking them. That bountiful owner, so far from being touched with the lightest taint of selfishness, has little joy in them but in pouring out and filling up for others. Dining by himself, he drinks what may be left of the Madeira in the decanter, and thrives, like another Jove, on half-a-pint of port. He buys not wine to drink, but to give. Noble, honourable, glorious human nature ! Ever may we find ourselves in its company!

No more words can be wanting to shew that this much-abused human nature, every atom of which is said to take such care of itself and to slight all other component parts thereof, can act, and does indeed continually act, upon the opposite principle. Selfishness is grossness ; grossness is a "huge feeder;" and yet these selfish men, who give the haunch to other people, dine the next day contentedly on a mutton-chop. And when they do sit down to the magnificent repast, spread in the largeness of their sympathy, in whose plates, let us ask, are the choicest slices to be seen? Among the lucky, is the selfish man, who has simply to carve the venison, to be numbered? Not he. Whatever is good, whatever at least is best, is nearly gone before his turn can come round. He sits there to make a sacrifice, not a dinner. If this be selfishness, we must admit selfishness to be shockingly prevalent.

We do not care to adduce too many facts familiar to the whole world in disproof of a selfish principle in humanity, which really has no existence, although men tacitly submit to the libel which asserts its presence ; but we may refer, passingly, to the not uncommon spectacle of self-denial and extreme munificence. If men—villains as we may be, and brutally as we may all behave to our fellow-men—are to be found in large numbers, who are sparing in their own expenditure and profuse in their bounty—nay, more, who are sparing that they may be profuse —it follows that the great commandment is more than fulfilled, and that one's neighbour is sometimes treated better than oneself.

But without any self-denial at all, there are yet, in the vast range of human life extending before us, millions of examples which exhibit a watchful economy in companionship with a generous distribution of alms ; and the man who upon system avoids the needless expenditure of a penny, and would cavil about a fourth part of that sum when a point of extravagance is involved, will give a cheque for a hundred pounds,

for pure humanity's sake, the very next hour. He would not buy a new garment until somebody told him he really wanted it, but the poor pensioner would be sure of the regular winter coat before the cold weather set in.

The argument, that men often use their neighbours more kindly than themselves, may be pushed yet further with no unfairness. Some people seem born to this end, and to no other. The Destinies, whether they like it or no, concur to oppose the easy working of the principle of self-love, and to compel the rendering of a disinterested good. Thus, persons who are unlucky in the management of their own affairs have often special good fortune when they turn their hands to the enterprise of another, and what they cannot carry through with profit as a principal, they can sometimes make vastly successful as an agent. To stake money of their own upon a chance is infallibly to lose it ; but let them throw the dice for somebody else—the stranger who is standing by—and three times running the highest number turns up. The Fates will have it so, and so it is.

No little part of a kind action always depends on the manner in which it is performed ; and many a generous spirit ere now has partially defeated his object, and perhaps cropped the first blossoms of gratitude, by overlooking this essential condition. The good so contemplated, but left incomplete, swells daily to a larger amount, and is not to be entirely left out of calculation ; for the inadvertence or eccentricity that lessens the good done is also a self-injury as far as it thwarts the purpose meditated, and consequently militates against the selfish principle.

And now we have to bring into view another and very important element, though confessedly of a more negative character. As—

> " They also serve who only stand and wait ;"

so, be it acknowledged, that they are sometimes kind who do nothing. There is one grand philanthropy in acting, and another, frequently not less deep-seated and lofty, in abstaining. A familiar instance may serve to illustrate our meaning.

" Never have I received from you the slightest encouragement," said a poet to his friend, a man of no enthusiasm, but of sound common-sense views. " You never in all your life came to me, with verses of mine in your hands, saying, 'Now this is pleasing,' or 'there is beauty in this.' "

The reply was a fair one. " True, I never did offer any such opinion ; but, on the other hand, you will do me the justice to recollect that I never once went to you, with verses of yours in my hand, saying, 'Now, this is rank nonsense,' or 'this is execrably bad!' "

We commonly think of omissions as being of one kind only, forgetting that the silence we regard as unfriendly may admit of a very kindly interpretation. Indifference is the meaning we are apt to attach to neutrality, when the case is our own; but it may imply a deep interest, and is often known to render more efficient service, silently and unlooked for, than actual and zealous partizanship.

The rascally bad poet had no right to forget the kindly forbearance of his common-sense friend; that delicate and unbroken silence, preserved under all the natural temptation he must have felt upon a thousand occasions to say, with the deepest feeling and a headlong devotion to the immortal interests of truth, " My dear Scribble, you are an idiot!"

Is there nothing honourable, nothing dignified, nothing beautiful, in this characteristic of human nature? To our thinking such forbearance is a grand feature of our humanity, and we should never forget, when we have spent a long day in estimating the active kindness that has been, in numberless ways, rendered us, to spend a week in calculating the good conferred upon, or preserved to us, no matter which, by that passive kindness, which sealed the lips of Common-sense upon the merits of his friend Poetry.

Many words may be rightly and properly spoken, not to speak which denotes a degree of kindness. Many things may be fairly and equitably done, not to do which is a kind of philanthropy. These omissions are of vital consequence. What should we pretend to know of any man, unless, when we have seen what he has done, we can estimate what he did *not* do.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause."

"Ah, sir," said the conscious witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say."

Philosophers, as well as poets, go on enlarging upon man's inhumanity to man, when every day brings countless proofs that very commonplace people—persons who are anything but enthusiasts—are guilty at least of the *suppressio veri* solely to serve others. Preachers and lecturers declaim against our selfishness, and yet nine-tenths of the hypocrisies are practised and encouraged to please the people around; as the actor, unenjoying in himself and unparticipating in the illusion of the scene, aims at diffusing pleasure among his audience. When men become false to themselves for the sake of the world, they may be silly or mad, but they can hardly be said to have no concern for mankind. When they voluntarily ruin themselves outright to please society, they may be slavish enough, but scarcely selfish.

Many a poor gentleman do we know who can be proved to have lost his own health by drinking with ardour the healths of other people. Here's disinterestedness! The more heartily he wished good health or better health to everybody, the more his own, unhappily, declined. But did that stop him? Did it ever momentarily check the fervour of his draughts in behalf of the convalescence of mankind? No; for he drank until selfishness was utterly washed out of his clay, and could his wishes have prevailed, there would have been no such functionary left alive as the physician he was doomed to summon.

But there is yet another large and influential class who are almost proverbially known throughout civilization, as upholding the character of humanity for great and genuine kindness; and these alone should be sufficient, whether in number or in quality, to prove that, like the devil, man is not so bad as he is painted. One has as much right to "his due" as the other.

The persons here alluded to are commonly known in life as people who are "too kind." Talk of the predominance of self-love, and the constant growth of that hard unsympathizing kind of character, which rises up as a stone wall round society for sensibility to knock its head against, without a chance of escape,—why, myriads of existences are upon the earth—nay, are gathered within the Christian circle—of whom the only character that could possibly be given would be, they are too kind!

If you had lost a horse and were travel-bound, they might not have

one upon the spot to lend you, but in that case they would dart off to the very person on earth from whom you would neither beg, borrow, nor steal, and return with a decent animal, much at your service. The kindness would be embarrassing in the extreme, provoking past cure, but there the horse would stand ready saddled for a start, sure enough.

Never let them know that you are ill, never hint that there is anything at all the matter with you, or before you can guess what they are about, they will have mustard poultices on your legs,—Heaven knows why, but they are things which very kind people are fond of.

Lock up your bookcase as they knock at the door; for very kind people have a habit of re-arranging your volumes, forty at a time, upon a principle that puts up eleven of them somewhat neatly again, and leaves the remainder in a rather irritating disorder. But they don't go away without an assurance that they shall see you again in a week, when they can put the rest to rights.

Go and see *them* by all means; go as often as you can, and before you go, always settle the clever stratagem by which you are to get away ; for, bless their souls! they would have you stay all night, and all next day, and for a week longer, and kill you with kindness, like the lady in the old comedy.

Forgive them for making too much of you, for they are convinced, heart and soul, that they never can make enough. For their kind sakes, take rather readily (the most stubborn resistance, mind, will be useless) the one "little bit more," with the tartlet and the cream, which they are dying to see you enjoy. Perhaps it may not make you so ill as you imagine. When you shake hands at parting, give them a pretty tight pressure, and set the fingers cracking until the water starts into their eyes : if you fail to take this advantage, you will receive a grip yourself, which will remind you that they were "too kind" all the next day. Disable them on the spot, if you want your bones spared.

Reckon always and securely on their doing whatever they can to please and to oblige, and if now and then they engage to perform what they cannot possibly accomplish, believe that it was only eagerness of desire outstripping power, and speaking too soon.

What but the purest disinterestedness should be the principle of this class? Even when the kindness is oppressive, and the zeal inconvenient, by being manifested in wrong places and seasons, we are constrained to admit its sincerity, and to admire its mistakes. These, too, are among the people who treat others better, a thousand times, than themselves. For the "too kind" are often self-stinters. On a principle of self-interest, for their own personal advantage, they could scarcely be brought, perhaps, to ask the smallest favour; and assuredly nothing would induce them to appeal for sympathy in strange or doubtful quarters. But only give them an object divested of personal interest, and let them speak for human nature instead of that particle of it which sparkles in their own dust, and they will write to the stranger with the most audacious benevolence, and enforce a promise of help from a slight acquaintance with all the freedom of a life-long friendship.

Horrid bores the kind souls often are, and very much to be avoided at times. Still they serve our purpose here, if they tend in any degree to prove that Man is not such a Brute as he is painted!

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. VII.

SUBJECT OF PASTORAL CONTINUED.—SPENSER'S PAINTING OF CUPID IN A TREE, AND VISION OF NYMPHS AND GRACES DANCING.—A CONJECTURE AS TO THE REAL MEANING OF THE DISSOLUTION OF THAT VISION.—PASTORAL INTERSPERSED IN SHAKSPEARE.—BEN JONSON'S SAD SHEPHERD.—HIS CATCH OF "BUZ, QUOTH THE BLUE FLY."

In the preceding part of the article before us, we spoke of our great poet, Spenser, in his connexion with Virgil, and in respect to his failure in attempting to engraft the sweet rusticity of Theocritus on a northern stock. In truth, with all his love of the woods and fields, for which he had a poet's true passion, and never could live without, he was not qualified to excel as a purely pastoral writer. He was too learned for it, too full of the writers before him, and could not dispense with their chivalry and mythology. His woods were Greek rather than English; or if English, they were the English of a former time. When Venus and the Graces were not there, he saw enchantresses and knights errant. He always had visions, as Milton had, either of Jove and Proserpine, or of—

> "*Faery damsels met in forests wide*
> By knights of Logres and of Lyones,
> *Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.*"

But this elevated him to the high ideal of the subject; and no man would have written so fine a pastoral as he, of the classical or romantic sort, had he set his luxuriant wits to it, instead of attempting to get up an uncouth dance with the "clouted shoon" of Hobbinol and Davie. He could have beaten Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and all. Under picturesque influences, he never failed to add beauty to beauty. In the original of the passage we have alluded to, which he imitated from Bion, (the story of "Cupid and the Fowler,") Bion merely makes the boy-fowler take Cupid in the trees for a bird, and endeavour to ensnare him; ending with a pretty admonition from an old master of the craft, not to persevere in his attempt, seeing that the bird in question was a very dangerous bird, and would come to him soon enough by-and-bye of his own accord. In Spenser, Cupid has wings coloured like the train of the peacock; and after flashing out beautifully from the bushes to a tree, leaps from bough to bough, and playfully catches the stones thrown at him in his hand. All the preceding details, too, which are full of truth, are Spenser's:

> "At length within the yvie todde
> (There shrowded was the little god)
> I heard a busie bustling;
> I bent my bolt against the bush,
> *Listning if anie thing did rush,*
> But then heard no more rustling.
> Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
> Might see the moving of some quicke.
> Whose shape appearèd not;
> But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
> My courage yearn'd it to awake,
> And manfully thereat shotte:

With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like peacock's trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gylden quiver at his backe;
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing, I leveld againe,
And shotte at him with might and mayne,
As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that all was spent;
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw; but nought avayled:
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light
And oft the pumies latchèd."

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, March, v. 67.

Latched, is *caught;* and *pumies*, and *pumie-stones*, are *pumice*-stones, a very light mineral. The fowler is considerate, and would not break his bird's head. This passage is one of the least obsolete in its style of all the "Shepherd's Calendar;" yet what a pity to see it deformed with words requiring explanation, such as *latched* for *caught*, *tho* for *then*, *lope* for *leaped*, &c. With the like needless perversity, forgetful of his elevated calling, Spenser, in his pastoral character, delights to designate himself as "Colin Clout," as though he were nothing better than a patch in the very heels of clod-hopping. And yet, under this name, he sees the Nymphs and Graces dancing round his shepherdess upon Mount Acidale! The passage, otherwise, is one of his most elegant pieces of invention; and with the leave of Grecian topography, may be said to exhibit the very highest region and crown of the pastoral side of Parnassus. Sir Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy, (for thus does he mix up the classical and romantic grounds; but no matter for that, since they are both in the regions of imagination,) hears a noise of music and dancing as he is approaching the top of Mount Acidale; and upon looking amongst the trees, when he reaches it, he sees a shepherd piping to his love, in the midst of a circle of—

"An hundred naked maidens, lily white,
All rangèd in a ring, and dancing in delight."

But we must not lose the description of the place itself:

"It was an hill, plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was border'd with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spredding pavillions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sang aloud;
And in their tops the soring hawke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre:

"And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmar'd with raggèd mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wyld beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods' shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

"And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desirèd be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill with equall hight
Did seem to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleepèd was Mount Acidale.

"They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to pleasaunce, usèd to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her own Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soveraine majesty to sit,
She, in regard hereof, refusde and thought unfit.

"Unto this place when as the elfin knight
Approcht, him seemèd that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their echo did rebound.
He hither drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

"He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unawares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himself his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens, lilly white,
All raungèd in a ring and dauncing in delight."

FAERIE QUEENE, Book vi. Canto 10.

In the middle of this orb of fair creatures, the beauty of which there is nothing of the sort to equal, (unless it be those circles of lily-white stamens which, with such exquisite mystery, adorn the commonest flower-cups;—so profuse of her poetry is Nature!) Sir Calidore sees "three other ladies" both dancing and singing—to wit, the Graces; and in the midst of "those same three" was yet another lady, or rather "damsel" (for she was of rustic origin), crowned with a garland of roses, and so beautiful, that she was the very gem of the ring, and "graced" the Graces themselves. The hundred nymphs, as they danced, threw flowers upon her; the Graces endowed her with the gifts which she reflected upon them, enhanced; and a shepherd sat piping to them all.

Never, surely, was such deification of a "country lass;" and well might the poet hail his spectacle in a rapture of self-complacency, and encourage his pipe to play on.

"*Pype, jolly shepheard! pype thou now apace*
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout.

(He has raised her from the condition to which he stooped to obtain her.)

Thy love is present there with thee in place—

(That is, in the midst of his poetry and his fame.)

Thy love is there advaunst *to be another Grace.*"

But a mishap is on the heels of this vision, connected with our author's professed attempts at pastoral; for so we have little doubt it is, though the commentators have given it another meaning. Sir Calidore, not knowing how to trust his eyes at a sight which so "enriched" them, left the covert through which he looked, and went towards it:—

"But soone as he appearèd to their view
They vanisht all away, out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,
All save the shepherd; who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne;
But Calidore, though no less sorry wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne."

Sir Calidore, the knight of Courtesy, is understood to be Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his "Defence of Poesy," had objected to the style of the "Shepherd's Calendar;" and as his word was taken for law in matters of taste, and the criticism was probably fatal to the poet's continuance in that style, (for at all events he dropped it,) we have scarcely a doubt that Spenser alludes to the fact of his giving up pastoral-writing in consequence. He breaks his pipe; not, it seems, like most authors, when they give way to critics, without much secret vexation—nay, a "fell despight," as he calls it; candidly, if not a little maliciously, owning the whole extent of his feeling on the subject to his illustrious critic, who had since become his friend. It was a disadvantage which his pride could not feel itself easy with, till it had set it to rights. The following is the passage in Sidney's essay:—

"The 'Shepherd's Kalander' hath much poetry in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustick language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazzaro in Italian, did affect it."

He means that Theocritus and the others wrote in the language of their times, and that to be obsolete is not to be natural. Spenser, it is to be observed, expressly designates himself in this episode as Colin Clout, which is the title he assumed as the author of the "Shepherd's Calendar;" a "country lasse" is his goddess in that work; and it seems far more likely that under this identity of appellation he should complain, in one poem, of the discouragement given to another, than simply shadow forth (as the commentators think) the circumstance of Sir Philip Sidney's having drawn him from the country to the court. In what consisted the abrupt intervention of a proceeding like that? What particular vision did it dissipate? Or how could he pretend any right of soreness in his tone of complaint about it? And he is very sore indeed at the knight's interruption, notwithstanding his courtesy. Tell me, says Calidore—

"Tell me what mote these dainty damsels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleasant playes:
Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see;
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

"*Not I so happy,* answer'd then that swaine,
As thou unhappy, which them thence did chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe."

He could not look back with comfort upon having been forced to give up his pastoral visions.

But to return to our subject. The all-including genius of Shakspeare has given the finest intimations of pastoral-writing in some of the masques introduced in his plays, and in his plays themselves; if indeed "As You Like It" might not equally as well be called a pastoral play as a comedy; though, to be sure, the Duke and his followers do not willingly take to the woods, with the exception of the "sad shepherd" Jaques; and that is a great drawback on the pleasures of the occasion, which ought to breathe as freely as the air and the wild roses. Rosalind, however, is a very bud of the pastoral-ideal, peeping out of her forester's jerkin. Again, in the "Winter's Tale," where the good housewife is recorded, who had her "face o' fire" with attending to the guests, and "my sister," who has the purchase of the eatables, "lays it on," as her brother the clown says, in the article of rice, there is the truest pastoral of both kinds, the ideal and the homely.

SHEPHERD. "Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; *welcom'd all; serv'd all;*
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip."

What a poet, and what a painter! Now a Raphael, or Michael Angelo, now a Jan Steen, or a Teniers! Here also is *Autolycus,* the most exquisite of impudent vagabonds, better even than the *Brass* of Sir John Vanbrugh, selling his love ballads, so without indecency, "which is strange," and another ballad of a singing *Fish,* with "five justice's hands to it," to vouch for its veracity. But, above all, here is *Perdita,*—

"The prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward.—
No shepherdess; but Flora
Peering in April's front."

Perdita also, though supposed to be a shepherdess born, is a *Sicilian* princess, and makes our BLUE JAR glisten again in the midst of its native sun and flowers.

"O Prosèrpina
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou letst fall
From Dis's wagon!

("Wagon," be it observed, was as much a word of respect in those days as "chariot" is now.)

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, *and take*
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.—Bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,

(Turning to her lover,)

To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLORIZEL. What! like a corse?

PERDITA. No; like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried;
But quick, and in mine arms."

Shelley has called a woman, "one of Shakspeare's women," implying by that designation all that can be suggested of grace and sweetness. They were "very subtle," as Mr. Wordsworth said of the French ladies. Not that they were French ladies, or English either; but Nature's and refinement's best possible gentlewomen all over the world. Tullia d'Aragona, the Italian poetess, who made all her suitors love one another instead of quarrel, must have been a Shakpeare woman. Gaspara Stampa was another; and we should take the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray" for one.

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"

and Lucy, Countess of Bedford, must have been such. So was Mrs. Brooke, who wrote "Emily Montagu;" and probably Madame Riccoboni; and certainly my Lady Winchelsea, who worshipped friendship, and green retreats, and her husband. Terrible people all, to look upon, if the very sweetness of their virtue did not enable us to bear it.

Ben Jonson left an unfinished dramatic pastoral, entitled the "Sad Shepherd." It is a story of Robin Hood, in connexion with a shepherd who has gone melancholy mad for the supposed death of his mistress—a lucky character for the exalted wilfulness of the author's style. The lover opens the play with the following elegant extravagance:—

ÆGLAMOUR. "Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her."

This is a truly lover-like fancy; and the various, impulsive, and flowing versification is perfect. But Jonson can never leave out his learning. The lost mistress must be compared in the impossible lightness of her step, with Virgil's Camilla, who ran over the tops of corn:—

"For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk."

TORRENS'S *Arabian Nights.*

What a woman! How different from the bride of Bedreddin Hassan!

"'Up, up in haste!' the young man cries:
Ah! slender waist! she cannot rise
For heavy hips, that say, 'Sit still,'
And make her linger 'gainst her will."

The best passage in the "Sad Shepherd" is a description of a witch and her habits—a subject which every way suited the arbitrary and sullen turn of the poet's notions of power. It also enabled him to shew his reading, as he takes care to let us know, by means of one of the by-standers:—

ALKEN. "Know ye the witch's dell?

SCATHLOCK. No more than I do know the walls of hell.

ALKEN. Within a glooomy dimble she doth dwell,
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her form,
As fearful and melàncholic as that
She is about with caterpillars kells,
And knotty cobwebs, rounded in with spells.
Thence she steals forth to *relief* in the fogs,
And *rotten mists* upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drownèd lands of Lincolnshire;
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow,
The housewife's tun not work, nor the milk churn!
Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in sleep,
Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up its slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.
JOHN. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.
GEORGE. I thought a witch's banks
Had inclosed nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.
SCARLET. Yes, her malice more.
SCATHLOCK. As it would quickly appear had we the store
Of his collects.
GEORGE. Ay, this good learned man
Can speak her right.
SCARLET. He knows her shifts and haunts.
ALKEN. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants
Wherewith she kills! where the sad mandrake grows
Whose groans are deathful; the dead-numbing nightshade,
The stupifying hemlock, adder's tongue,
And martagan: the shrieks of luckless owls
We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air!
Green-bellied snakes, blue firedrakes in the sky,
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings!
The scaly beetles, *with their habergeons,*
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the stocks of trees, *white faies do dwell,*
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms!
And airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the moon!"
While she sits reading by the glowworm's light,
Or rotten wood, *o'er which the worm hath crept,*
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms."

The idea of "span-long elves," who dance about a pool, carrying each a stolen infant, that must be bigger than themselves, is a very capital and fantastic horror.

Old burly and strong-sensation-loving Ben, (as his friend Chapman, or Mr. Bentham might have called him,) could shew, however, a great deal of delicacy when he had a mind to it. He could turn his bluster into a zephyr that inspired the young genius of Milton. Some of his court masques are pastoral; and this is the style in which he receives the king and queen. Maia (the goddess of May) says—

> "If all the pleasures were distill'd
> Of *every* flower in *every* field—

(This kind of return of words was not common then, as he has since made it)

And all that *Hybla's* hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
If thereto added all the gums,
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odours that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyr ever blew,
Were put therein; *and all the dew*
That ever rosy morning knew;
Yet all, diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace
And honour you vouchsafe the place."

In the Masque of Oberon, Silenus bids his Satyrs rouse up a couple of sleeping Sylvans, who ought to have been keeping watch; "at which," says the poet's direction, "the Satyrs fell suddenly into this catch—musicians know it well:—

"*Buz*, quoth the blue flie,
Hum, quoth the bee:
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his *ear*, in his *nose*,
Thus, do you see? [*They tickle them.*]
He eat *the dormouse*,
Else it was *he*."

It is impossible that anything could better express than this, either the wild and practical joking of the Satyrs, or the action of the thing described, or the quaintness and fitness of the images, or the melody and even the harmony, the *intercourse*, of the musical words, one with another. None but a boon companion with a very musical ear could have written it. It was not for nothing that Ben lived in the time of the fine old English composers, Bull and Ford, or partook his canary with his "lov'd Alphonso," as he calls him, the Signor Ferrabosco.

We have not yet done with this delightful portion of our subject. Fletcher and Milton await us still; together with a word on William Browne, and on a few other poets, who, though they wrote no pastorals, were pastoral men.

MY HOUSE IN CECIL STREET.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART I.

WHEN lamented but irremediable events are concerned, I have always found it the wisest and best plan to bury them as we do the loved we have lost, and ever after be as careful of disturbing them. Otherwise I might, by contrasting my former circumstances with those in which I have since figured, as the keeper of a lodging-house, produce what painters call a very effective bit of colouring, but this is not my object; I shall, therefore, briefly state, (in order to introduce myself to my readers,) that, possessed of a handsome fortune, I had early in life married a young man of moderate independence, with whom I conti-

nued to share as complete happiness as can possibly fall to the lot of human nature. We had children, and our affairs in other respects went on prosperously; our plantations flourished, our flocks increased, and as we always lived within our income, there appeared little risk of our ever knowing want. In a few years, however, a mania arose for speculating, and, among the rest, my husband was seized with the prevailing *fureur*—heavy losses were incurred, and thousand after thousand of our pretty property was withdrawn from the funds to meet fresh demands, and ensure a return for the capital already sunk in the undertaking. Like an alchymist in his search for gold, or a gambler who believes ill luck has lasted so long that the next throw must certainly recover it, he seemed determined to make new trials, till, at length, all was lost; our wealth had vanished in the attempt at transmutation, and we were left utterly ruined.

From this time my husband's health declined; the loss of his property, and the alteration it entailed in the circumstances and expectations of his little household, preyed upon his spirit with a bitterness little short of remorse for some actual crime; and gradually I perceived his mind yielding to a weight that I had not the power to alleviate, till at length he was totally incapacitated from taking any share in the concerns of business, or the interests of his family. So unnaturally had mental disease warped his understanding, that the very affection of his children added to his sufferings, and even *I* could not persuade him that my cheerfulness was sincere, and that I did not in my heart curse him, for the want in which he had involved us. In fact, in the noon of manhood, he bade fair to become that sad, sad thing, a nervous hypochondriac; but consumption, of the most rapid description, stepped between him and semi-idiocy, and in less than twelvemonths from the failure of our prosperity, I laid the husband of my youth, the father of my children, in the grave.

Roused, at length, from the lethargy of grief by the voice of twofold duty, I turned over in my mind the several means of establishing a home for my children, with a prospect of maintaining it, that the sale of such supernumerary articles as remained from the days of our affluence would effect, and finding it the only business to be undertaken without capital, and anxious, under any circumstances, to keep myself free from pecuniary obligations, I stifled my lady-like prejudices in the anxieties of human nature, and from having played the hostess in my husband's elegant and hospitable home, sank into a lower caste of the same character, as proprietress of a lodging-house. I did not, however, have recourse to that interesting form of advertisement which tells you, that "a widow lady, whose daughters are musical, or who is herself of an agreeable disposition, having a larger house than her present circumstances require, (of course in a *genteel* neighbourhood,) is desirous of adding to her *family circle*, (felicitous phrase,) by the accession of one or two gentlemen, or ladies, who are anxious to ensure the comforts of society, and a delightful home, to the convenience of a town residence."

My establishment was situated in one of the private streets off the Strand, which, lying in the very heart of gaiety and business, midway between the courts of law, and close to the theatres, was a favourite locality with East and West Indian merchants, army and navy men on leave, persons engaged in law suits, and provincial families visiting

town during the season; and as the wreck of my worldly goods enabled me to furnish it in a style superior to the generality of such places, a very few days after the exhibition of the printed card, (which proclaims, as plainly as words can speak, that either poverty, or lucre, induces you to desecrate the sanctity of your home,) I stood blushing to the very weepers of my mourning habit at having to arrange terms &c. with my first lodger. But these feelings, at first painful, even to awkwardness, by degrees wore off, and I soon became accustomed to the routine expected of me—the trades-craft, if I may so express it, of the business. I made certain regulations, from which I rarely deviated, and methodized the necessary details so as to maintain order amongst the inmates, and something of the dignity of a private home to myself. And though a young, and not unhandsome woman, the presence of my children, and the sacred garb of my widowhood, preserved for me a tone of deferential respect, and gratuitous delicacy, that, from the same order of men, I had hardly looked for as a wife.

In this position I continued several years, winning the esteem (I am proud to say) of many who came to my house as lodgers, but who left it my friends; and from the incidents thus deposited with me, without the aid of duplicate keys, or the intervention of eaves-dropping, I am enabled to offer the following illustrations of traits and trials of lodging-house keeping; and should the accompanying specimen—a mere "taste of our quality"—be favourably received, I have only to add, that, "for a consideration," the public may have the key of my Bramah-locked portfolio, and pick and choose through a monthly series of my experiences.

To those who may be kind enough to feel an interest in the after-fate of the widow and her children, (for it is as well to be done with the old subject before we begin with the new,) I have only to add, that an East Indian invalid, while receiving as a stranger those services that his state of health required—and which it is woman's province to supply—discovered, in his accidental nurse, the widow of his brother; and with a generosity princely as his fortune, adopted us as the inmates of his home and heart. It is unnecessary to say, that the house in Cecil-street was given up, but not so the recollections connected with it.

THE LATE REPRIEVE.

At rather an unusually late hour one evening, while sitting with my family, I was disturbed by the rattling of a vehicle at the door, followed by the impatient rap of the driver, and immediately afterwards a servant entered, and announced a lady "who would not be denied." Now, one of my rules was to receive no applications for my apartments after a certain hour, in order that the time devoted to my children might be entirely their own; and as, in general, the same parties returned to me during their annual *séjour* in the metropolis, it was accident alone that brought unexpected inmates to my house, except from the dog-days to December, (and this I well remember was in the early spring of '96.) A lady, however, alone, and at that late hour, I had nothing for it but to receive her—for there is something unpardonable in the uncharitableness of one woman to another: and I can fancy nothing more cruel to the individual, or humiliating to the sex, than

the mistrust that denies a sister-form the shelter of a roof merely because accident or misfortune has obliged her to apply for it under circumstances rather unconventional. Putting down my youngest girl from my lap, and disengaging my waist and shoulder from the circling arms of the other two, I composed my dress and countenance to their accustomed quietude, and passed on to the apartment into which the servant had shewn her. A travelling trunk was already in the hall, and as I opened the opposite door, the vehicle drove off.

Now there is in the human heart such a love of vainglory, that though it may have made itself up to the commission of a kind action, it likes the choice of doing it to rest with itself, and at this aspect of things, I confess I felt a great inclination to revoke my decision in the lady's favour, and to show myself supreme in my own house. But it was only a momentary thought; the next I was smiling at my own impotence, for it was such a night of rain and storm, that I could not have found it in my heart to have put a worm out of doors that had managed to wriggle its poor, naked, unsheltered head within the sill. So I entered the apartment, making up my mind to concede gracefully what I could not comfortably withhold. The stranger who stood with her back towards me was about my own height (which is of that stature that is called commanding), but a certain exility in her form gave you an idea of extreme delicacy and youth; she was dressed with a rich plainness, that bespoke her of a class of life far removed from its ordinary exigencies, but her countenance, when she turned on my approach, and put back the costly veil that shaded it, bore melancholy evidence that circumstances, however advantageous, cannot raise us above the level of humanity, and that whatever the rank, the barbed shafts of misfortune can find us out. So moving an expression of dejected anguish, upon features in their noon of youth (and otherwise beautiful), it has never been again my fate to see—fear, perturbation, agony, were stamped in rigid characters upon lip, and brow, and cheek, and I felt awed by the presence of grief that completely baffled my knowledge of the heart's dark secrets to imagine. I was pained out of my natural collectedness, and could only look the sympathy with which she inspired me.

"I have no apology to offer," she said, in a low, sweet voice, but with the languor of fatigue and depression—"no apology to offer you, Mrs. Maxwell, for the time, the way, in which I come to you. When I tell you I am the daughter of Colonel Singleton, you will not be surprised that I should so unceremoniously make your house my home. I have often heard of you, and I feel I have only to tell you that my coming is in consequence of a great and sudden affliction, to ensure your thinking lightly of any inconvenience I may possibly occasion you."

I assured her, "that the name of her father (an old friend and benefactor in the early days of my own tribulation) gave her a weighty claim to my attentions; but that wanting *this*, the knowledge of her being in affliction was an all-sufficient motive for my exerting myself for her temporary comfort." She thanked me with the sweet smile of habitual courtesy, though her lips trembled, and her large eyes dilated with the emotion she struggled to subdue.

"Her business in town," she said—and a sort of spasm shook her as she spoke—"would be very briefly ended; it might detain her only

till the following noon, at all events, not longer than the evening; but she would consider the apartments hers, for any period that would compensate for the probable loss of a more certain tenant."

I begged of her not to annoy herself on that score, (for as my readers know, there is a rule in these cases, and a week's payment is considered by conscientious people, an equivalent for the occupation of their apartments for a day or so;) I pressed her, however, with real anxiety, to let me send her such refreshments as I felt she stood in need of; for it was very evident she was travel-tired, and weak, and I afterwards learned (for the hall, and staircase of a lodging-house, like the *ear* of Dionysius, conveys even whispers to one common tympanum, and that the principal's) that she had travelled, poor lady, night and day, from Edinburgh, without resting! But she felt no want of food; "rest," she said, "was all that she required." Yet when I pressed her, and talked of its giving her strength for whatever she might have to undertake on the morrow, she permitted, with the graceful docility of a child, my arrangements for her temporal necessities, and forced herself to taste the food that grief had left her no appetite for.

How I wished for the privilege of folding her swelling heart to my own, and bidding her pour out, as on a sister's, the full tide of her hidden sorrow; but this our relative positions forbade, and I could only by a silent language inform her of my commiseration. The house I tenanted, originally the habitation of a nobleman, contained on each floor a suite of three rooms, opening one into another, and forming (for those studious of such arrangement) dressing-room, chamber, and drawing-room; but it so happened, that at this time I myself occupied the bed-room on the only floor disengaged, so that nothing remained for me but to give up my apartment to the lady, and *pro tempore* become *locum tenens* of the adjoining little ante-room. This arrangement was easily managed, and the lady retired to her room within my own, apparently anxious for repose. By and by, when the many little matters that a mother sits up to regulate, were all disposed of, and my whole household in bed, I too stole lightly up to the apartment my children occupied, and with the image of that grief-worn lady in my thoughts, I bent over the brows of my sleeping girls, and while my lips lingered on each slumbering cheek, my heart lifted itself up in those orisons that only a mother's heart can utter; then I crept softly to my own room, and very noiselessly (for fear of disturbing my poor guest) laid myself down to sleep.

It was about the season of the spring equinox, and as I before said, a violent night; every now and then, as if driven from the turbid river, the wind came rushing up the street, staggering against the houses like a drunken giant, and shaking and rattling the sashes as if trying for admission; one moment howling like a living thing in its extremity, under the eaves and down the trembling chimneys, and the next sinking into half-extinguished sobs, like a child dreaming of sorrow. It was impossible to sleep—though I heaped the pillows on both sides of my head, and drew the coverlet quite over it—I could not close out the din of the midnight tempest, nor shut from my imagination the thoughts of houseless creatures, shipwreck, and devastation, that it conjured up. All at once, in one of the pauses of the

storm, I became conscious of the sounds of living, actual anguish—sobs more bitter and thrilling than those of the mocking winds, and groans that I could only imagine were extorted by some severe physical suffering. It struck me that fatigue, added to her state of mind, had induced some sudden illness in my fellow-sleeper; and I rose, threw on my dressing-gown, and seeing, by the glimmering through the doorway, that the light was not extinguished in her room, I was about to enter, when I perceived the unhappy lady kneeling at the bed's feet, not undressed, but with her hair dishevelled, her hands clasped, and her lips, finding no language forcible enough to express the deep prayer of her spirit, moving with wordless sounds of indescribable anguish. I was awed—astonished, and shrunk back from beholding a conflict that was for the eye of God alone! Oh, the heart-quake of mortal agony, that shook the breast of that miserable woman!—the struggle between the strong heart of human *love*, and its omnipotent but all-just Maker! And these are the scenes that pass between Earth and Night, and the Power that made them!

JESSE'S LIFE OF GEORGE BRUMMELL THE BEAU.

The biographer of Brummell has nothing more honourable to record of him than the fact which is mentioned in the preface, and is pleasant to read—that, although he had certainly written some detached papers in the shape of reminiscences, and had a book, secured by a lock, containing notes of his own life and recollections of the gay world in which he had once flourished, he was never tempted, in any excess of pecuniary trouble, to publish them for his benefit. When in jail, at Caen, for debt, he had letters and papers the sale of which would have released him from all difficulties, and a large sum is said to have been then offered for his memoirs; but the resolution not to compromise others overcame the most powerful temptations, and George Brummell has, in this respect, acted after a fashion which should never want followers.

The circumstances we have just mentioned might, we venture to think, have protected his memory from some of the painful, humiliating, and in every respect sickening disclosures of which the latter pages of these memoirs consist. It would have been enough to know that the madhouse was the final scene, and that the poor gentlemen's bodily infirmities had reduced him to a condition too offensive to contemplate. The picture of misery and filth is the more intolerable, from its contrast with the fine soaps, powders, perfumes, and distillations innumerable, for which the luxuriant beau had such a passion all his days—a passion which pursued him to the very close, rendering odours and concoctions of the daintiest character as essential to him as food, and making the natural man a wretched martyr to the wants of the fop.

The impression which these revelations of the character, conduct, and condition of this once famous personage leave upon the mind is a melancholy one. There is a touch of melancholy even in the ludicrous description on the title-page—"George Brummell, Esq., commonly called the Beau." We begin with laughing at him; as we proceed, estimating his boundless influence over his generation, attained generally by no very corrupt or injurious means, we feel a respect generated by his unparalleled impudence and inconceivable success; and we end, not without much contempt, yet with infinite pity for him, and feelings of strong resentment at the cold, shabby, worthless conduct to which—next to his own habits of extravagance, that were uncontrollable and more than second nature to him—he died a victim.

The figure here cut by several of his fine friends, but especially by the highest of them all, is little calculated to make any man, how considerate

soever in judging aristocratic errors and elegantly arrayed vices, think with common respect, or even toleration, of the leading features of the "world of fashion" in the days when Brummell was one of the great Powers of Europe —when George the Beau made George the Prince look for a time exceedingly little; nay, when the son of a private gentleman was more than equal, in his influence upon life, taste, and manners, in polished England, to any of our "glorious institutions."

There are redeeming traits even here; and the unwearied kindness and fidelity which the ruined, exiled, pining Beau experienced, as long as life held out, from his benefactors, in other quarters, enables us to survey the picture more patiently. The gentle humanity and constancy of the Duchess of York, an example not without its followers, kindles a feeling that prompts forgetfulness of the offences of half her tribe.

The particulars of the Beau's career have a certain interest apart from himself; but the desire to find out what the Hero of Starch was really made of, when not steeped in it, is the prevailing feeling. The facts given, and the lights flung upon him are sufficiently clear. Brummel was a man of considerable talent, of clear but not enlarged ideas, of the nicest taste, and of consummate tact; but these qualities, increased a hundred-fold, would not have gained him his extraordinary distinction, even if the twenty-five thousand pounds, —which was all he ever had to set up and establish before the admiring gaze of the first aristocracy on earth his throne of fashion—had been as many millions. The qualities which made him what he was, and enabled him to give complete and even active effect to those above enumerated, were, impudence without limit, and selfishness without scruple. That the entirely selfish principle lay near the root of his success, there is little question; indeed, the capacity to wound most acutely the feelings of others, merely to shew off and to gratify self-love, he must have possessed in no enviable degree; or how, when dining with so-called friends, and dishes, with intense anxiety to please, were placed before him for approval, could he have had the heart to send away dish after dish with disdain or audible censure, to the bitter anguish and humiliation of the fair lady next to whom he sat, who literally saw her costly and laboured dinner dismissed from sight, and her guests wondering what on earth they were to be allowed to think fit for hungry people to eat.

As for the Beau's assurance, to be sure we see it asserting itself with tolerable emphasis in this accredited anecdote; but it is quite conceivable that it rose, with success and experience, to such a height as to utter in earnest mood some of the self-glorifying sayings that would otherwise pass for very pleasant jests. In one of the best stories related of the Beau, we can quite imagine him to be speaking with a certain gravity, set off with a half-mocking smile. A friend encountered him at Calais, where he had then resided fourteen years; he had seen no Pall-Mall, no Bond-street, in all that time, and might have been pardoned had he fancied himself half-faded—dim to London eyes, and not held day and night in memory throughout the fashionable regions of his native land. But, no; Brummel was perfectly convinced that fourteen years of absence had rather increased his original lustre and greatness than otherwise.

"My dear Brummel," said his friend, "I'm rejoiced to see you—a pleasure I did not expect. There was a report in London *that you were dead*."

What would some broken beaux have blushingly stammered out in reply? Conscious of their fourteen years' transportation from the scene of their glory, they would almost have pleaded guilty, and confessed themselves dead, as undoubtedly they had been buried. But Brummel was of another order of beau, and answered, with inimitable grandeur and an ease that is quite exquisite— "*Mere stock-jobbing, sir—mere stock-jobbing!*"

He said many good things, though he was by no means a first-rate wit. Much of the effect, in every instance, would of course depend upon manner; that missing, the brilliancy of the jest vanishes. For exactly the same reason, George Brummel the Beau is a much smaller person upon paper than he proved to be in Pall-Mall.

POEMS BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

Mr. Moxon is constituted, past all contention, the Poet's Publisher. The Muses have granted him letters patent, and excellent use he appears to make of his privilege in their service. The younger bards with their treasured manuscripts flock about his door, as laden bees return to their hive; and every now and then there is a new comer, whose song proves anything but a hum. But since the day (whenever that may have been) on which the last true poet (whoever he may be) was introduced to public notice, and blushed in the world's eye, we know of no such service rendered to the Muse as is performed in the bringing forth of the volume before us.

It is a first volume, by a hand untried in any order of literature,—as it well may be, being, we believe, as yet scarcely of age. These are a youth's first poems, and they have a youth's first faults scattered through them. But it is not necessary to claim for them any additional merit or interest on the score of early years; they have interest enough without that plea. Still less is it needful to ask on any such ground indulgence for their mistakes and obscurities; the poems can afford to be taken with their imperfections, and stand in need of no indulgence.

The poetry of the present age, which proves, taking it as a whole, so splendid a portion of our literature, is strikingly, and beyond any former example, various in its tone and sympathies. Each of our eminent poets has a manner of his own. Campbell (who has just left a deathless name behind him) has least apparent or prevailing originality, and yet his fine, grand, fresh-sounding odes have not the slightest resemblance to anything written before or since. Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, all the masters who live or have lived in our time,—

"Who having been, must ever be,"

each in his mighty line is distinct; and not one of them could, to the extent of a half-dozen verses in succession, be confounded with any past or contemporary poet.

There is also a distinctive mark upon the poetry of *this* volume. In it we may discern tokens, not few or to be mistaken, of a taste caught rapturously from the study of some modern writers, and perhaps of a partiality so strong as to influence insensibly the creative power of the mind—so far as to direct sometimes its choice of forms, and to suggest to thought its particular channels of interest and speculation. But in all the essential and distinguishing qualities of poetry, these poems belong entirely to the soil they have sprung from, and are the growth of an undivided and self-dependent power, bent on working out without fear its own purposes.

There are four chief poems in the collection. The stanza with which the first opens, illustrates, by an image, the bold simplicity often discernible in the after pages.

"It is a venerable place,
An old ancestral ground;
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
Within its lordly bound."

The story is not of the rainbow, but the thunder-cloud. Darker than night is its course, like the current of "The River," that gives to it a name; yet heaven's stars are reflected in it, dimly, but beautifully. We know not where to quote:

"Beyond the River, bounding all,
A host of green hills stand,
The manor-rise their central point,
As cheerful as a band
Of happy children round their chief
Extended, hand in hand."

"Their shadows from the setting sun
Reach all across the plain;
The guard-hound, in the silent night,
Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear, at every burst of barks,
The hills bark back again."

The last two lines exhibit a felicity often to be noticed—a singular harmony between sound and sense; an effect which should always be unforced, as it always is here. The scene changes presently:

" The sickly moon, among the clouds,
Is loitering slowly by ;
Now in a circle, like the ring
About a weeping eye ;
Now left quite bare ; now merely like
A pallor in the sky."

" Beneath the mossy ivy'd bridge,
The River slippeth past ;
That current deep is still as sleep,
And yet so very fast !
There's something in its quietness
Which makes the soul aghast."

Sad and solemn is this tale, which moves the heart darkly through the imagination, and startles while it soothes. The time, the place, the scenery, befit the characters—the hurried, hopeless passion, the " calm household love ;" the imagery, rich and various, is in perfect keeping, and the human interest is felt intensely, as we feel in a dream. It is a poem for poets.

The " Woodman's Daughter" is simpler, and more in the light. It is exquisitely manly, tender, and full-hearted ; and the flowing, unaffected verse wanders and winds delightfully on, like the wood-walks of the youthful trusting pair—poor humble Maud and her high-born lover. The opening of the story is as calm and lovely as the close is ghastly and pathetic ; every where the sentiment and the passion are true to nature, and singular force and delicacy are combined in the treatment of the subject. Maud and Merton were so young, so innocent :

" They pass'd their time, both girl and boy,
Uncheck'd, unquestion'd ; yet
They always hid their wanderings
By wood and rivulet,
Because they could not give themselves
A reason why they met."

The progress of love, the thrilling, confusing, delicious discovery of it, are among the things which are most happily pictured. They meet, and meet—months roll on, and shame is blunted—

" For they were of an age *when sin*
Is only seen in front."

" Poor Maud comes out to feel the air,
This gentle day of June ;
And having sobbed her babe to sleep,
Help'd by the stream's soft tune,
She rests along the aspen trunk,
Below the calm blue noon.

The shadow of her little babe,
Deep in the stream behold !
Smiles quake over her parted lips :
Some thought hath made her bold ;
She stoops to dip her fingers in
To feel if it is cold.

The water's warm, and runs as if
Perpetually at play !
But then the stream, she recollects,
Bears everything away !
There is a dull pool some way off,
That sleepeth night and day.

The weeds at length have closed and shut
The water from her sight :
They stir awhile, but now are still.
Her arms fall down ;—the light
Is horrible, and her countenance
Is pale as cloud at night.

The bright glances out of gloomy nooks, the happy natural touches of feeling, which sparkle up continually, evade all hope of quoting them, being inseparable from passages which our space excludes. It is beautiful exceedingly.

The tale called " Lilian" is of a more exciting and singular character than any in the volume. Its purpose is to exhibit the corrupting and venomous influences of a false literature upon female purity and virtue, and to level at French romances in particular the most scornful and indignant shafts which high intellect can point and outraged morality direct. It is impossible to do it justice, save by lengthened examination and extract, and we forbear, in admiration of the daring and subtlety, the force and sweetness, the knowledge of the workings of passion and the keen insight into character, which demand for it a patient and thoughtful consideration. Had the poet not written " Sir Hubert," with its deep and tender graces interlacing many faults and obscurities, or any of the noble, however imperfect, things we have so briefly glanced at, this poem by itself would have constituted a claim to be heard, in relation both to philosophy and poetry, and have secured for Coventry Patmore a distinguished—we may say, a surprised and honouring audience.

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE TRIAL OF DOCTOR SACHEVERELL.

ORIGINALLY appointed for the 8th of February, 1710, Doctor Sacheverell's trial was postponed to the 27th of the same month, on the ground that Westminster Hall could not be got ready for the reception of the court before that period. The length of time that elapsed between the impeachment and the prosecution was favourable to Sacheverell, inasmuch as it gave ample opportunity for the preparation of his defence; while no art was neglected to propitiate the public in his behalf, and heighten the feeling of animosity already entertained against his opponents.

His portrait was exhibited in all the print-shops; ballads were sung about him at the corner of every street; reference was constantly made to his case by the clergy of his party in their sermons, and some even went so far as to offer up public prayers "for the deliverance of a brother under persecution from the hands of his enemies;" the imminent peril of the church, and the excellence of its constitution, were insisted on; the most furious zealots were made welcome guests at the board of Harley and his friends, and instructed how to act—the principal toast at all such entertainments being "Doctor Sacheverell's health, and a happy deliverance to him."

The aspect of things was so alarming, that long before the trial came on, the greatest misgivings were felt as to its issue by the Whig leaders, and Godolphin bitterly repented that he had not listened to the advice of Lord Somers, who had recommended a simple prosecution in a court of law as the safest and most judicious course. But retreat was now too late. The task had been undertaken, and however difficult and dangerous, it must be gone through with. To quit the field without a struggle would be worse than defeat.

Warmly attached to the church, and led by Harley and Abigail to believe that it was really in danger, the queen was inclined from the first towards Sacheverell, and this bias was confirmed by the incautious admission on the part of the Whigs of the legitimacy of her brother, the Prince of Wales—an admission which,

coupled with her dislike of the proposed Hanoverian succession, exasperated her against them, and increased her predilection for one whom she believed to be undergoing persecution for promulgating opinions so entirely in accordance with her own. Additional confidence was given to the Tories, by the defection from the opposite party of the Dukes of Shrewsbury, Somerset, and Argyle, all of whom, either secretly or openly, exerted themselves to throw difficulties in the way of the impeachment.

Thus embarrassed, and with the tide of popular opinion running strongly against them, it became evident to the instigators of the trial, that whatever might be the decision as regarded Sacheverell, its consequences must be prejudicial in the highest degree to themselves. The only person who seemed unconcerned, and confident of a favourable termination, was the Duchess of Marlborough.

The council for the defence included Sir Simon Harcourt, Sir Constantine Phipps, and three others of the ablest Tory lawyers; while advice was given on all theological matters by Doctors Atterbury, Smallridge, and Friend. The managers of the prosecution comprehended Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household; Mr. Secretary Boyle; Mr. Smith, chancellor of the exchequer; Sir James Montague, attorney-general; Mr. Robert Eyre, solicitor-general; Mr. Robert Walpole, treasurer of the navy; and thirteen others.

The approach of the trial increased the public curiosity to the highest pitch, and all other considerations of business or amusement were merged in the anticipation of a struggle, which, though ostensibly for another cause, was to decide the fate of parties.

At length the day arrived. About an hour before noon, the courts and squares of the Temple, where Sacheverell lodged, to be near his lawyers, were crowded by an immense mob, with oak-leaves in their hats—the distinguishing badge of the high-church party. A tremendous shout was raised as the doctor got into a magnificent open chariot, lent him for the occasion by a friend, and as it was put in motion, the whole concourse marched with him, shouting and singing, and giving to the affair rather the semblance of a conqueror's triumph, than of the procession of an offender to a court of justice.

The windows of all the houses in the Strand and Parliament-street were filled with spectators, many of whom responded to the shouts of the mob, while the fairer, and not the least numerous portion of the assemblage, were equally enthusiastic in the expression of their good wishes. Sacheverell, it has before been intimated, was a handsome, fresh-complexioned man, with a fine portly figure, and stately presence, and on the present occasion, being attired in his full canonicals, and with the utmost care, he looked remarkably well. His countenance was clothed with smiles, as if he were assured of success.

In this way he was brought to Westminster Hall.

The managers and committee of the commons having taken their places, Sacheverell was brought to the bar, when the proceedings were opened by the attorney-general, who was followed by Mr. Lechmere, after which the particular passages of the sermon on which the impeachment was grounded, were read.

The case, however, proceeded no further on this day, but the court being adjourned, the doctor was conducted back to the Temple by the same concourse who had attended him to Westminster Hall, and who had patiently awaited his coming forth.

The next day, the crowds were far more numerous than before, and the approaches to the place of trial were so closely beset, that it required the utmost efforts of the guard to maintain anything like a show of order. Groanings, hootings, and menaces, were lavishly bestowed on all the opponents of Sacheverell, while, on the contrary, his friends were welcomed with the loudest cheers.

It was expected that the queen would attend the trial, and a little before twelve, a passage was cleared for the royal carriage; notwithstanding which, the vehicle proceeded very slowly, and when nearly opposite Whitehall, a stoppage occurred. Taking advantage of the pause, several persons pressed up to the window, and said, "We hope your majesty is for Doctor Sacheverell."

Anne was somewhat alarmed, and leaned back, but Mrs. Masham, who was with her, answered quickly, "Yes, yes, good people, her majesty is a friend of every true friend of the church, and an enemy of its persecutors."

"We knew it—we knew it!" rejoined the questioners. "God bless your majesty, and deliver you from evil counsellors! Sacheverell and high church—huzza!"

"I say, coachee," cried one of the foremost of the mob—a great ruffianly fellow, half a head taller than the rest of the bystanders, with a ragged green coat on his back, and a coal-black beard of a week's growth on his chin—"I say, coachee," he cried, addressing Proddy, who occupied his usual position on the box, "I hope you're high church?"

"High as a steeple, my weathercock," replied Proddy. "You've little to do with low church yourself, I guess?"

"Nothin'," returned the man, gruffly. "But since such are your sentiments, give the words—'Sacheverell for ever! and down with the Duke of Marlborough!'"

"I've no objection to Sacheverell," said Proddy; "but I'm blown if I utter a word against the Duke of Marlborough; nor shall any one else in my hearin'. So stand aside, my maypole, unless you want a taste of the whip. Out of the way there! Ya hip—yo ho!"

Scarcely had the royal carriage passed, than the Duchess of Marlborough came up. Her grace was alone in her chariot, and being instantly recognised, was greeted with groans and yells

by the crowd. No change of feature proclaimed a consciousness on her part of this disgraceful treatment, until the tall man before mentioned approached the carriage, and thrust his head insolently into the window.

"Good day, duchess," he said, touching his hat, and leering impudently—"you wont refuse us a few crowns to drink Doctor Sacheverell's health, and the downfall of the Whigs, eh?"

"Back, ruffian," she cried; "drive on, coachman."

"Not so quick, duchess," replied the fellow, with a coarse laugh. And turning to two men near him, almost as ill-looking and stalwart as himself, he added, "here, Dan Dammaree,—and you, Frank Willis,—to the horses' heads—quick!"

The command was so promptly obeyed, that before Brumby could apply the whip, the horses were checked.

"You see how it is, duchess," pursued the fellow, with a detestable grin, "we must have what we ask, or we shall be compelled to escort you back to Marlborough House."

This speech was received with cheers and laughter by the by-standers, and several voices exclaimed, "Ay—ay, George Purchase is right. We must have wherewithal to drink the doctor's deliverance, or the carriage shall go back."

Purchase was about to renew his demand, and in yet more insolent terms, when a strong grasp was placed on his collar, and he was hurled forcibly backwards, among the crowd.

On recovering himself, he saw that he had been displaced by a tall man in a serjeant's uniform, who now stood before the carriage window, and regarded him and his friends menacingly.

"Down with him!" roared Purchase; "he's a Whig—a dissenter—down with him!"

"Ay, down with him!" echoed a hundred voices.

And the threat would no doubt have been carried into execution, if at this juncture, a body of the horse-guards had not ridden up, their captain having perceived that the Duchess of Marlborough was molested in her progress. The men then quitted their hold of the horses' heads, and Brumby putting the carriage in motion, the serjeant sprang up behind it among the footmen, and was borne away.

A few minutes after this disturbance, loud and prolonged cheering proclaimed the approach of the idol of the mob. Sacheverell was attended, as before, by a vast retinue of admirers, who carried their hats, decorated with oak-leaves, at the end of truncheons, which they waved as they marched along.

As the chariot advanced, the beholders instantly uncovered to the doctor, and those who refused this mark of respect had their hats knocked off. Sacheverell was accompanied by Doctors Atterbury, and Smallridge, who were occupied in examining certain packets which had been flung into the carriage by different ladies, as it passed along, and the contents of most of which proved to be valuable.

When the carriage reached Whitehall, the shouts were almost deafening, and hundreds pressed round the doctor, invoking blessings on his head, and praying for his benediction in return. This was readily accorded by Sacheverell, who, rising in the carriage, extended his hands over the multitude, crying out, with great apparent fervour—"Heaven bless you, my brethren! and preserve you from the snares of your enemies!"

"And you too, doctor," cried the rough voice of Purchase, who was standing near him. "We'll let your persecutors see to-night what they may expect from us, if they dare to find you guilty."

"Ay, that we will," responded others.

"We'll begin by burnin' down the meetin'-houses," shouted Daniel Dammaree. "The Whigs shall have a bonfire to warm their choppy fingers at."

"Say the word, doctor, and we'll pull down the Bishop o' Salisbury's house," roared Frank Willis.

"Or the lord chancellor's," cried Purchase.

"Or Jack Dolben's,—he who moved for your reverence's impeachment," cried Daniel Dammaree.

At the mention of Mr. Dolben's name, a deep groan broke from the crowd.

"Shall we set fire to Mr. Hoadley's church—Saint Peter's Poor, eh, doctor?" said Purchase.

"On no account, my friends—my worthy friends," replied Sacheverell. "Abstain from all acts of violence, I implore of you. Otherwise, you will injure the cause you profess to serve."

"But, doctor, we can't come out for nothing," urged Purchase.

"No, no, we must earn a livelihood," said Willis.

"I charge you to be peaceable," rejoined the doctor, sitting down hastily in the carriage.

"Notwithstanding what he says, we'll pull down Doctor Burgess's meetin' house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, to-night," cried Dammaree, as the carriage was driven forward.

"Right," cried a little man, with his hat pulled over his brows, "it will convince the enemies of the high church that we're in earnest. The doctor may talk as he pleases, but I know a tumult will be agreeable, as well as serviceable to him."

"Say you so," cried Purchase; "then we'll do it. We meet at seven in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, comrades."

"Agreed," cried a hundred voices.

"And don't forget to bring your clubs with you, comrades,' cried Frank Willis.

"That we wont," replied the others.

"I must keep them up to it," said the short man, with the hat pulled over his brows, to himself. "This will be pleasing intelligence to Mr. Harley."

The proceedings at Westminster Hall were opened by Sir Joseph Jekyll, who, addressing himself to the first article of the

impeachment, was followed by the attorney-general, Sir John Holland, Mr. Walpole, and General Stanhope, the latter of whom, in a spirited speech, declared that if "that insignificant tool of a party, Doctor Sacheverell, had delivered his sermon in a conventicle of disaffected persons, maintained by some deluded women, no notice should have been taken of so nonsensical a discourse; but as he had preached it where it might do great mischief, his offence deserved the severest animadversion."

At these scornful remarks, the doctor, who had maintained an unconcerned demeanour during the speeches of the other managers, turned very pale, and with difficulty refrained from giving utterance to his angry emotion.

Soon after this, Mr. Dolben spoke, and, in the heat of his discourse, glancing at Atterbury and Smallridge, who were standing at the bar behind Sacheverell, he cried—"When I see before me these false brethren——"

The words were scarcely uttered, when Lord Haversham rose, and interrupted him.

"I cannot allow such an expression to pass without reproof, sir," cried his lordship. "You have passed a reflection upon the whole body of the clergy. I move, my lords, that the honourable gentleman explain."

"Ay, ay, explain," cried several voices from the benches of the lords.

"What mean you by the expression you have used, sir?" demanded the chancellor.

"Nothing, my lord," replied Mr. Dolben. "It was a mere inadvertence. I should have said 'false brother,' for I referred only to the prisoner at the bar."

"The explanation is scarcely satisfactory," replied Lord Haversham; "and I must admonish the honourable gentleman to be more guarded in what he says in future. Such slips of the tongue are liable to misconstruction."

Slight as this occurrence was, it was turned to great advantage by Sacheverell's partisans, who construed it into a complete betrayal of the intentions of their opponents to attack the whole church in his person.

When Mr. Dolben concluded his speech, the court adjourned, and the doctor was conducted to his lodgings in the same triumphant manner as before.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOW THE MEETING-HOUSES WERE DESTROYED BY THE MOB.

As evening drew in, the peaceable inhabitants of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields were terrified by the appearance of several hundred persons, armed with bludgeons, muskets, and swords, and headed by three tall men with faces blackened with soot, who, after parading their wild retinue about the square for a quarter of an hour, during which its numbers were greatly increased, paused beneath a lamp-post, when the tallest of the trio, clambering up it, took upon him to address a few words to the mob. As he ceased, shouts were raised of "Well said, George Purchase. Down with the meeting-houses! Down with the meeting-houses!"

"Ay, down with them!" rejoined Purchase. Let's begin with Doctor Burgess's; it's the nearest at hand. Come on, lads. We'll have all the meeting-houses down before morning. Come on, I say. High church and Sacheverell for ever—huzza!"

With this, he leaped down, and brandishing a naked hanger which he held in his grasp, ran towards the corner of the square, and entered a little court, at the end of which stood the doomed meeting-house. Several of the mob who followed him bore links, so that a wild, unsteady light was thrown upon the scene. The court was quickly crowded to excess, and an attack was made upon the door, which proved strong enough to resist the combined efforts of Purchase and Dammaree.

While these ruffians were hurling themselves against it, and calling for implements to burst it open, a window was unfastened, and a venerable face appeared at it.

"What do you want, my friends?" asked the person, in a mild voice.

"It's Doctor Burgess himself," cried several voices. And a most terrific yell was raised, which seemed to find an echo from the furthest part of the square.

"We want to get in, old Poundtext," replied Purchase; "so unlock the door, and look quick about it, or it'll be worse for you."

"Your errand is wrongful," cried Doctor Burgess. "I beseech you to retire, and take away those you have brought with you. I shall resist your violence as long as I can; nor shall you enter this sacred place except over my body."

"Your blood be upon your own head then," rejoined Purchase, fiercely. "Curse ye!" he added to those behind him. "Is there nothing to break open the door?"

"Here's a sledge-hammer," cried a swarthy-visaged knave, with his shirt sleeves turned up above the elbow, and a leathern apron tied round his waist, forcing his way towards him. Purchase snatched the hammer from him, raised it, and dashed it against the door, which flew open with a tremendous crash.

But the entrance of the intruders was opposed by Doctor Burgess, who planted himself in their way, and raising his arm menacingly, cried, "Get hence, sacrilegious villains, or dread the anger of Heaven!"

"We are the servants of the church, and therefore under the special protection of Heaven," cried Purchase, derisively; "let us pass, I say, or I'll cut you down."

"You shall never pass while I can hinder you," rejoined Doctor Burgess. "I have not much force of body; but such as I have I will oppose to you, violent man."

"Since you wont be warned, you hoary-headed dotard, take your fate," cried Purchase, seizing him by the throat, and dashing him backwards so forcibly, that his head came in contact with the edge of a pew, and he lay senseless and bleeding on the ground.

As the doctor fell, a young man, who had not been hitherto noticed, rushed forward, crying, in a voice of agony and grief, "Wretches, you have killed him."

"Maybe we have," rejoined Dammaree, with a terrible imprecation; "and we'll kill you, too, if you give us any nonsense."

"You are he who did it," cried the young man, attempting to seize Purchase. "You are my prisoner."

"Leave go, fool," rejoined the other, "or I'll send you to hell to join your pastor."

But the young man closed with him, and nerved by desperation, succeeded, notwithstanding the other's superior strength, in wresting the hanger from him.

"Halloa, Dan," cried Purchase, "just give this madcap a crack on the sconce, will you?"

Dammaree replied with a blow from a hatchet which he held in his hand. The young man instantly dropped, and the crowd rushing over him, trampled him beneath their feet.

In another minute, the chapel was filled by the rioters, and the work of destruction commenced. The pews were broken to pieces; the benches torn up; the curtains plucked from the windows; the lamps and sconces pulled down; the casements and wainscots destroyed; the cushions, hassocks, and carpets, taken up; and Bibles and hymn-books torn in pieces, and their leaves scattered about.

By this time, Doctor Burgess, who had only been stunned, having recovered his senses, he rushed amidst the crowd, exclaiming—"Sacrilegious villains—robbers—murderers, what have you done with my nephew? Where is he?"

"Silence, old man. We have had trouble enough with you already," rejoined Frank Willis, gruffly.

"Make him mount the pulpit, and cry, 'Sacheverell for ever!'" said Dammaree.

"I will perish rather," cried Doctor Burgess.

"We'll see that," said Purchase. "Here, lads, hoist him to the pulpit."

And amid blows, curses, and the most brutal usage, the unfortunate minister was compelled to mount the steps. As he stood within the pulpit, from which he was wont to address an assemblage so utterly different in character from that now gathered before him, his appearance excited some commiseration even among that ruthless crew. His face was deathly pale, and there was a large gash on his left temple, from which the blood was still flowing freely. His neckcloth and dress were stained with the sanguinary stream. He exhibited no alarm, but turning his eyes upwards, seemed to murmur a prayer.

"Now then, doctor," roared Dammaree—"'Sacheverell and High church for ever,' or the Lord have mercy on your soul."

"The Lord have mercy on *your* soul, misguided man," replied Doctor Burgess. "You will think on your present wicked actions when you are brought to the gallows."

"Do as you are bid, doctor, without more ado," cried Dammaree, pointing a musket at him, "or——"

"I will never belie my conscience," rejoined Doctor Burgess, firmly. "And I call upon you not to commit more crimes—not to stain your soul yet more deeply in blood."

Dammaree was about to pull the trigger when the musket was dashed from his grasp by Purchase.

"No, curse it!" cried the milder ruffian, "we won't kill him. He is punished severely enough in seeing his chapel demolished."

The majority of the assemblage concurring in this opinion, Purchase continued—"Come down, old Poundtext, and make your way hence if you don't wish, like a certain Samson, of your acquaintance, to have the house pulled about your ears."

"God forgive you as I do," said Burgess, meekly. With this he descended, and pressing through the crowd, quitted the chapel.

Before he was gone, however, the pulpit was battered to pieces and the fragments gathered together, and in a few minutes more the chapel was completely gutted by the mob.

Loaded with their spoil, the victors returned to the centre of the square, where they made an immense heap of the broken pieces of the pews and pulpit, and having placed straw and other combustibles among them, they set fire to the pile in various places. The dry wood quickly kindled, and blazed up in a bright ruddy flame, illuminating the countenances of the fantastic groups around it, the nearest of whom took hands, and forming a ring, danced round the bonfire, hallooing and screeching like so many Bedlamites.

While this was going forward, Frank Willis, having fastened a window-curtain, which he had brought from the chapel, to the end of a long pole, waved it over his head, calling it the "high-church standard," and bidding his followers rally round it.

A council of war was next held among the ringleaders, and after some discussion, it was resolved to go and demolish Mr. Earle's meeting-house in Long Acre. This design was communicated to the assemblage by Purchase, and received with tumultuous applause. To Long Acre, accordingly, the majority of the assemblage hied, broke open the doors of the meeting-house in question, stripped it, as they had done Dr. Burgess's, and carried off the materials for another bonfire.

"Where next, comrades?" cried Purchase, ascending a flight of steps. "Where next?"

"To Mr. Bradbury's meeting-house in New-street, Shoe-lane," replied a voice from the crowd.

This place of worship being visited and destroyed, the mob next bent their course to Leather-lane, where they pulled down Mr. Taylor's chapel; and thence to Blackfriars, where Mr. Wright's meeting-house shared the same fate. Hitherto, they had encountered little or no opposition, and flushed with success, they began to meditate yet more formidable enterprises. Arriving at Fleet Bridge, Purchase mounted the stone balustrade, and claimed attention for a moment.

"What say you to going into the city, and destroying the meeting-houses there?" he cried.

"I'm for somethin' better," replied Frank Willis, waving his flag. "I vote as how we pull down Salter's Hall."

"I'm for a greater booty still," vociferated Dammaree. "Let us break open and rifle the Bank of England. That'll make us all rich for life."

"Ay, ay—the Bank of England — let's rifle it," cried a chorus of voices.

"A glorious suggestion, Frank," returned Purchase. Come along. Sacheverell and the Bank of England—huzza!"

As they were about to hurry away, a short man, with his hat pulled over his brows, rushed up, almost out of breath, and informed them that the guards were in search of them.

"They've turned into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields," cried the man, "for I myself told their captain you were there. But they'll be here presently."

"We'll give 'em a warm reception when they come," said Purchase, resolutely. "Here lads, throw down all that wooden lumber on the west side of the bridge. Make as great a heap as you can, so as to block up the thoroughfare completely. Get a barrel of pitch from that 'ere lighter lying in the ditch below —I'll knock out the bottom and set fire to it when we hear 'em comin', and we'll see whether they'll dare to pass the bridge when that's done. Sacheverell and the Bank of England for ever—huzza!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IN WHAT WAY THE RIOTERS WERE DISPERSED.

MEANWHILE intelligence of these tumults had been received at Whitehall, by the Earl of Sunderland, who instantly repaired to Saint James's Palace, and reported to the queen what was going forward, expressing his apprehension of the extent of the riot.

"I am grieved, but not surprised, to hear of the disturbances, my lord," replied Anne. "They are the natural consequence of the ill-judged proceedings against Doctor Sacheverell."

"But what will your majesty have done?" asked Sunderland. "You will not allow the lives and properties of your subjects to be sacrificed by a lawless mob?"

"Assuredly not, my lord," replied the queen. "Let the horse and foot guards be instantly sent out to disperse them."

"But your majesty's sacred person must not be left undefended at this hour," replied the earl.

"Have no fear for me, my lord," said Anne. "Heaven will be my guard. The mob will do me no injury, and I would show myself to them without uneasiness. Disperse them as I have said, but let the task be executed with as little violence as possible."

Sunderland then returned to the cock-pit, where he found the lord chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and some other noblemen. After a brief consultation together, Captain Horsey, an exempt, was summoned, and received instructions from the earl to mount immediately, and quell the disturbances.

"I have some scruple in obeying your lordship," replied Captain Horsey, "unless I am relieved. Belonging as I do to the queen's body-guard, I am responsible for any accident that may happen to her majesty."

"It is the queen's express wish that this should be done, sir," cried the earl, hastily.

"That does not relieve me, my lord," replied Horsey, pertinaciously; "and I will not stir, unless I have your authority in writing."

"Here it is, then," said the earl, sitting down, and hurriedly tracing a few lines on a sheet of paper, which he gave to the captain. "Are you now content?"

"Humph!" exclaimed Horsey, glancing at the order. "This does not specify whether I am to preach to the mob, or fight them, my lord. If I am to preach, I should wish to be accompanied by some better orator than myself. But if I am to fight, why that's my vocation, and I will do my best."

"Zounds, sir," cried the earl, impatiently, "if you are as long in dispersing the mob, as you are in setting forth, you'll give them time to destroy half the churches in London. About the

business quickly, sir. Use discretion and judgment, and forbear all violence, except in case of necessity."

Thus exhorted, the captain left the room, and ordering his men to mount, rode in search of the rioters.

As they galloped along the Strand, information was given them of the bonfire in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and they shaped their course in that direction, but on arriving there, they found the fire nearly extinguished, and a pack of boys tossing about the embers. At the approach of the soldiery, these ragamuffins took to their heels, but some of them were speedily captured, when intelligence was obtained that the mob, having pulled down three or four other meeting-houses, had gone towards Black-friars.

On learning this, the captain gave the word to proceed thither at once, and putting spurs to their horses, the troop dashed through Temple Bar, and so along Fleet-street. As they came in sight of the little bridge which then crossed Fleet Ditch, a bright flame suddenly sprung up, increasing each moment in volume and brilliancy, and revealing, as they drew nearer, a great pile of burning benches, pews, and other matters. Behind this pile was ranged a mighty rabble rout, lining, to a considerable distance, both on the right and left, the opposite bank of the ditch. The ruddy light of the fire glimmered on the arms of the rioters, and shewed the extent of their numbers. It was also reflected on the black and inert waters of the stream at their feet, disclosing here and there a lighter, or other bark, or falling upon the picturesque outline of some old building.

In the centre of the bridge stood Purchase and Dammaree, each with a drawn hanger in one hand, and a pistol in the other, while mounted upon the balustrade, stood Frank Willis, waving his standard triumphantly over their heads.

Meanwhile, the fire burnt so furiously, as apparently to prevent all chance of the soldiers passing the bridge, and a loud shout was set up by the rabble as Captain Horsey halted in front of it.

A few minutes were spent in reconnoitring, after which a trumpet was blown. Amid the silence produced by this call, Horsey raised himself in his saddle, and called in a loud voice,

"In the queen's name I command you to disperse, and go peaceably to your homes. All shall be pardoned, except your ringleaders."

To this Purchase answered in an equally loud and derisive tone, "We are loyal subjects ourselves. We will fight for the queen—for the High church and Doctor Sacheverell. No Whigs!—no dissenters!"

"Ay, Sacheverell for ever, and confusion to his enemies." responded the mob.

"Charge them, men," cried Horsey, spurring his horse towards the fire, and endeavouring to force him through it. But

the spirited animal swerved and reared, and despite his master's efforts, dashed off in another direction.

With the exception of two or three, the whole troop were equally unsuccessful. Their horses refused to approach the flames; and a shower of brickbats, stones, and missiles increased the general disorder. As to the three men who did effect a passage, their horses were so scared and burnt as to be quite unmanageable, and the poor fellows were speedily dismounted and disarmed. Some dozen others, also, who tried to pass through Fleet Ditch, stuck fast in the mud, and were severely handled by the mob before they could be extricated.

Meantime, loud shouts of triumph were raised by the rioters, and Purchase called upon them to heap more fuel on the fire, which was done by throwing more benches and broken pews upon it. Some half dozen men then approached, bearing a pulpit on their shoulders, which by their combined efforts was cast into the very midst of the fire, where it remained erect. At this spectacle a roar of laughter burst from the rabble, in which some of the guard, in spite of their anger at their discomfiture, joined. Encouraged by this, Purchase shouted out to them, "Don't fight against us, brothers. We are for the queen and the church."

Ordering some of his men to ride round by Holborn Bridge, and attack the rioters in the rear, Captain Horsey caused a discharge of carbines to be made over the heads of those on the bridge, hoping to intimidate them. This was done, but produced no other result than derisive laughter, and a fresh shower of stones, one of which hit the captain himself on the face.

While the soldiers were charging their carbines, a tall man, in a serjeant's uniform, accompanied by a stout coachman, in the royal livery, forced their way up to Horsey.

"Beg pardon, captain," said the serjeant, "but your object is to capture those ringleaders, not to kill 'em, aint it?"

"Certainly, Serjeant Scales, certainly," replied Horsey.

"Then, with your permission, I'll undertake the job," returned Scales. "Come along, Proddy."

And drawing his sword, he plunged into the flames, and was followed by his companion.

Horsey looked on in curiosity to see what would be the result of this daring act, and was surprised to see both men get through the fire without material injury, though the coachman paused to pluck off his wig, which was considerably singed.

"Ha! you are the scoundrel who thrust me from the Duchess of Marlborough's carriage this morning," cried Purchase, glancing menacingly at Scales. "I am glad we have met again."

"We have met not to part till I have secured you, villain," replied the serjeant. "Yield!"

"Not without a blow or two," rejoined Purchase, with a roar of derision. "You have not got a host of troopers at your back now."

"He has more than one to manage," cried Dammaree, brandishing his sword in the serjeant's face.

"So much the better," replied Scales.

And seizing one by the back of the neck, and the other by the collar, by a tremendous effort of strength, he dragged them both through the fire, and delivered them, very much scorched, to the guard.

Meantime, Proddy having contrived to clamber up the balustrade of the bridge, attacked Frank Willis, and tried to force the ensign from his grasp. A fierce struggle ensued, on the onset of which, the attention of the rabble had been chiefly occupied by Scales, but several persons now rushed to the assistance of the standard-bearer.

Unable to make a stand against so many, Proddy gave way, and dropped into the ditch, but never having quitted his capture, he dragged him along with him. The height from which the coachman fell was not more than twelve or fourteen feet, and the ooze into which he sunk was as soft as a feather-bed, so that he ran much greater risk of being suffocated, than of breaking a limb. In fact, he was just disappearing, when a bargeman contrived to pull him out with a boat-hook, and his prisoner, to whom he still clung with desperate tenacity, was consigned to the guard.

On seeing the fate of their leaders, the rioters began to exhibit symptoms of wavering, and shortly afterwards, the detachment of guards sent round by Holborn Bridge coming up, and attacking them with the flat of their swords, the whole rout was dispersed without further resistance. Almost at the same time, the fire was cleared away with forks, and the blazing fragments cast into the ditch, so as to allow a clear passage for the rest of the troop.

This accomplished, Captain Horsey inquired for the serjeant, and, complimenting him on his bravery, thanked him for the service he had rendered the queen. He would also have made similar acknowledgments to Proddy, but the coachman had retired to a neighbouring tavern, to free himself from his muddy habiliments, and prevent any injurious consequences from the immersion by a glass of brandy. Scales, however, undertook to report to his friend the commendation bestowed upon him.

The prisoners were then conveyed to Newgate, as a place of the greatest security; after which Captain Horsey and his troop returned to Whitehall.

THE HUM OF MEN.

BY A MATTER OF FACT-OR.

It is the province of genius to originate commonplaces,—that is, nothing in the end becomes more commonplace than the phrase which, by force of genius, has taken possession of the minds of the many. Half the cant phrases current in the English language, are derived from Shakspeare; and there are persons who never in their lives perused consecutively a page of that divine writer, whose conversation is made up of phrases pillaged from his works. Like Monsieur Jourdain, who talked prose for forty years without knowing it, they quote Shakspeare, unwittingly, from morning till night.

The stereotyped scraps and scrips of penny-a-line *belles lettres*, picked up by the vulgar in the daily papers, such as "light fantastic toe,"—"foreign aid of ornament,"—"patience on a monument,"—"winter of our discontent,"—"ignorance is bliss," &c. &c., have come to be interlarded in the discourse of the most illiterate,—like Flanders lace flouncing a fustian jacket,—till they have become loathsome by iteration.

So is it with music. Certain vocal phrases are damnatory to any new composition, as to the last degree trite and ear-worn; which probably originated with Purcell, Handel, or Haydn. It is only by force of repetition they have lost their charm.

The writer or composer in fashion, is, for the time being, the fountain-head of commonplace. During the successive reigns of the Scotch novels, the cant words of the popular characters were applied to every possible exigency, till the phrases of Dominie Sampson, Nichol Jarvie, Dandie Dinmont, Dugald Dalgetty, and their inimitable confraternity, ended by exhausting human patience. Sam Slick and Jacob Faithful had their turns; and the "Hope I don't intrude" of Paul Pry, was long a standing nuisance.

Before these "modern instances," (Shakspeare, a-hem!) there was the popularity of Sheridan, of Junius, of Wilkes, to furnish cant words to the uninventive; and perhaps no one ever exercised a stronger influence over the small-talk of his day than Sterne, unless, half-a-century before, Dean Swift.

This peculiar distinction, like the barrel-organ with regard to music, may be considered a fair test of popularity; and it is a strong proof of the want of flavour of the greater number of the writers of the day, that they have not invented a single character capable of engendering a commonplace.

It has been cited as a happy illustration on the part of the noble lord, who, pointing to the antique tapestry of old Saint Stephen's, when inveighing against the insignificance of ministerial measures, exclaimed that "there were *now* no longer historical looms at work!" In the same spirit we beg to assure the *illustrissimi* of the circulating libraries, that our grand-nephews will never be bored to death with *their* phrases worn down into commonplace!

And yet, for all this "damnable iteration," (Shakspeare, a-hem!) it sometimes takes a couple of centuries to get to the right meaning of a phrase! What an immense time has it required for the world of letters to discover that the couplet of Milton—

"Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,"

purported only that, when fox-hunting is over, we like to come to town for the season, and open our eyes among the fudgerations of mankind! In the simplicity of its mind,—the simplicity of the dove savouring not a little of the goose,—the literary world chose to attribute the epithet to the delectation of our ears, rather than of our understandings; comparing the voices of a tumultuous city with the drone of a bee,—a beetle,—a spinning-wheel,—a bagpipe,—all the worst drowsinesses of this sleepy earth!—But praise be to the century of Mechi's patent strop, and similar inventions, we have become sharp enough to know that the hum-bugs, rather than the hum-drums, were in the mind of John Milton when he described the pleasures of the metropolis!

The first thing, Heaven knows, which is likely to strike an unsophisticated country gentleman in our Tower of London-ed city, is the prodigious "*hum* of men!" From high to low,—we were about to write it from *top* to bottom,—humming is the grand science of the day; and of the innumerable signs and advertisements put forth by shop-keepers and office-keepers, more than three parts might be comprehended under the sweeping phrase of—"mountebankery in all its branches."

Which of our great men has not played the charlatan in his turn?—Which of our popular characters has not favoured us with a touch of his sleight of hand or head? Cicero expressed his wonder how two Roman augurs could meet, face to face, without exploding with laughter at the success of their impostures. We have often marvelled how the triumphant hummers of the day could rise to answer each other in either house of parliament, with as decent a gravity as though they were in earnest! We have often wondered at the perfect sedateness of a fashionable physician and a couple of his brethren, meeting in consultation over the plethora of a dowager sick of four meals a day, and a bottle of Madeira.—We have often admired the imperturbable features of an auctioneer in vogue,—one of the greatest hummers of the hammer,—improvisating Raphaels and Claudes, as though such things were to be sold by the bushel, like walnuts. And above all, we have stood aghast at the virtuous indignation,—the energy of magnanimity,—the more than Roman virtue, thrilling in the soul of a hireling advocate, retained to wash white some blackamoor engrained as ebony, while endeavouring to rub off some of the sootiness of his client's complexion on the cheeks of the adverse party. The humming of the long robe may, in fact, be regarded as the Sublime and Beautiful of humming!

The French have a proverb, that such a one "hums like a dentist,"—("*il ment comme un arracheur de dents.*") For our own parts, we have always looked upon tooth-drawing as one of the positive professions. We *have* heard, indeed, of fashionable dentists who, when applied to for an operation, assigned that day six weeks as what creditors call "their earliest convenience,"—drawing a tooth at forty days' sight, as they would draw a bill;—but generally speaking, they are monsters as un*hum*ming as in*hum*an.

The hum of men is, however, an art or science—

"Wearing strange shapes, and bearing many names."

The plate-glass windows of a bargain-shop,—or the programme of a patent theatre,—may be quite as fine a specimen of the accomplishment as ever preached in a tract, or fudged in a pamphlet! A meeting at Exeter Hall,—a meeting at the Rotunda,—a monster-meeting in Ireland, or a pigmy meeting at home,—a charity meeting of young lords out of work during the opera recess,—or a treason meeting of commons out of employ during the parliamentary,—alike hum,—alike *argumentum ad humming 'em*, but addressed to divers classes of the community.

We all know how Mackenzie's wife rebuked the author of the "Man of Feeling," for his attendance at cockfights; and that Jean Jacques, who wrote such divine essays on the beauty of parental love, as to convert all the fair Parisians into wet-nurses, sent his children to the Foundling Hospital the moment they were born. Thesis was the hum of men of letters. Of our contemporaries of literature, we say nothing; satisfied of the beam in our own eye which should teach forbearance towards their ophthalmic afflictions. But we may be permitted in a general way to observe, that some of the most solemngated among them are, under their raven's plumage, amazingly funny fellows; and most of those who do the comical, as dull as dormice, under their mask.

It has been the standing joke of a whole century against the booksellers, that a respectable country parson, having taken a volume of sermons to town for publication, during the mania for Sterne and "Tristram Shandy," was accosted with the question then addressed to every new author touching his works: "Pray, sir, is there any *humour* in them?" But the notion seems to have been prophetic. For no one will deny that the ripest humour going, now-a-days, is hatched under a gown and band.

One of the most amusing traits of the hum of men in the present age, is the spasmodic morality afflicting the public constitution. Every now and then it is taken virtuous, to a degree that threatens the eradication, root and branch, of all existing vices. Septennially or so, the symptoms return, with redoubled violence. An immoral actor is driven from the stage by his worsers; or a foreign singer, less correct in her conduct than her vocalization, is dismissed from the ancient music,—facetiously called the Queen's Bench of Bishops. It is true that, between the acts of this national comedy of the "Hypocrite," the audience of hummers consoles itself with cakes and ale, venting their bravoes on Alice Lowe, and their shouts in honour of some foreign Nero;—just as those strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels, the citizens of the great world, turn their backs upon some thoughtful man for his want of orthodoxy, and rush to their doors to welcome the tilted Jews of fashion, whose turtle, venison, and champagne are beyond the reach of controversy!

These are first-rate specimens of the "hum of men," such as John Milton considered it worth while to come to town now and then for the purpose of enjoying!————Magistrates who encage little boys for playing at chuck-farthing, and wink at Crockfords,—senators who vote for the suppression of fairs, and spend half their lives at horse-races,—serious families, which eschew the dancing-master, but replace his services by those of a drill-serjeant of the guards,—or others keep holy the Sabbath by sending their servants to bed at ten o'clock on Sunday nights, after keeping them up till two, after the opera, on

Sunday mornings;—Puseyites who mortify themselves by holding the plate for the poor, and mortify the poor by putting into it a sorry sixpence of their ten thousand a-year;—landed gentry, who are for trade as free as air, and the strict letter of the corn-laws,—and manufacturing gentry who are for bread as cheap as dirt, and no trade more free than welcome;—these, and millions more of the professors of Hum in the London University, are well worth a sojourn in the "tower'd city," to contemplate in the full bloom of their hypocrisy.

Another standard jest with the laughter-loving, is the question that passes between *Mrs. Kitty* and her guest, in "High Life Below Stairs:" "Who wrote Shikspur?"—"Ben Jonson, to be sure!" But the question would be anything but a joke, if applied among the fashionable authors of the day. "Who wrote Lord ——'s novel?" would be a libel, by force of truth. We are acquainted with an able literary man, whose works, under various aristocratic sponsorships, have enjoyed the most brilliant success;—encouraged by which, he commenced disposing on his own account of the chickens of his hatching. But, alas! they had lost their flavour! The *imprimatur* of the coronet was wanting! For, as Hudibras says—

> "The pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat,"

and the hummers had no notion of being treated honestly.

Another writer of the day, whose works suddenly attained a notoriety such as suits the purposes of publishers fully as well as fame, was suddenly seen to collapse, like a perforated balloon, and fall as flat as his own volumes! The unsophisticated stood aghast. "Earth hath its bubbles," and the scribbler they loved was of them. At length, the mystery was explained. At one of the fashionable club-houses appeared an advertisement of—"Wants a situation, Monsieur Saindoux, late cook to the author of ————; also a butler and footman, from the same establishment." The joke was well imagined; because the joke was earnest. Nor is the turbot-kettle and jelly-mould by any means an unexampled mode of humming a way to a reputation.

But if a select few hum their way to literary fame per aid of dinners, many more hum their way to dinners per aid of literary fame. There is a little man, a dot upon the eye of Apollo, who, finding his infinitesimal proportions, moral and physical, overlooked among the lofty aspirings of the day, set up, a few years ago, with enormous success, a sort of editor of the lady's-magazinish-influence at the west-end of the "tower'd city." "A fetcher and carrier of bags,"—a dealer in light articles for heavy reviews,—a marine-store keeper of the pilfered orts and ends of literature,—a patchworker of the piquant anecdotes of the newest French memoirs,—this Monsieur Trissotin of May Fair imposed himself on the dinner-giving dowagers, as the Arbiter Elegantiarum of modern literature; wherein his name has about as much weight and influence as that of one of the printer's devils! But then, the little animal serves as a sort of opera-glass, let out on hire at so much per dinner, through which the *beau monde* may contemplate at its ease the *entre-chats* of the busy world of letters;—and by dint of humming, sixpennyworth of literature has bought him out and out seven capital dinners a week!

Again, who has not heard of the physician, whose present opulence

is derived from the arch-humming of having stationed his empty carriage, day after day, before certain houses in the fashionable streets and squares. The coachman had orders to stop, wherever Sir Walter Farquhar's carriage was seen stopping; and supposed to be in perpetual consultation; wherever a consulting physician was wanted, he was called in. There was something of the humorist however in *this* way of humming his way to celebrity.

Nothing more diverting to those behind the scenes than the manœuvres by which certain county members manage to obtain audiences of the home-secretary, or the colonial secretary, or the chairman of the board of trade,—to talk about chalk and cheese;—in order that their country constituents may admire in half-a-dozen morning and evening papers, "Yesterday, Mr. Thingumajee, M.P., had an audience of Lord Plausible, in Downing-street."

The hum of public dinners, by way of bellows, to blow up a prodigious furnace of popularity, is now but as the conjuring trick of a fair compared with those of the Wizard of the North. Certain dandies, when they are going to dine at their club, write themselves little *billet-doux* on coloured paper, which they cause to be brought in by the waiters during dinner, to give themselves the air of being immensely in request. We suspect that many a public dinner and testimonial is similarly concocted! We have certainly heard of an East Indian general, who subscribed a hundred pounds towards a sword for himself,—styling himself of course, in the subscription-list—"a friend to merit,"—as a testimonial of gratitude from his regiment "for the unequalled state of discipline into which it had been brought by his zeal!"

And why not? Many authors review their own books;—many painters criticise their own pictures;—many ladies write verses on their own portraits, in the "Book of Beauty." But on that point—mum! At present, we have only endeavoured to tickle off a few specimens of "the Hum of Men!"

"STORY OF A FEATHER," &c.—WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

This thoroughly English writer is still young enough to give promise of his waging a "thirty years' war" with Vice and Folly, yet a long period has elapsed since he first began to "cut his bright way" through the accumulating dulness of the stage, and to shower his sharp youthful opinions like needle-points about the tingling ears of the play-goer. He must have been but a mere boy when he commenced the war of jest, whim, and sarcasm, in the theatre, and as a dramatist (for we believe he never "adapted" a theatrical piece in his life) obtained frequent and wide popularity.

But in the earliest of his crude and careless stage-essays, there were strong home-points that told with the audience; the joke and the pathos came direct from the spring that have yielded both so freely and effectually since; and the native spirit of an original writer was manifestly struggling to give expression to its own crowding thoughts and sensations in its own eager and inconsiderate way. There were nine parts wit, to one of wisdom—a large mixture of the obscure and erratic marring the most felicitous image; but there was an intellectual keenness in measuring all it looked upon in the world, and a moral

ardour so brightening and warming the whole scene, that (repulsive as the agency might be) the generous and healthful purpose could hardly be hidden—which had only to ally themselves with just so much care as was soon shewn in the construction of plots and the consideration of theatrical necessities, to ensure a more equal, agreeable, and artist-like result.

This came, in such dramas as the "Housekeeper," the "Rent-day," and, later, in the "Prisoner of War;" though to our own taste more pleasantly by far in the truths sweet though stern, the play of fancy with deep meaning in its laughter, and the honest unaffected moralities working in the interest of pieces like the "Schoolfellows," and "Doves in a Cage." These are little humble dramas illustrative of a true humanity, and springing from it.

The audience, at a play of Mr. Jerrold's, is often worth watching. As the dialogue flings its shells and crackers about the house, you detect the "guilty creatures" of the world of pomps and vanities and lusts of the flesh. The explosion of the sharp scorching joke is heard in loud laughter; but look—and you will see people wince here and there; uneasiness shadowing their mirth. While it affects a neighbour, the satire has a honeyed sweetness for them; but self-application, which they cannot suddenly avoid, presently turns it to wormwood.

The spirit of satire which animates so much of the dialogue of this dramatist has been in many critical quarters, partly for the reason alluded to, confounded with a misanthropic spirit. No mistake can be greater. To write bitter truth (and her deepest waters, though sweetest in their influences, are sometimes to the taste, yea, very bitter) is not necessarily to use a quill dipped in gall; to thrust a pen's point touched with healing balm into the unsound places of a man's heart, is not to hate him, to say nothing of all his race! To wound the offender with words only, to apply but the lash of laughter to him, is not to scarify the innocent, and play the misanthropist at the cost of weeping humanity.

Few monitors could more consistently or constantly "do their spiriting" in gentleness and benevolence of heart. There is ever a large, an unmisgiving and acute sympathy for erring suffering humanity, breathing in his writings. It glows in the rosy jovial cheeks of his revelry, and gushes from the laughing eyes of wit like tears. His scowl, at the worst, is next door to a smile, his caustic and apparently relentless humour is neighboured by a charity; and the sharp wind that may seem to bite wherever it blows can breathe lightly, and play sportively with flowers in a mild May mood of its own.

Thus much in vindication of the full intent and general spirit of Mr. Jerrold's writings. But if we were to go further, and contend that impatience of wrong and hatred of the wrong-doer, compassion for the lot of the wretched, and intolerance of the excuses set up for it by sordid, worldly and ignorant reasoners, have not on a hundred occasions hurried him into rank injustice to men and classes of men; that his scorn of chicanery and imposture has not sometimes involved also a scorn of discrimination and wise judgment, a feeling venting itself in a spirit of personality, and vehemently denouncing one prejudice only to fall into another—many a drama, and many a storied sketch and picture of his, would rise up to memory and contradict us.

When writing of the relative positions of the over-rich and the very poor, we sometimes see that he so commiserates the privations and

sufferings of poverty, as to create a feeling that he is for carrying on a crusade against riches. "The rich," generally, are too roundly rated, as though they were a class of offenders.

In fact, this tendency to bitterness, and inconsiderate because unmeasured censure of "the world," was for a time acquiring a dangerous strength in this writer, who seeming to forget for a season the simple truth registered by L. E. L., that—

"Only by looking up can we see Heaven,"

appeared to find a better use for his far-seeing eyes by gazing downwards, and tracing the foot-prints of his fellow-men through the miriest paths of their varied travels. This habit prevails most in his "Men of Character," and least in his latest performances;—wherein we are at a loss to perceive any dash of acerbity—any gloominess or severity of view—any harsh repulsive doctrines, undiscoverable in those great masters of the heart's philosophy, whom it is plain he passionately admires. It is but in a small portion of his pages that his hatred of vice seems stronger than his love of virtue, and that his experience of the sunny growth of the one withers and nips his blossoming faith in the other, instead of warming it into renewed life and endowing it with quickened action.

But a habit detrimental to the best of his pieces, dramatic or otherwise, may be more fairly remarked upon, as a consequence, either of his resolution to let fly over the house-top every arrow that came to hand, though it should graze the harmless by-stander while it pierced the evil-doer, or (as it may be) of his utter inability to keep his strong-bow unbent for an instant. One of the best uses of a repute for brilliancy is when it operates in averting a morbid fear of being dull; but this "sweet use" Mr. Jerrold was long in discovering. He seemed to think that, not being the wicked child, he must necessarily be the good one in the tale—that he must always utter diamonds when he spoke, the rather that people said they were toads. In fact, he was nothing if not witty and sententious. The habit of sarcasm and repartee grew as he wrote. The characters he invented, and gave names to, lost their identity, and emulated each other in phraseological accomplishment—in the neatness of their points and the adroitness of their exercises. His lamplighters would deign to discourse of nothing lower than the stars, and his fishermen would pick up shells by the great ocean of truth, like a Newton. His very cross-sweeper would have something fine and cutting to say of King, Lords, or Commons. The dullest people would become epigrammatic in tone, in purpose sarcastic or sentimental. All his characters were clever; but that was little—all were in turn wits and philosophers, however far from their nature joke or sentiment might be; and when some "necessary action of the play," some portion of the narrative most essential to be understood, came to be entertained, plain explanatory words seemed to the writer tame, flat, and unprofitable. They were spared accordingly; the very explanation was entrusted to an aphorism, or a *double entendre;* and the audience, or the reader, as it might happen, retired to bed in the dark, complaining, not unreasonably, of the obscurity of the tale. This, we venture to suspect, is the simple cause why more than one otherwise excellent production of this writer has either totally or partially failed on the stage.

The objection applies most strongly to his dramas; but then his

habits as a dramatic writer influence him in all he does. Mr. Jerrold never writes long without getting into the dramatic vein, and making his characters act. His wanderings, if frequent, are brief;—all his digressions, however philosophical, are pointed and terse; but then his narrative is frequently so, too, where we require it to be rich and flowing. His page is too much crowded, not with abstract speculation that has little thread, or none, to connect it with the story, but with ideas turning up one after another, like "mountain daisies" by the plough, till illustration is linked with illustration. He is one of the few authors, dead or living, who can be charged with employing too many thoughts and too few words to clothe them. His style thus wants depth and fulness; it is too much alike on all subjects; it has often a bare, quaint, angular look, almost crabbed, as if it would scorn to charm us if it could—and rarely indeed carries us by a grand sweep upward, there pausing, "like an eagle dallying with the wind."

One of the works by which Douglas Jerrold will be most favourably known is the last he has published, the "Story of a Feather," which had been made familiar, page by page, to thousands of readers in the columns of "Punch." It is a little tale full of humour and tenderness, fantastic and yet simple; illustrative of the humblest dullest daily life, and yet ascending in its fancy and its sentiment, to that point of earth which is "nearest the stars." The story of the ostrich-feather, plucked from the parent bird, transferred from the Cape to the civilized city, from the pale, thin hands of Patty Butler, the feather-dresser, to the princely brow radiant with court glory, its descent into common life by natural stages, its pleasant theatrical flutter in the sight of Clive and Garrick,—and thence to the end of its risings and fallings,—carries the reader, easily borne with it, through a chequered and untiring course of humanity. The incidents, closely enough connected by the transition and the mingling of characters in the great play of life, interest by their ordinary truth or the farcical effects of which they are made susceptible; and the characters, whether in their pure dignity, or their coarse but unexaggerated depravity, are not far removed from our actual experiences of Good and Evil Spirits in society.

We prefer, however, the pathos to the humour of this story; the author's sensibility moves us more than his wit. Patty, the drooping, the elevated; courageous in weakness, inflexible amidst bewilderment, radiant and companioned in forlorn solitude, makes bright the very city which is to her as her life's grave, and draws us in more loving folds to that human nature which yet seems to fling her like a weed from its bosom.

The picture of the poor feather-dresser, with the happy contrasts surrounding it, is one of melancholy and enduring beauty; and the stage-scenes are as full of freshness, accuracy, and life, as if they had been sketched from the originals in the green-room of a past age.

This picture of realities, in a fanciful form, evinces, in many ways, a nicer taste than of old, and a more judiciously directed search into humanity for subjects fitted to enliven and elevate. The author, we believe, does not confine his illustrations to such themes, but is a commentator upon a free scale on much that is passing around us. If so, his topics may not be always at his own command. But gratitude for a pleasure enjoyed prompts the wish, that, whether in a serious or a laughing mood, he may never want a Feather, when he would take up the pen.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH OF COLONEL STANLEY.—A MAN'S ENEMY MAY LAMENT HIS FALL MORE THAN A FRIEND.—CHESTERFIELDIAN MORALS.—THE MORAVIAN.—HUGH IN CUSTODY.

A SAD and turbulent scene did the moon that night look down on: Manesty, the murderer, flying for his life from the pursuit of Oglethorpe, Hibblethwaite, and others; and Stanley stretched on the earth with features deformed by agony, while every gasp forced a red stream from his wound. Young Manesty and the earl seemed paralysed at the death-struggle before their eyes; but Brooksbank viewed the scene with perfect *sang-froid:* he had come to the ground to see the shedding of blood, and to him it was indifferent who was the sufferer. Strange to say, the knowledge that his friend had fallen, not in combat, but by the hand of an assassin, failed to arouse his sympathies; to be a man of feeling was beneath the stern dignity of a soldier.

Differently, indeed, was Hugh affected by this event. His implacable enemy was destroyed; but in what manner! Could he have reinstated himself in the position he held when he arose in the morning —could he again have enjoyed the honourable estimation of his brother merchants—a flourishing property, and a sweet hope of an alliance with Mary Stanley, he would have forfeited all to restore his persecutor to life. The groans, the convulsed visage, and the gushing blood of that wretched man, tortured him beyond endurance. He had borne his own afflictions proudly; but this last and horrible addition to his misery made the burden too heavy, and his heart sank under it.

"Captain Brooksbank!" ejaculated he, "your friend will die, unless instant aid is procured. O God, that it should come to this! Drive, I beseech you, to Liverpool, for a surgeon. I will not for one instant leave Colonel Stanley."

"To take any trouble about it would be useless," returned Brooksbank. "Stanley can't live ten minutes; before the expiration of which time, we shall all be in custody if we stay here. A man's first duty is to take care of himself. I'm off. You and his lordship may do as you like."

Having said this, he hastened to the post-chaise, which had brought him and Stanley to Wavertree, and drove away at a rapid pace.

This selfish cold-heartedness opened a new source of bewilderment to Hugh, whose knowledge of the world was too confined to permit even a suspicion of the monstrous cruelty of self-interest. Stanley could do nothing more for Brooksbank—why should Brooksbank care for Stanley? Pity was not given us to be cast away for nothing. Why should we sow where we cannot hope to reap? Commiseration is a ledger affair. How much profit may be cleared by investing it? "That is the question."

> "Kindness is subtle, covetous,
> If not a usuring kindness; as rich men deal gifts,
> Expecting in return twenty for one."

Young Manesty, however, was not hardened into this sordid depravation. Seeing that the dying man was left without a friend, he resolved, as far as in him lay, to supply that deficiency. Bending by the side of Stanley, he raised his head, supported it on his knee, and wiped away the death-perspiration that hung on his forehead and cheek.

"Here will I stay till all is over," said Hugh, to the earl. "Meanwhile, let me beseech you, for Heaven's sake, to fetch a surgeon from Liverpool."

Lord Silverstick seemed for awhile undetermined how to act. "I do not altogether approve," at length observed he, "the callous desertion of his principal by Captain Brooksbank. Still, prudence is a great virtue. Without it, our lives would be excessively miserable. Lord Chesterfield has many excellent remarks on this head; and it behoves every man of quality to bear them in mind. His morals are profitable. I recollect his saying, 'Nothing could be more perfectly foolish in any one than to suffer his feelings to lead him away from expediency.' This I call practicable wisdom, Hugh; it is pretty generally acted on, I assure you; and I think you will admit that, to say the least, it would be extremely inconvenient for one in my station to be taken before a magistrate, as having been present at a murder. I came here with you to assist at a gentlemanly arbitrement. That it should have terminated in assassination is not my fault nor yours. I shall depart from Liverpool with all speed. Will you come with me?"

"And leave this unhappy victim to die alone? Never!" exclaimed young Manesty.

"Then, my dear friend, until I have the happiness to see you again, accept *mes adieux*."

The earl disappeared as quickly as Captain Brooksbank had done, and Hugh was left alone with the dying man. The rattle of Lord Silverstick's coach-wheels soon died away in the distance. Silence returned, investing the scene with additional solemnity. Hugh bound his handkerchief over Stanley's wound with an endeavour to stanch the oozing blood. What would he not have given for some restorative which might mitigate the sufferer's fierce agonies—for even a cup of water to moisten his parched tongue!

Hugh looked around him—all was vacant. He listened intently, hoping to catch some distant sound of footsteps. In vain. Nothing could be heard but Stanley's heavy groans. Thus, supporting the head of his ghastly companion, did he remain a weary space of time. At length, he shouted aloud for help twice or thrice. The last shout was answered; and Ozias Rheinenberger appeared.

Having sorrowfully gazed at Stanley, the Moravian spoke; and his measured enunciation sounded dismally in the night air.

"This is a dreadful sight, Hugh Manesty! I know that thy hands are innocent of blood in fact, but not in intention. Thou camest here on a senseless, and a wicked, and a savage errand. The fatal business is beginning to be known in Liverpool. The moment I heard of it, I hastened to the spot to find, and, if possible, comfort thee; for of a surety none can so grievously need comfort as he who hath offended against the ordinances of the Most High. Lo, here will I abide with thee. Others will soon be in the place—ministers of justice."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Hugh; "then something may yet be done to save this unfortunate man."

"Let us hope so," answered Ozias. "Thy uncle—how have I been

deceived in him!—is indeed a fearful man of blood. Like unto Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal, he hath made slaughter the road to power; and even as Abimelech perished, so will he. And yet, would I could save him, and cause him to repent, for I owe much to the name of Manesty; but it may not be!"

Poor Hugh groaned in bitterness of heart.

"I wonder not to see thee so troubled in spirit," resumed the Moravian. "In the eye of worldly law, thy crime is not great. Thou shalt not lack my counsel and company. Wherever they take thee, I will be by thy side."

"My heart thanks you, Mr. Rheinenberger!" ejaculated young Manesty.

"But thy uncle," continued Ozias. "What is to become of him? Alas! I fear he is lost, body and soul. Avenging men are hotly on his track; among whom is Richard Hibblethwaite, who (so I hear) is mad with rage at something he has recently discovered. I tremble to think John Manesty's speedy death may not be averted. My heart yearns to save him *after* death. He hath tempted Satan to tempt him. O God!" added the Moravian, with uplifted eyes, "be merciful, even unto him, a desperate sinner!"

Further discourse was prevented, by the arrival of four persons, three of whom were constables, bearing a litter; the other was a medical man.

It appeared, that though the pursuit of Manesty was the chief object of Oglethorpe and his followers, one of the latter was nevertheless dispatched to the public office of Liverpool with news of Manesty's fresh atrocity, which Oglethorpe had witnessed on approaching the group, and with a requisition for assistance on the spot. This astounding news was buzzed about, and reached the ears of the Moravian.

Hugh was immediately taken into custody; and the surgeon having, as well as he was able, examined Colonel Stanley's wound, ordered him to be placed in the litter, and conveyed to his own house. Young Manesty, the officer who had charge of him, and Ozias Rheinenberger, then proceeded to the magistrate's office, where, after examination, Hugh was held to bail to appear, should any charge be made against him. His sureties were the Moravian, and another of the "Unitas Fratrum;" the former of whom took the afflicted young man to his (Rheinenberger's) own house.

News was brought to them, in the course of the night, that Stanley had expired on the litter, as they were carrying him home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAWYER VARNHAM'S PERFIDY AND ITS RESULTS.—MRS. YARINGTON AND MARY STANLEY.

JOHN MANESTY had not long left Varnham's house before that respectable attorney, having sent away the constables in the passage, took counsel with himself how far he might be able to obtain possession of the secrets contained in the portmanteau, and yet secure the five hundred pounds for delivering it to the person authorized by Manesty to receive it. In this interesting and all-absorbing contemplation, he was oblivious of Mr. Mott in his narrow prison. Having ordered his clerk to deny him to any applicant, the lawyer

took the portmanteau from his iron chest, inspected the lock and seals, and soon determined on further proceedings.

If the rules of honour and common honesty cannot withhold a man from doing wrong, other impediments offer but feeble resistance. "A mould," thought Ezekiel, "might be taken from the seals, and counterfeits be thus obtained."

The lock was evidently a good one, and could not easily be picked nor opened by such keys as Varnham possessed; but then, with a little patience and dexterity the rivets might be withdrawn and refastened. In patience and dexterity the lawyer was not deficient; so he applied himself to his task, and, having formed what are called matrices of the different seals capable of renewing the impressions, he melted and disengaged the wax. His next process was to withdraw the rivets by which the hasp of the lock was fastened. This was so adroitly accomplished as not to threaten any difficulty in the work of restoration. The contents of the portmanteau were thus placed in Varnham's power.

Mysterious indeed, but wise and blessed, are the works of the Creator! His mighty protection is manifest even in the acts of daring men. Was not Jeroboam tempted to stretch out his hand against the man of God at the altar in Bethel? And did he not, by so doing, draw down a withering curse upon his arm, and bring evil on all his descendants? Without a consideration such as this, it might seem marvellous that so cautious and crafty a man as John Manesty should leave writings from which (ambiguous and fragmentary as they were) it might be possible to form damning conclusions. But so it was.

The first paper which Varnham drew forth was a diary, embracing not only certain memorandums leading to an inference of the gradual and long-sighted treachery by which he had undermined the elder Hibblethwaite, but some obscure hints only intelligible on the supposition, that, by subtle poison, brought from the West Indies, he had destroyed that unsuspecting man in the memorable room in the corn-store. To kill him was unquestionably more merciful than, by a series of villanous acts, to drag him to poverty. In the present day the latter is the current plan among unprincipled men. That Manesty chose the former method, was not out of charity for his victim, but because he thought the shortest road the best. No wonder that, with trembling apprehension, he concealed his papers both at Pool-lane and at Wolsterholme. His besotted incontinence of pen (whatever might have been his views) was a necessary agent in the fulfilment of eventual justice.

Varnham did not stop to read more. He knew that Dick Hibblethwaite, fool and spendthrift as he was, retained a wreck of his property; that he could yet pay handsomely for such information as was developed in the written document, which afforded evidence sufficient of the foul practices of Manesty towards his father and himself. To young Hibblethwaite, therefore, Varnham immediately repaired; and, after representing that he had facts of vital importance to communicate, and binding him to secrecy, obtained from him a valuable *douceur*. Dick's astonishment at the interpretation which he could not fail giving to the writer's memorandums, was overcome by a spirit of vengeance against him whom he now believed to be the destroyer of his father; and he swore never to rest till he had hunted him even to death. Hearing that Oglethorpe had a warrant to apprehend Manesty, the young man

attached himself to the pursuing party—provided horses for every member of it, and was himself mounted on his blood-mare, Jessy.

On returning to his house, and again secluding himself in his room, with a view to a further examination of the portmanteau, Varnham was startled by a low knocking, seemingly against the wainscot. Guilt starts at trifles. Ezekiel looked round in dismay; but no one was in the apartment except himself. Again the knocking was heard, and for a moment the lawyer underwent a tremor at the idea that some invisible agent was rebuking his treachery. "Let me out!" cried a voice; and then, though not till then, did the lawyer recollect that Mott was locked in the parlour closet. Hurrying the portmanteau out of sight, Varnham released the prisoner, who, staggering forward, sank exhausted into a chair.

"Why, you look ill, my friend," said Ezekiel, opening the window, and admitting air.

"Enough to make a man look ill, and feel ill, too," returned Mott. "I've been jammed upright in that infernal cupboard two hours at least. Why didn't you let me out before you went out yourself?"

"I was called away by pressing business, and actually forgot you, Mott," replied Varnham. "Shall I order you some refreshment?"

"No," said Mr. Mott, sulkily. "To speak upright and downright, Mr. Varnham, I am able to prove that you've took and compounded felony. If you hadn't opened that closet door, I should have took John Manesty upon a charge of murder, as sure as eggs is eggs."

"Not you," responded the lawyer. "I mean no offence to you, Mott, but *two* better men than you would have been required to secure the merchant. Talk no more nonsense, man; but be thankful that by providing you with a retreat, I prevented the blowing out of your brains by John Manesty's pistol."

"When an officer's on service," observed Mott, with a dogged air, "ain't it his duty to expose his precious life to all hazards? Though I'm a husband and a father, Mr. Varnham, and have three small babbies and a wife to provide for, yet my body belongs to our sovereign lord the king, in the execution of the statutes as by law——"

"I know all about that," interrupted Varnham. "Say no more. Here are a couple of guineas for you."

"I don't think it's altogether agreeable to my duty to take 'em," returned Mott, handling the money. "I never, in all my life, took a bribe, especially on service."

"But you are not on service now," observed the lawyer. "Besides, you know you can trust *me*. Put the coin in your pocket, Mott, and say no more about it."

The constable did as he was bidden. Then assuming a very grave and important face, he said—

"There's another thing, Mr. Varnham, which you and I must just understand one another about, afore I leave this room."

"Why, what's the matter now?" demanded Ezekiel, in a trembling voice.

"I see you through the key-hole," pursued Mr. Mott, "a taking moulds of seals, and drawing out of rivets from a lock to a portmantel. It *may* be all right, you know, or it mayn't; but if any question about papers in a portmantel should ever come up, and I should be put upon my bodily oath as to what I see when I was locked into the cupboard,

I must speak the truth, Mr. Varnham. It's clean agen the law to commit perjury."

The lawyer shook from head to foot. Oh, how he cursed his forgetfulness! His golden project was in danger of a disgraceful miscarriage. What was to be done?

"My good friend," said Varnham, coaxingly, "what you saw me do, was done from the best motives. You will, I am sure, believe me when I say so. But one is obliged sometimes to do good by stealth, as the saying is, and I wish to confer a benefit without any one suspecting me as the agent. You understand me. So strong, indeed, is this desire of mine, that I am disposed to make it worth your while to be silent on this head. In short, I'll give you something handsome, Mott."

"How much?"

"Why, twenty guineas. There! What think you of that?" said Varnham, as if he were offering an unheard-of treasure.

"It's no go," responded Mott. "Do you think I can forget such a caper as that for twenty guineas? I must have fifty, at least."

"You are hard with me," said the lawyer. "But come, as I hate quarrelling, here's the money. You are a fortunate man."

Things had indeed that morning turned out well for Mott; and he chuckled in his sleeve at having, by a mere accident, and without much trouble, gained so much more than Oglethorpe was likely to obtain, even on severe and hazardous service. Varnham and his *friend* now separated with mutual smiles; but the former was not quite so silly a rogue as to feel altogether secure that his secret in Mott's hands was inviolable. Neither did Mott mean that it should be so, if a good opportunity were to offer. No popular fallacy is so great as the adage, "Honour among thieves."

"Fifty-two guineas gone!" exclaimed Varnham. "A trifle more than my fee from Hibblethwaite. And, worse than all, I am in the power of that scoundrel Mott. What could have possessed me to forget him? I was too hot upon my gains. Fool, fool! I wish Mott had been fairly suffocated in the closet, and tumbled out a heavy corpse when the door was opened. I shall be a slave to that fellow as long as I live. Well, it can't be helped. Fate was against me."

It was some time before the lawyer resumed his examination of the portmanteau."

Meanwhile, intelligence of Manesty's flight—of his last atrocious deed, and of Hugh's apprehension as a supposed accessory in the murder of George Stanley, reached Eaglemont. Sir Hildebrand was at first overpoweringly amazed and virtuously indignant. These emotions, however, gradually gave way to a feeling of self-congratulation that John Manesty's guilt might, in the end, absolve him (the baronet) from certain heavy liabilities he was under to the merchant. Sir Hildebrand was no party in the murder of his nephew. Why, then, should he suffer his lamentation at that event to blind him to the "goods the gods provided?" So truly does the old proverb say, "It is an ill wind indeed that benefits no one!" And so surely does love of self blind some men to the sufferings of others.

But a far different effect was produced by the news on the hearts of Mary Stanley and Mrs. Yarington. The former of these ladies was distracted when informed of the violent fate of her cousin, and the supposed peril of Hugh. The latter was breathless as if she

heard the voice of Fate, after long silence, announcing a terrible consummation.

"A long and fearful tragedy has passed before my eyes," said the widow, to Mary Stanley; "but I feel that the catastrophe is fast approaching. John Manesty will never be taken alive, depend on that. He cannot, however, escape—he cannot escape! His last journey has come. He is flying, with whirlwind speed, to death. Dreadful reprobate as he is, I cannot help pitying him. My heart is overladen. Bear with me, Mary!" continued she, bursting into a passionate flood of tears.

The deepening mystery which hung over Mrs. Yarington drew Mary Stanley from her own sorrows, for not even these could hinder the strong emotion of curiosity. She burned with impatience to learn the strange facts concealed in the widow's bosom. But so bitter seemed the sufferings of the latter, that Mary viewed them with silent respect; and Mrs. Yarington, after endeavouring without success to regain her composure, retired to the solitude of her own room. Her meditations there are known only to herself and Heaven.

In the morning, she appeared more calm and collected, though something in her deameanour seemed to indicate that her serenity was forced. She inquired of the servants if any fresh news had been heard of Manesty. On their answering in the negative, she expressed surprise, adding, "He cannot escape: the world is not wide enough to afford him a hiding-place. Wretched man! he will never sleep again, unless it be the final sleep."

"And Hugh," said Mary Stanley—"surely Hugh can be in no danger? He is too good—too honourable to be implicated in the deeds of his father."

"His father!" echoed Mrs. Yarington. "Why do you call John Manesty his father?"

"Alas!" responded Mary, "perhaps I have betrayed his confidence. You, dear Mrs. Yarington, will not, I am sure, take advantage of my want of caution."

"Did he tell you this himself?" asked the widow.

"Yes."

"Poor Hugh! What must be his agony!" ejaculated Mrs. Yarington. "For many years," continued she, "the great longing of my heart has been to visit Wolsterholme Castle. This could not be gratified, because the place had fallen, by purchase, into the hands of John Manesty, and because I heard he visited it frequently. I have already told you, that not for worlds would I stand in presence of that man. But when his career shall be over—when the grave has closed on him—I would fain again see Wolsterholme. It was the haunt of my youth, Mary. Will you go thither with me?"

"Willingly," responded Miss Stanley.

"And Hugh shall go with us too," said Mrs. Yarington. "The place is deserted, vacant, and in ruins; but I am told its quaint and formal garden still exists; and one of the rooms, called the garden-room, has been kept in repair by John Manesty. That he should go to this room once a-year, and seclude himself in it, is the only good thing I know of the ruthless merchant. God knows he had reason enough to make an annual vigil there! To stand once more in that room, with young Manesty and you, Mary, by my side, will indeed be balm to my heart."

"You have often, by obscure hints, dearest Mrs. Yarington," said Mary, "roused my curiosity. You speak of Manesty and Hugh, as if in your hands, and yours alone, some all-important secret touching them was deposited."

"Not of themselves only," responded the widow.

"Of whom else?" interrogated Mary. "Speak."

"Of myself."

"Then why not confide in me?" pursued Miss Stanley. "You know how my life is bound up in that of Hugh. I cherish, moreover, a deep and affectionate interest in yourself. Judge, then, how torturing to me is this suspense."

"I may not speak," hurriedly exclaimed Mrs. Yarington, "while John Manesty lives. After his death—for his speedy doom is inevitable—we will go to Wolsterholme. Something will be found in the garden-room to corroborate my story. Then and there, you shall know all."

HILDEBRAND; OR, THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

The time of Elizabeth is a period of which chroniclers on the one hand, and romance-readers on the other, have been as yet little disposed to tire. Those have proved golden days indeed, at least to literature; and these volumes convey a token that the old rich veins of English character, hazardous adventure, and glorious historical association characteristic of that day, have not, even up to this late hour, been worked out and exhausted.

The writer who has here ventured to construct a romance of the Elizabethan era, under the title of Hildebrand, is probably younger and less experienced than some of the popular artists by which many of the events of that time, and several of the leading lights of the golden age, have already been depicted; but he has a sufficient grasp of the subject, enough knowledge of its various bearings, and of the agencies by which, if successful, he must work his spells over the sensibility and imagination of readers, to justify his choice. Indeed, he may not unnaturally have conceived that the splendour which invests his dramatis personæ is alone sufficient to cover, at least, as many deficiencies as he has to answer for; and that with ordinary skill, and a due regard to the picturesque and the animated in incident, no narrative could lack interest which brings bodily before us such undying favorites as the great Elizabethans. No doubt, to the magic which belongs to the names of Cecil and Burleigh, Essex and Leicester, Raleigh and Drake—not to glance scarcely at the sovereign lady of the land, who is in herself a tragi-comedy, and to say nothing at all of Shakspeare, the subject greater than sovereigns—to the magic of these and other illustrious names, this story may owe a considerable portion of its charm. But apart from the spirit with which the more palpably historical portion of the tale is conducted, and the frequent dexterity and power with which remarkable persons and events are sketched, (the character of Sir Walter having more especially tasked the author's best powers of discrimination and enthusiasm, and constituting indeed his most continuous and effective effort,) there is in the story of the young Hildebrand and his voyages, a dash of good old English adventure not inadequately represented; and far more assuredly, is there in the development of Spanish character, and the portrayal of powerful passion and exquisite sentiment in the devoted and hapless Inez, contrasted with the tenderer and more regulated heroism, more enduring though less ill-fated, of the English maiden Evaline—a quality of romance, wanting neither in the capacity to excite pity or terror, to kindle curiosity, or sustain sorrow!

* An Historical Romance. By the Author of the King's Son. 3 vols.

THE PRUSSIAN PADDY GRENADIER.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

PART II.

It was a small, oddly-shaped chamber into which the Jew and the grenadier were introduced; on various shelves were placed crucibles. Seated at a furnace, in a corner of the room, was an aged Jew, of sallow complexion, intent in his employ over a melting-pot, and he was with a large blow-pipe increasing the heat of his fire. He started and trembled on perceiving a tall soldier in uniform. A word, however, in Hebrew, from Shadrach, restored him to composure.

Shadrach now inspected the pearl necklace, and made Pat Doyle an offer of a sum about the twentieth part of its value. As that sum exceeded the amount of rent due by Charlotte Baumer to her landlord, he readily agreed to take it. The two Jews exchanged glances that plainly intimated that Mr. Doyle had stolen the pearls. Shadrach, however, paid him the stipulated sum.

"Now, while your hand is in," said Patrick, "what will you give me for this?" and he drew out the silver candlestick. A price was immediately offered, and accepted, when, to the Irishman's surprise, Shadrach took up a strong hammer, and in a trice beat the candlestick to pieces, and in five minutes the whole of them were in the melting-pot, and the sallow old Jew was puffing out his lanky cheeks with more energy than ever with the blow-pipe, at the same time holding his beard away from the fire, for fear of singeing that worshipful appendage.

In the meantime, one of the priests, accompanied by the verger, went to the commissary of police, and made a deposition as to the robbery and sacrilege that had been committed, as it was conjectured, by an exceeding tall grenadier; a police spy was sent instantly to the entrance of the Jews' suburb, and a second to the barracks, and there posted near the gate to watch the soldiers on their return for the evening parade.

The substance of the observations of the two police-officers to their principal was as follows, and entered on the minute-book:—

Ferdinand Buncker deposed, that he saw a tall grenadier emerge from the Jews' Quarter; that the grenadier occasionally looked behind him as if to notice whether he was observed; that he then entered a small *café*, where he drank two glasses of brandy, in payment for which he tendered a florin; he then hastily made his way to the River-street, where he ascended the staircase of the house No. 28; that shortly afterwards he came forth accompanied by a female, by name Charlotte Baumer, mender and cleaner of lace, who walked with him to the gate of the barracks.

The major of the regiment on guard had placed Corporal Muller at the gate, the moment he heard of the robbery, and each grenadier as he entered was ordered to file to the right into the guard-room, where the police-officer was stationed, who had directions of the major to search every soldier minutely and individually.

Claus Schroeder, police-officer, deposed that he, by the orders of

the major, searched the pockets and persons of several grenadiers in the guard-room, at the entrance of the barracks; that on the first half dozen soldiers there were found only a few kreutzers and groschens, but on examining one Patrick Doyle, a foreigner in the service, he discovered a Frederic d'or, a ducat, and several florins. For the possession of this money the said Patrick Doyle could not satisfactorily account; on a more minute examination, a single pearl was found in a corner of the pocket of Doyle.

In consequence of this, Pat Doyle was escorted by a guard of his comrades, led by Corporal Muller, to the congée-house, or black-hole of the barracks, to pass the evening as agreeably as was compatible with his situation.

In the meantime, a powerful stir was made amongst the Roman-catholic population, at the gross insult and sacrilege committed at their sacred shrine. And the following morning a requisition, signed by the bishop and other dignitaries of the church of Posen, demanded that the delinquent should be delivered over to the civil power, to be dealt with according to his crime.

As the military commandant at Posen considered this to be an unprecedented case, (in war time in other countries excepted, when he and half his regiment had plundered churches and convents wholesale,) he consented to the wishes of the papist clergy, and after the due forms, Patrick Doyle was delivered up, and was placed to take his trial for the offence.

In the interim the police had been active; the single pearl that had become detached from the necklace, gave them a clue. The Jews' Quarter was so closely assailed, that friend Shadrach was induced, unwillingly it must be said, to appear as evidence against the Irishman. There could not now remain a shadow of hope for him, and the more bigoted portion of the papists were anticipating with some feelings of exultation and excitement, a public burning of the tall foreign grenadier in the market-place.

The day of trial came. The court was crowded; the novelty and enormity of the case had powerfully interested the Roman catholics, to which persuasion the principal judge and the advocates employed to prove the guilt of the prisoner, belonged.

The fine tall broad-chested Milesian was gazed at as a sort of wild beast, when he denied his guilt. The trial proceeded, during which, one of the advocates, rather incautiously, asked the prisoner in what religion he had been brought up.

"The Roman catholic," answered Pat, undauntedly. The advocate had been in hopes that Doyle as coming from Great Britain, would have professed the Protestant faith, and this might have given him an opportunity of exercising his eloquence and pious learning on the doctrines of heresy and schism, and he was perfectly prepared with argument founded on history, from the time that the monastic system was warmly resisted by Vigilantius, who thus incurred the enmity of Jerome, down to modern periods. The simple answer, therefore, of Mr. Doyle, completely upset the effect of an ocean of the advocate's learning.

The trial went on—the evidence was adduced; the verger—old Mrs. Mabel M'Gregor were examined; Shadrach proved the sale of

the pearl necklace and the candlestick. There was not a doubt on the matter to a single person in the whole court.

The prisoner was called on for his defence, when Pat Doyle, drawing himself up with astonishing self-possession, denied the commission of any theft, saying, that the Holy Virgin, from pity to his poverty, HAD PRESENTED HIM WITH THE OFFERINGS!

Mrs. M'Gregor had certainly deposed that she heard the prisoner ejaculate, as in prayer, the words, "BLESSED VIRGIN, HELP MY POVERTY."

As this was the only defence Pat Doyle had to offer, the court, affecting some little deliberation, doomed him to death as a sacrilegious robber.

Just at this time, Frederic the Second was personally superintending, with his accustomed activity, an inspection of all his regiments in quarters, rapidly travelling from place to place.

In a brief report from Count Ferhbellin, the colonel of the regiment to which the Irishman belonged, the colonel minutely detailed this singular case, to his majesty. On the king making some further inquiry, with the very extraordinary memory (which he and other crowned heads have possessed) he recollected the tall, finely-formed grenadier, whom he had previously noticed at Berlin.

In Prussia, in 1784, (and it may be the law of the present time,) whatever number of sons a peasant had, they were all liable to be taken into the military service, except one who was left to assist in the management of the farm. The rest were decorated with badges from their childhood, to mark that they were destined to be shot at, whenever honourably called upon by their country. The army of Frederic the Second amounted to 220,000 men, including 40,000 cavalry. The maintaining so large a body of troops in a country naturally unequal to it, occasioned such a drain from the population, and such a withdrawal of strength from the tillage of the earth, that Frederic the Second endeavoured to save his own peasantry by bringing as many recruits as he could from other countries.

These foreign recruits remained continually in the regiments in which they were placed; but the native Prussians had every year some months furlough, during which they returned to the houses of their parents or brothers, and worked at the business of the farm, or in any handicraft in which they might have been brought up. Every foreign recruit was, therefore, of value in the eyes of the government.

His Majesty Frederic the Second, reigned absolute through all his dominions; he was a little jealous of the increase of catholicism, although all religions were tolerated. And as the Bishop of Posen and a conclave of popish divines had decidedly made up their minds that this despoiler of their church should become a terrible example, so his majesty of Prussia secretly determined that he would thwart their mild intentions.

To strengthen their case, the Roman-catholic clergy pressed his majesty to confirm the sentence of the court as a public warning. Frederic appointed a day, when he received the bishop and the most influential of the priesthood. His majesty listened with laudable patience to the facts and the arguments; but when it came to the point of defence which the prisoner had set up, that the Madonna had presented him with the offerings, the sagacity of his majesty predominated,

and he asked the bishop and other divines, whether, according to their religion, the miracle was impossible?

They replied, that the case was extraordinary, but *not impossible.*

"Then," said Frederic, "the culprit cannot be put to death; because he denies the theft, and because the divines of his own religion allow the miracle of the gift of the articles in question, not to be impossible." The bishop turned pale—the clergy stared at each other. The king calmly proceeded, "But, gentlemen, it must be perfectly understood, that we strictly forbid this grenadier, or any other of our soldiers, under pain of death, henceforward *to receive any present from the Virgin Mary, or any saint whatever.*"

His majesty then broke up the conference, greatly to the mortification of the church dignitaries, who now upbraided themselves for having admitted the *possibility*, which gave their intended victim the benefit of the *doubt.*

Patrick Doyle, to his infinite surprise, was rescued from the punishment he merited; he had received a sufficient warning, and he vowed for the remainder of his life (of which he had so narrow an escape) never more to place it in danger, excepting in the service of the monarch whose pay he received.

We have not yet quite done with Frederic the Second and the Irish grenadier. Doyle returned to the duties of his regiment, and submitted without a murmur to all the petty annoyances and sarcasms of Corporal Muller, whose jealousy still continued, because Pat was the taller man by two inches.

The following year, the king had been suffering from gout and asthma, which it must be owned were not a little aggravated by the pleasures of the table, for his majesty, like his loyal subjects in Berlin, was attached to good feeding. The Berlin cookery is remarkable for its great variety. What must Berlin cookery have been to an Irishman, when it was deemed essential that the cook should be competent to make from *potatoes* twelve various dishes! But we digress: we must come to our concluding anecdote. Frederic the Second having partially recovered, recommenced his usual solitary rides in the neighbourhood of his capital, dressed in the plainest manner, and one day sallied forth from the celebrated Brandenburgh Gate, (erected a few years previously,) and rode into the country unattended.

When about eight miles from Berlin, he saw a young woman of gigantic stature digging in the fields. This young person was but nineteen years of age; but she stood seven feet and two inches in her shoes. She was so tall, that it was positively an inconvenience to her. If, during the holiday or carnival time, she came to Berlin, a rabble followed her in the streets;—if she accompanied her friends to a theatre, there was always an outcry from the persons behind her that she was to sit down, though, poor thing, she was already seated;—if she visited the public gardens to see the fireworks, some in the crowd were always sure to exclaim, that one solitary female was standing on a chair, and that it was unfair to the others. People who did not like to be overlooked, complained that she peeped in at their first-floor windows. The poor girl had once to travel from Berlin to Magdeburgh, and she was compelled to ride with her head out at the window of the Diligence, the whole journey, for she could not sit upright in the carriage. She had also to undergo many other minor inconve-

niences—if she wanted her hair cut, the barber was obliged to mount a pair of steps to accomplish the business;—there were no stockings ever manufactured that were long enough for her leg;—and if she wanted new articles of clothing, there was as much linen, &c. required as would furnish a bedstead. In short, she was too long.

But not so thought the King of Prussia. We have before alluded to his predilection for tall soldiers, and he imagined on looking at this splendid female specimen, that if she was mated with an equally tall person of the other sex, that a couple of the kind must produce very large children.

The regiment in which Pat Doyle served was now again quartered in Berlin.

Frederic viewed this young peasant with almost as much delight as King Arthur beheld *Glumdalca*, in the tragedy of "Tom Thumb;" so he dismounted, and entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear that she was a single woman, and that her father was so poor that she was compelled to work in the fields. The king, who was never to be driven out of any project he had once formed, mounted his horse and rode to the nearest house, where, procuring pen, paper, and sealing-wax, he wrote as follows to Colonel Ferhbellin:—

"Colonel,—You are to marry the bearer of this note to the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care that the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order: it is absolute; and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight.

"Frederic."

In penning this billet his majesty had the fortunes of Mr. Doyle in view; but he did not particularize, that he might not cause any unnecessary jealousy amongst the grenadiers of Colonel Ferhbellin's regiment. After he had sealed this epistle, he rode back to the field to the tall young lady, who wondered at the reason of being thus accosted, and gave her the letter, without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver it punctually according to the directions, and not to fail, as it was an affair of great consequence. His majesty then made her a handsome present in money, and continued his route.

The tall young woman, who had not the least idea that it was the king who spoke to her, returned home when her work was over. In the cottage where she lived lodged her aunt, a little old shrew, with a turned-up nose, blear-eyed, and smoke-dried, of a pestilent temper, but with no bad opinion of her looks, good sense, and genteel deportment.

The next day there was some hay to be stacked; and as the stack had already risen beyond the pitch of the usual run of men labourers, the tall young woman had undertaken to fork it up, and believing it to be perfectly indifferent whether the letter was delivered by another, so as it came safe to hand, she charged her brisk old aunt with the commission, laying express injunctions on her to say that she had it from a man of such a garb and mien.

The old termagant aunt was delighted at the prospect of her trip to Berlin, for she wanted to see the fashions, and to replenish her snuff-box; so she adorned herself in her bright holiday clothes, partook of a

plentiful breakfast of cabbage soup, and was soon on the road for the capital.

On her arrival she presented herself at the barracks, and the orderly on duty carried the letter to the colonel, Count Ferhbellin, who, on receiving this extraordinary mandate in the well-known and revered hand-writing of his sovereign, desired the young woman to be conducted to his presence.

At the epithet "*young* woman," the colonel was surprised at a grim smile on the countenance of the orderly, as he quitted the apartment. The colonel was more surprised when the aunt entered, and bobbed her best rustic curtsey; but he was sorely puzzled at the contents of the letter, for he could not reconcile them with the age and figure of the bearer. Yet the order being peremptory, he thought he could not without danger of the displeasure of his sovereign recede from obeying; so he commanded the orderly to send the adjutant to him. On the arrival of that functionary, the colonel inquired who was the tallest man amongst the grenadiers. The adjutant instantly replied, that the Irishman, Patrick Doyle, exceeded the whole company in stature.

It then flashed across the mind of the colonel, as he glanced at the little shrivelled shrew of a woman, that the king, in his own eccentric way, wanted to punish Patrick for his late misdemeanor, by matching him in so disagreeable a manner. And this was a very natural conjecture. So Pat Doyle was sent for.

The colonel prefacing the business, read Frederic's letter. Doyle looked at the little runt, and assuming a dejected air, exclaimed—

"Och! holy Father, what will my mother say?"

"Your mother?" inquired the colonel.

"Och! yes your honour," replied Pat; "how the divel is she ever to break the news to my poor wife!"

Mr. Doyle had his *mother* wit about him. The excellent Count Ferhbellin hearing that Doyle was already a married man, and having no means of disproving the assertion, recollected the mandate which says, "They whom Heaven hath joined, let no man part." But he felt that he must still obey the king's orders, so he suddenly asked the adjutant, "Who was the next tallest grenadier in the regiment?"

The adjutant reflected for a moment, and replied, "Corporal Muller, sir."

"Send him hither."

Pat Doyle was told to leave the room, and it was fortunate that he received the direction, for having looked once more at the queer, puckered, pippin-like countenance of the little woman, he could no longer repress his laughter on thinking of his friend the corporal's luck.

The affair was now opened to Corporal Muller, and his majesty's commands read to him by the colonel. The corporal looked very blank; but he dared not disobey the mandate of his sovereign. Accordingly, the regimental chaplain was sent for, and in the presence of the colonel and the adjutant, the little old shrew became for life, to all intents and purposes, Madame Muller, and she took a large pinch of snuff, exulting for joy, while the bridegroom was as merry as the "Dead March" in Saul.

Some time after, Frederic expressed a desire to Count Ferhbellin, to see the couple he had ordered to be married, perhaps with the

notion of ascertaining how his experiment for obtaining a stock of giants was proceeding, when Corporal Muller and his bride were presented to his majesty. The king lost his usual serenity of temper, and delivered his sentiments of disappointment in no measured terms to the colonel. He was implacable until the little old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to Heaven, and thanking Providence for conferring on her benefit the more signal and acceptable to her as unexpected.

Frederic, though mortified, could not resist laughing immoderately; but to make some amends to Muller, he promoted him. The promotion, however, did not add to the domestic happiness of Muller; for his wife led him a life of petty annoyances more galling than he had ever inflicted on Pat Doyle, or any of the recruits under drill.

Up to this point there is no moral conveyed in our tale.

Patrick Doyle continued in the Prussian service, and was in the army that was sent by Frederic-William the Second (successor to Frederic the Second) to Holland, to obtain satisfaction of the (so-called) patriots who refused to recognise the rights of the Stadtholder, and insulted his wife (the King of Prussia's sister) on her way to the Hague. Here Doyle had an opportunity of exhibiting his bravery, and soldierlike qualities. He gradually gained promotion, and in the war against France, in 1792, he held the rank of serjeant-major.

At a subsequent period, he annually and secretly slipped into the box, which was placed in the catholic chapel at Posen, for the contributions of the charitable, in aid of the poor, a sum far exceeding the amount of his delinquency.

THE TRAPPER.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

BY JOHN MILLS.

On the shores of the Hudson, in times long since passed away, an isolated being lived, bearing the name of Nick Wolsey. His solitary home was in a valley of the highlands, about a mile from the river's bank, and his occupation consisted in hunting and trapping, and trading for furs with the Indians. He was tall and gaunt, with a peculiarly stern and even melancholy expression of feature, and, from his lonely gloomy habits, seemed to claim no kith nor kindred with any living creature. The only companion of his hours was a grizzly deerhound, whose speed and strength often o'ermatched the fleetest buck; and once he closed with a silver panther, and, despite the monster's furious struggles, tore the windpipe from his throat. Crouched before the fire in the log-cabin, he would watch each move and gesture of his master, and be as ready as his shadow to obey the beck and look.

Thus years had come and gone, and still found no change in the trapper's home.

One day, a party of Indians, of the Penobscot tribe, approached his dwelling, and proffered skins, in exchange for the white man's fire—water and gunpowder. Among them was a girl of singular beauty,

and with her Nick Wolsey became suddenly and deeply enamoured. As he looked at her full, round, and faultless form, his eyes flashed with the fire in his veins, and the volcano of passion burst through each fibre of his frame. No sooner was this feeling engendered, than he strove to win the tawny-skinned beauty—as many a fair one has been won—by pouring gifts into her lap; and long before a cessation of his profuseness took place, dozens of strings of beads were twined round her arms and neck, and rings and baubles of all kinds bedizened her person. Then the whisky-flask was offered gratuitously to the company, and Nick's suit progressed with the brightness and velocity of a sky-rocket. In a short time, a demand was made for the red man's daughter, accompanied by a present of a hatchet and knife to the father, and a willing consent obtained.

A chief, whose fiery glance shewed the effects of the potent dram, bent his bow, and winged an arrow perpendicularly to the clouds; and as it drove into the earth, quivering with the force, directed the trapper to remain by the side of the weapon. Then he shot one some hundred yards, in a direct line, and the expectant bride was conducted to the spot where it fell by her father and friends. A third was then driven into the ground, a few feet from where she stood, and the chief, who acted as priest in the ceremony, addressed Nick Wolsey, by saying, as he again pointed an arrow upwards, "If my white brother would win the bird, he must catch her ere she gains her nest;" and drawing his bow, the barbed arrow twanged from the string, and away rushed the trapper to the signal. For a brief second, the coquette seemed resolved to reach the goal which would have freed her from the plighted troth; but stopping suddenly in her rapid race, she turned upon her heel, and threw herself, with a ringing laugh, into Nick's outstretched arms.

A shout of triumph announced the success of Nick's suit; and to all, *save one*, the completion appeared to give great satisfaction. This was an Indian youth, an undeclared lover of the trapper's bride. In secret he had worshipped the idol of his affection, trusting that time would enable him to gain the prize, and, when his hope seemed ripening, he saw her thus suddenly lost to him, and lost for ever.

"May the great spirit strengthen my arm!" said he, dashing forwards with all his savage nature roused within him; and like a tiger springing upon his prey, he was about burying his knife between the shoulders of the unsuspecting trapper, when backwards he went to the earth, as if a whistling bullet had crashed through his brain, in the fanged gripe of Nick's deerhound.

"Hilloa!" exclaimed the trapper, releasing his wife from an embrace resembling a grizzly bear's in tenderness. "Why, what's this about, eh?"

The drawn knife in the fallen Indian's grasp, and his ferocious aspect, quickly revealed the cause of the dog's attack, who continued to pin him to the ground in his torturing hold.

"Art jealous, man?" said Nick, laughing, and bestowing a kick of no gentle force on his prostrate enemy. "Art jealous?" And lifting him from the earth, after snatching the blade from his hand, he cuffed him, amid the jibes and jeers of his tribe, far away from the scene of his discomfiture.

Months rolled away. The maple-leaf wore the brown tint of seering autumn, and Nick Wolsey was a rough, but doating father. Upon

returning from examining his traps, late one evening, he was somewhat astonished, and not a little vexed, at his wife's neglecting to meet him, according to her wonted custom, some short distance from the log-cabin.

"Where is Minamee, I wonder?" said he, striding towards the door; and as he reached the threshold, he stumbled heavily against something laid across it. Upon stooping to ascertain the cause, he discovered the lifeless body of his faithful deerhound.

"Minamee!" he shouted, with Stentorian lungs. "Sea and earth! how did this happen? Minamee, I say!"

"Hush!" exclaimed a voice, in a whisper. "Hush, you'll wake my child."

"Wake your child!" repeated he, hearing his wife nestling her infant to her bosom, as he threw open the door. "Wake your—" the sentence was unfinished. Fell horror petrified him with the sight that presented itself; his lower jaw dropped, and his eyes seemed ready to start from their strained sockets; the warm blood curdled in his veins, and the checked pulse ceased its throbbing. Sitting before the hearth, upon the floor, there was the young mother, bearing marks of cruel violence in her gashed features and disordered dress, and pressing to her breast the headless trunk of her infant. Pale was her countenance; and the fixed, glassy stare betokened madness in all its horrid form.

"Say," screamed the trapper, rushing to the side of his demented wife—"say how—who has done this?"

"Hush!" replied Minamee. "Do you not see he sleeps?"

"God of heaven!" exclaimed he—"she's daft—gone wild—mad!" and, scarcely less so himself, the strong, bold hunter howled in his misery.

For days he was unable to learn the particulars of the terrible catastrophe. At length, a change took place in the benighted reason of his wife; but, like the remaining spark in the charred ember, it was the last effort of the mind ere death expunged its miseries.

It appeared that at sunset Minamee was preparing to set out to meet her husband, after rolling her little charge in a robe of buffalo-skin, and placing him on his bed of straw, when the long shadow of a man was cast suddenly into the entrance, and as quickly disappeared. The deerhound sprung from the floor, on which he had been lying, and, as he leaped to the doorway, followed by his mistress, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the noble animal fell dead at her feet. In an instant afterwards, the form of an Indian, whom Minamee at once recognised as the foiled assassin at her marriage, bounded into the cabin, and, despite the mother's furious struggles, clutched her child from his little couch, and brandishing his knife with savage yells, severed the head from its body.

"There," said he, pitching the corpse towards the frantic mother, "is my revenge. Blood to the red man's wrong is as water to fire. I am satisfied. Farewell!" and turning upon his heel, he quitted the spot, like one who had accomplished a noble deed, with a slow and haughty footfall.

The hitherto happy and contented home of the trapper was now desolated. It was a long, long time since tears had fallen from Nick Wolsey's eyes; but as he watched the sinking moments of his dying wife, they chased each other down his furrowed cheeks in streams, and

shewed the floodgates of his heart were open. As the sun rose, the spirit of Minamee fled.

"Revenge!" exclaimed the trapper, rising from the side of the dead body of his wife, over which he had mourned for hours. "I'll have such revenge, that in tale and story none can equal. I'll be more bloody than the panther; more cruel than beast or savage of any kind or time. Revenge!" continued he, with a convulsive laugh. "The white man's vengeance shall at least match the red."

Mounting his small but fleet horse, caught from the wild prairie, the trapper turned his head towards the west, and driving his heels into his flanks, galloped, like one reckless of life and limb, to the valley of the Mohawk. There, as he anticipated, he found the tribe from whom his Indian wife had been chosen. Brief was the horrid tale of his wrongs, and as brief his demand for justice.

"Give me," said he, "the murderer, and let me deal with him as I list."

The chiefs listened with that seeming apathy with which they listen to every relation, whether of good or of evil; and continued to send volumes of smoke, curling upwards from their lips, as they sat in a circle about the fire, without a perceptible emotion of any kind. At length the elder said, after a long silence, "My white brother says well. Let it be so. Deal with him as you list. Take him hence."

The consent obtained, a howl of savage delight burst from the trapper's breast as he pounced like a galled tiger upon his victim. "You're mine!" cried he, clutching the remorseless wretch by the throat, and lifting him from the earth in his brawny grasp like a weak, puny child. "You're mine!" repeated he; "and as ye gave no mercy, none shall be given ye."

Winding long narrow strips of untanned hide round the shoulders, arms, and wrists of his prisoner, he bound them tight to his body, and fixing one end to his rude stirrup, threw himself upon his horse to retrace his steps at a slow and leisurely pace. The trapper appeared even to select the path with care, so that the prisoner might not be injured by brake or brier in their progress.

In silence—without one word being spoken in that long, long night—they continued on through waste and wild. The unruffled Hudson reflected the clear rays of the moon, bright and unbroken as a looking-glass. The refreshing mists rolled along the sides of the highlands in graceful folds, and nothing broke on the ear but the wash of waters and the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will. Just as the first tinge of light streaked the east, the trapper arrived at the door of his cabin; and after securing his prisoner, beyond the chance of escape, to the trunk of a primeval willow hard by, he at once began the task of his unequalled, unheard of revenge. With a hatchet, he cut long and stout branches from the willow, and tying them firmly together with pieces of dried skin, formed a sort of rough, strong basket, resembling a large cradle. When this was complete, he threw his helpless captive into it, at full length, with his face upwards, and, passing strips of hide through the apertures of the cradle from his feet to his neck, bound him fast, that not even a sinew might be moved. Then, taking the corpse of his wife—ill-fated Minamee!—he placed it face to face with his prisoner. The horrified wretch clenched and ground his teeth as the body pressed upon his; but no groan escaped his lips. His bloodshot eyes revealed the anguish of his soul; still he would not

speak. In a few minutes the living and the dead were lashed together. The breathing man and putrid corpse, festering in corruption, were as one. When so much of the horrid work was finished, the trapper stood with folded arms, and, with a fiendish smile, surveyed the advancement of his task.

"And now to complete it," said he, lifting the load lightly in his arms, and placing it longways on the back of his horse tethered on the greensward. The animal sniffed the air, and would have plunged from his burthen had not the well-known voice of his master soothed and quieted him. Still he stood with fiery eyeballs and dilated nostrils, ready to fly from his own shadow as he smelt the offensive stench issuing from the cradle. Girding it, in the same fashion as the bodies were bound together, round the loins, ribs, and neck of the horse, he so contrived to fix it that neither jolt nor jar could move it from the firm position.

"Now, my eagle of the rock," said the trapper, addressing his horse—"my untamed unicorn, you shall, for the first time since ye left the prairie-grass, feel the effects of the lash;" and taking a punishing switch in his hand, he struck the animal sharply until wrought to a pitch of fury and pain. Flakes of foam flew from his mouth, and streams of perspiration rolled from every pore in his skin. Leaping in the air, like a stricken stag, he strove to snap the bond which held him, and at length, with one terrific plunge and cry of terror, broke away with the speed of thought, and swept through forest, swamp, and wild, with madness in every stride. On, on he went. The flood was passed, the prairie gained; still on he went. A wild, piercing shriek broke on the unbounded waste, and lent new fear to the maddened horse. On, on he went. The noontide sun darted his rays, unbroken by leaf or bough, upon the fleeing o'erloaded steed; but still his gallop was unslackened. His skimming shadow became gigantic in the falling light; and still he continued on. The pale moon tipped the thin fleecy clouds with her silver light; and yet his speed was unabated.

'Tis said—but ever in a whisper—by the hunters of the far west, that the horse may still be seen scouring the plains, where the footfall of man is seldom heard, with his load of the living and the dead.

LOVE IN HATE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Once I thought I could adore him,
Rich or poor, beloved the same;
Now I hate him, and abhor him—
Now I loathe his very name—
Spurn'd at, when I sued for pity—
Robb'd of peace and virgin fame.

If my hatred could consume him,
Soul and body, heart and brain;—
If my will had power to doom him
To eternity of pain;
I would strike, and die, confessing
That I had not lived in vain.

Oh, if in my bosom lying,
I could work him deadly scathe!
Oh, if I could clasp him, dying,
And receive his parting breath—
In one burst of burning passion
I would kiss him into death

I would cover with embraces
Lips, that once his love confess'd,
And that falsest of false faces,
Mad, enraptured, unrepress'd.
Then in agony of pity
I would die upon his breast!

MY HOUSE IN CECIL STREET.

BY MRS. WHITE.

THE REPRIEVE.—PART II.

Hour after hour wore on, and still the same suffocating sobs—the same bitter cries broke from the chamber beside me. What would I not have given for the means of comforting her unhappy spirit; but unconscious of the cause of her mental suffering, I knew not what anodyne to apply. One moment, the recollection of her father's friendship, of her own youth, and my maternity, seemed to give me a right to share with her such consolation as one heart (that has itself passed through the fiery furnace of many-shaped affliction) can offer to another; but there was such a mystery in her distress—a beloved daughter—an adored wife—(for I had heard from her father that she was happily and unexceptionably married)—I knew not what to think, and dreaded something wrong—some story of woman's frailness, and inconsistency, and late remorse. Oh, how I wronged her! Little did I surmise that the high and holy purpose of her mission—the secret of her urgent agony at the footstool of her God, was the forfeit life of her husband! Oh, Earth—Earth! which of thy children can count on the seeming fairness of his destiny? But I anticipate.

These fears prevented my obtruding my sympathy; but I prayed heartily for her; and then again endeavoured to obtain the rest that my daily duties rendered necessary for me; but my state of mind made it impossible for me to sleep, though I occasionally fell into perturbed snatches of repose, as people in fever do; and as often as I woke up from these confused and unrefreshing slumbers, though I could not hear her footstep, I could tell by the recurring shadow that kept darkening the glimpse of light through the door, in her passage to and fro the room, that the poor young creature did not even endeavour at obtaining rest. No, all night long—all night long—she kept her melancholy vigil; perhaps the hours that to me appeared interminable all too short for her engrossing supplication. But, oh, it was a solemn thing to lie awake through those dismal hours, hearing, amidst the buffetings of the storm and plashing rains, the sadder dissonance of a mind in suffering, which no human hand could alleviate.

Never did I feel more grateful for the dawn of a new day than when the glare of the stormy clouds told me the shadows of the night had vanished; and then, too, either overcome with natural weariness, or fearful that the ears she had imagined sealed in the darkness of night should become cognizant of her distress, the poor lady's voice died away, and I trusted that for a time unconsciousness brought her a temporary relief from her affliction. She had desired to be called by a certain hour; and I took care that breakfast, in its most inviting form, should meet her upon leaving her apartment. But the full heart has no appetite; and though (in order to save the presence of servants) —for the night she had passed was deeply evidenced in her worn and pallid aspect—I made breakfast for her myself (an attention she felt, and thanked me for), she did nothing but trifle with a morsel of dry toast; and after two or three ineffectual attempts to swallow it, pushed aside the cup, into which her tears had fallen, and, with a look that seemed to say, "You see I try to do as you wish me, and I thank you

very much; but 'tis impossible;" turned away and wept. Now, who could look on at this sort of thing, and yet withhold the words of sympathy—it might be consolation, that the heart is longing to pour out. I waited till the overflow of her tears had in a measure relieved her, and then I expressed, what she must have before observed, my real anxiety at her distress. I pointed out to her, as one older than herself, and more accustomed to tread the red-hot ploughshares of affliction, that difficult lesson to the inexperienced in human suffering—the necessity of resignation—for well I knew, that in the agony I had unintentionally witnessed the preceding night, there was no submission—it was the wrestling of a strong spirit for the mastery of its own will—one restless cry for mercy—but not for strength to bear, should that mercy be denied. And here I struck on the master-chord of her grief; and the passionate burst that followed I shall never forget.

"Yes," she said, "all ordinary sorrows admitted of resignation; but there were some trials that the heart could not bear unbroken, and hers was one of them—it was too dreadful—time could not soften the blow, nor its certainty bow her to its endurance. *It must* not be. God had promised to hear prayer, and she would not cease to importune till hers was granted." Alas! so dreadfully did grief prey on her mind, that I almost dreaded for her senses; yet I remarked, though sorrow is generally so communicative, that she never once alluded to its cause. She would tell me by and by; and in the meantime, I was not to think too harshly of her impatience—it might be impiety. She knew it was very wrong, but she could not help it.

Alas, even my theoretical philosophy gave way before the strong reality of her grief! and at length I could only mingle my tears with hers, and pray that her sufferings, whatever their nature, might be alleviated. I have often thought since, how sadly her story evidenced that the Power that orders all things knows best what is good to be granted and what withheld—she gained her prayer, only to render tenfold more bitter the stern course of retributive justice, that, in this case, even a kingly voice failed to turn aside. While I still sat, vainly endeavouring to lead her mind from the distresses that absorbed it, the postman's rap brought a sudden hectic to her cheek that faded to ashy paleness as I placed in her hand a letter bearing an official seal. I saw that its contents, though probably expected, very much excited her, for her hands shook while reading it, and a sort of nervous tremor was in her voice when, a moment or two afterwards, she begged my assistance in making some slight alterations in her dress, already, I thought, unusually elegant for the time of day.

Two hours, perhaps, passed away—no doubt to her of the most restless anxiety, for I could hear her ceaseless footsteps to and fro the apartment, as she sought, by activity of motion, to relieve the perturbation of her mind—and then a superb equipage drew up at the door, and a gentleman, who did not give his name, alighted, and a moment after, came down stairs with the lady on his arm, and they drove off at a rapid rate. I never saw her after: hour after hour passed by—night came back—but the lady did not return, nor the next day, nor the next.

I am afraid I must plead guilty to a large share of that innate love of scandal that is generally attributed to my sex. I thought over the affair in every point of view that my poor worldly imagination could devise, and I blush to say, I arrived at a very Mrs. Candour-like conclusion. There was something so inexplicable in her being alone, and unat-

tended—in her exceeding mental distress—in the anxiety she had evidenced about the coming of that letter (for she asked frequently at what hours letters were delivered)—her emotion at receiving it—her anxiousness about her appearance—and more than all, the hurried way in which she had gone off with her anonymous visitor—I began to think that my first fears were correct,—that the lady had eloped, and that I was, in a measure, a party concerned. Then, too, it first occurred to me that I was not sure of her identity; for though she had introduced herself as the daughter of my friend, she had never mentioned her husband's name, nor was there any address on her trunk to enable me to advise with him on the subject. I knew not what to do; there was her travelling dress, and watch, and other trinkets, and to address the colonel on the affair was a very delicate and unpleasant task; besides, I felt convinced, that, if anything of this kind had occurred, on his part, at least, some attempt would have been made to recover her, so I determined to wait patiently for time to unravel the apparent incongruities of the affair. Alas! all too soon I learnt the melancholy story.

Not much more than a fortnight after the circumstances I have described—at all events, while they were still fresh in all their inexplicableness—I was told that a person from Scotland desired to see me; and a respectable-looking old man, whom I at once recognised as the confidential servant of Colonel Singleton many years before, followed my intimation for him to be shewn in. I cannot say that I felt any surprise at the subdued air, and dejected manner of the poor old man, for I had fully made up my mind to the story of his young lady's disgrace, and I knew it would fall as heavily upon the faithful servant as if she had been his own child. Never can I sufficiently hate the uncharitable judgment of my illiberal heart, or forgive myself the injustice of my suspicion. It is one of those stories that occasionally gives to the page of truth the romance of fiction, and one to which I feel it impossible to do justice. It is the heart alone that can fill up such recitals. Poor Forbes told it to me with a bowed down head, and with accents broken by emotion.

Without entering into details that filled the papers of the period, and the lips of every one, it is merely necessary to state, that an after-dinner quarrel had occurred between Major Cameron, the husband of the unfortunate lady, and a brother officer, with whom he was dining; some objectionable expression had been used, which the major insisted on his friend's retracting, but which the other as pertinaciously refused to withdraw. Heated by wine and anger—for it is but charitable to believe that neither party was sensible at the time—a challenge ensued, which the major insisted on putting to the issue on the spot; and they fought with closed doors, and without seconds, although his antagonist was heard to say—"This is not fair, Cameron; let us have witnesses." But the vindictive feeling of the moment usurped the place of every other consideration in the breast of the angry man, and their conflict went on. It has escaped me now whether they made use of swords or pistols, but whatever the weapon, only a few moments elapsed, till the major came forth alone, sobered, and a murderer!

In those times, when duelling was an everyday occurrence, it must have been the peculiar atrociousness of this case that induced the rigorous measures that followed. Major Cameron was immediately apprehended, and at the then sitting assizes, convicted of the murder,

and sentenced to death—a sentence so unlooked for by his friends, that his wife and father-in-law were in court ready to receive him on his acquittal. Only a few days, and these the result of instant and important interest, intervened between his condemnation and the period of execution, for the law was not then so merciful as at present, if, indeed, it be a mercy to lengthen the terrors of death by days and nights of agonizing anticipation, but these were sufficient to enable the devoted wife to plan and execute her intrepid effort to redeem him.

Tearing herself from his embrace, and without even trusting her relatives with her design, lest their hopelessness and timidity should overrule it, she wrote to secure the aid of powerful friends at the court of St. James's, to procure her an audience of her then majesty, Queen Charlotte, and strong in the courage of despairing love, unprotected and unattended, set off for London.

And this was the mystery my narrow heart had so grossly interpreted! How well I could now understand the bitterness of her sorrow—the passionate agony of her supplications! But to continue my story. Introduced to the presence of her majesty, to cast herself at her feet, to pour forth the strong and affecting expression that the emergency of the occasion, and the anguish of her soul dictated, was the natural action of impulse; her youth—her earnestness—and the sight of her distress, so wrought upon the royal wife, that though she refused to interfere with the king's decision, as regarded her husband's fate, she herself led the unhappy lady to the door of the royal closet, and commanded the page in waiting to admit her, satisfied that no influence was so likely to affect his majesty's determinations as the natural eloquence of such a pleader. Roused by this solecism in courtly etiquette, the king turned to the intruder, who, with the instinctive action of supplication, was already kneeling at his feet; and, regardless of the royal mandate to rise, her woman's heart supplying her with the strong and affecting fluency of grief, she maintained her humble attitude—her unconnected, but heart-stirring appeal—till the resolution of the monarch merged in the compassion of the man, and he granted to her persevering devotion the mercy that a strict sense of justice had hitherto denied. She rose, enriched by the gift of a life a thousand times more precious than her own.

Timanthes, when he hid the countenance of Agamemnon—to the expression of which he felt his inability to do justice—only copied the expedient of nature, who throws the veil of tears and silence over all emotions in excess. What words could have expressed to the sympathizing sovereign the joy of those streaming tears—the passionate gratitude that hovered, but found no voice, on the uplifted and trembling lips—or the touching homage of her woman's form, bowing itself more lowly to bless than it had done to supplicate! Moved, almost, as painfully by the sight of her scarcely-supportable happiness as he had been by her excessive grief, the king hurried her from the apartment, and placing in her hand the instrument of her husband's safety, bade her remember, that till it was presented, her object was not achieved. With this sentence sobering her imagination, and quickening her resolves, without a moment's delay, or even making the necessary alterations in her attire, the anxious wife stepped into the carriage that had been prepared for her, and, accompanied by the friend who had taken her from my house, set off for Scotland. Relays of horses had been ordered at the different inns along the road, and the

douceur of a guinea promised to the postillions for every mile effected in the hour above the ordinary rate of travelling. Yet uncalculated impediments seemed to throw themselves in the way; and as the foaming horses dashed into Edinburgh, on the morning appointed for her husband's execution, the sullen tolling of the death-bell was the first sound that met her agonized ear, and she knew that the very moments of his life were counted.

On, on, the carriage struggled through the crowded streets, where every moment fresh obstacles occurred to retard its progress—now, a line of vehicles already blocked the road, and there, an unseen barrier effectually prevented its entrance; throngs of people filled every avenue to the place of execution; and, for the first time, the half-frantic woman began to feel that even yet he might be lost to her. Throwing down the glasses, she implored the people, with the most piteous accents, to make way; but some, coarsely conceiving her object was to obtain a better view of the awful exhibition, only closed more completely the approach, while others, judging by the spattered state of the postillions and carriage, and the patches of froth on the chests of the panting horses, that the unfortunate lady was some relative hurrying to obtain a parting interview with the miserable prisoner, assured her that the attempt was useless—there was no forcing a way through the crowd. Maddened by her fears, she sprang from the carriage, and uttering the word "Reprieve!" in the most thrilling accents, with the document of her husband's deliverance in her uplifted hands, ran through the dense throng, who instinctively separated, right and left, to admit her a passage. Her youth, the strange elegance of her appearance, just as she had quitted the presence of royalty, and more than all, the vehement anguish expressed in her countenance, affected even the rugged hearts that composed that curious assemblage; and the feelings of the mob, ever in extreme, suddenly became as interested in the safety of the condemned as they had been anxious for his execution. The cry of "Reprieve!" was caught up, and shouted as with one voice by the hoarse-throated multitude; but it was met by the frightened shriek of women; and died away in one huge groan as the figure of a man was suddenly seen to dangle from the gibbet; and after one frightful drawing up of the limbs, remained lax and motionless, except for the oscillation of the fatal rope. Still the miserable wife rushed on. Now she is at the foot of the scaffold, forcing her way, by means of the useless mandate, through the armed and intercepting soldiery—now she is tottering up its rude steps, and now beside the group of witnessing functionaries, and the ruffian-looking executioner, in his hideous mask and revolting habit. Can consciousness maintain that rigid composure a thousand times more terrible than the wildest outbreak of despair—that ghastly aspect—that stony silence! See, the executioner hastens to detach his victim—but, ah! too late, the heart is yet warm, but the cistern is broken at the wheel—the life of her life quenched!

"Yes, madam," said the old man, in conclusion, when he could again trust his voice to speak, "I took her away without a tear or groan, and apparently unconscious of all she witnessed; nor is there a hope of her recovery. It is the doctor's opinion that she will pass away in this state of mental lethargy. And my poor old master has never lifted up his head since."

THE TWO FRONTIERSMEN; OR, LYNCH LAW.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

The Dice.

Six years have now passed since two young and ent prising citizens of one of the Southern American States, left their ho es together, for the purpose of settling in the then newly declared re blic of Texas. Their names, respectively, were Rivers and Savid e. They were born neighbours—they had been friends from child hood—not one solitary disagreement had ever occurred between them up to that time; and now were they banded together for the purpose of carrying out a speculative enterprise, in a new land, of the highest worldly importance to each. They purchased lands on the banks of the beautiful Guadaloupe —each paying an equal share of all expenses; built a log-house thereon, cultivated their wild domain, and dwelt together in all respects as brothers. The only agreement made between them was, that if, at any future period, either should desire to separate from the other, and go elsewhere, he should either *accept* such a reasonable sum for his half of the location as might be offered by the remaining party, or *give* as much himself for his companion's share.

The burning suns of three seasons had scarcely travelled over their heads, before a flourishing homestead and a fertile plantation rewarded their industry; and by the contrast they afforded to the wild vast tracts around, seemed to mark with a degree of emphasis not to be mistaken, the beautiful triumphs of man over nature, and to point with unerring finger to the delights which, in a land of liberty, where man toils for himself and not for others, well-directed industry and perseverance, aided by a small capital, are capable of placing within the reach of those who properly exercise them.

Assuredly there was one *dark* feature amidst all this natural brightness. Slavery was there. Ten coloured people called up the productions of that soil. For though slavery is virtually repudiated by the laws of the country, practically it is as common as in the native State which our friends had left behind. With them, however, slavery was little other than a name. The chains were metaphorical; the lash a mere pedagogue's cane, and as seldom used; the labour lighter than that which is borne by millions in the very land whose sensitive blood turns chill, and whose face grows pale with ire, only at the name of slave. The life of these coloured people was one of absolute liberty and independence, when put in opposition to that dreary mass of misery, called life, which is passed by thousands in our own coal-pits; and which can scarcely be exceeded in horror by the existences of the banished in the mines of Siberia. Happily or unhappily, however—whichever the reader pleases—the English are a *long-sighted* people. Their telescopic eyes can reach across an ocean, and pick out every detail of wretchedness that the opposite land may present, while the same organs, or instruments, applied to objects within arm's length, very naturally fail to define a single limb of the same monster that is worthy of being crippled by a national exertion. As a nation we preach long and loudly against slavery under the open heavens—slavery beneath the bright material eye of the universe—

while at the very moment our lips are hurling this indignation against the farthest parts of the earth, our own feet are standing upon that hollow ground beneath which, in darkness, and suffering, and sorrow, the children of our own land are slaving like gnomes or unhappy genii, unblessed with a vision of God's light, or a breath of his pure air, more frequently than once a week.

But this is not exactly telling my story.

So far, nothing had happened to actually disturb the tranquillity of our two friends; though a difference of some standing had, during a considerable period, seemed to threaten it.

About noon one day in the month of August, 1831, when the almost perpendicular rays of the sun made every vegetative beauty of that sweltering world droop its fevered leaves and flowers beneath their power, and when the slaves had left for a couple of hours the spade in the ground, and the hoe in the furrow, to seek a shelter within doors from the heat, Mr. Rivers and Mr. Savidge might have been seen sitting in a large room of their habitation, every aperture of which was thrown wide open, engaged in earnest though not unfriendly conversation. Both were clad as lightly as possible in the ordinary cotton or printed calico garments of the country; and on the floor, against each one's chair, lay two immensely broad-brimmed grass hats —the produce of Carthagena or Panama—which had been thrown off when they entered.

On the table before them stood decanters of the finest wines, a magnum of the famous old Monongahela whisky of the States, and various kinds of that indescribable fruit, the cold delicious melon, which Providence seems to have especially designed for the health and pleasure of all such of his creatures whose fate it is to dwell within the terrible influence of a tropical sun.

"Well, Savidge," remarked Mr. Rivers, as he replenished his glass with claret; "I don't see, after all, what way we can fix it. We are both equal—we are both free and independent—we both want to marry the same woman, and neither can stand aside, because one has jest as good a title to her as the other. If gals wer'n't so remarkably scarce as they are jest now in Texas, why a chance might open up, and something of a clearin' be seen through; but as it is, we are come to a stand-still, and that is all about it—anyhow!"

"Suppose we agree to go on as we have done," observed Savidge, in reply; "each man make the best sea-way he can, and then leave the question to be decided by the lady herself, when we both pop the question to her together; because, old hoss, you know *she* must be judge and jury at last."

"I had raither bowl her down at nine-pins," answered Rivers. "The fact is, have her I must——"

"If you can get her."

"Right! If I can get her;—well put in. But if not, Savidge, I'll jest tell you what I shall do. I shall sell out here, stalk and stump, and clear off again for old Kentucky."

"Nay, nay; don't do that, man! We shall go to war with Sant' Anna again before you die; and then when we march on Mexico, you can get a Spanish countess as easily as a doubloon,—come back, take lands adjoining these, and live comfortable neighbours with me and Isabella, after we are married."

"I shall never give her up except on her own refusal," rejoined Rivers, somewhat sternly.

"Nor I, either!" said the other, in a similar tone. And then for a while the two friends sat mute, slicing melons and sipping wine, by way of proving to each other that they were not exactly automatons.

Savidge was the first to renew the discourse.

"What fools we both are!" he exclaimed.

"Do you think so?" carelessly observed Rivers.

"I do—I'd swear it. Here we sit, a couple of friends like two young trees run up together—never had a difficulty before in all our lives, and now at six or seven and twenty, we are to split about a woman!"

"A woman," answered Rivers, "may be to a man a more important consideration than any other in the world; more vital to him than the very means of his existence, so at least *I* think, and therefore a woman is no trifling source of difference. For myself, I would give a thousand dollars that the difficulty were about *anything else* but that!"

"Is it not worse than useless," continued Savidge, "to stand in one another's way? What shall we come to think of each other? What is it all likely to end in?"

"That's beyond my calculation," coolly rejoined Rivers.

"But not beyond mine," added the other; "I have seen—you have seen—many a man before now has seen, blood as good as his own spilled on the ground like water, for a difference ninety-nine cents in a dollar less in the beginning than is this now between us. I do not fear what *is* at the present time, but what may be in the future. Let us stop in time—let the difficulty be settled now and for ever."

"How?" demanded Rivers. "Who can settle it?"

"You and I."

"In what manner?"

"Will you agree to my proposition?"

"Name it; but no lead—no knife!"

"Rather than that, Rivers, I will at once give up to you frankly—though you are the younger of the two—and make a willing sacrifice of my love, such as it is, before the God of that everlasting friendship which—may no bloody finger ever divide!"

"No!" exclaimed Rivers, "you shall not do it. I wont accept the offer, if you make it. What I cannot give I shall not accept."

"Then my proposition is simply this:—That now, before we quit this table, the difference between us shall be finally settled by THE DICE. Each having pledged his honour previously that, in the event of his proving the loser, he shall resign all pretensions to the hand of Isabel for ever, and so leave the other free, UNLESS—mark this—*unless she shall herself afterwards positively reject him:* in which case, upon his own admission of the fact, the other shall be again liberated from this agreement."

"Very well;—done!" answered Rivers. "I'll agree, anyhow you can fix it."

The dice-box was placed upon the table.

"Three throws each, double dies, and the highest number is the winner," said Savidge.

"Agreed!" answered his companion; "but before we proceed to business, jest let us also agree to make a complete work of it. If I

lose, I shall clear out of this country, as I said before. In that case, this location must be parted; my half falls to you. When we have settled about the lady, one throw shall decide the ownership of the whole estate? Shall it be so?"

"As you please. *Yes*, decidedly."

They drew lots, and the first throw fell to Mr. Savidge. Two sixes came up. He threw again. Two sixes again.

"The lady is mine!" he exclaimed triumphantly; "only one more like these, and there's a tie at least."

Mr. Rivers suddenly turned deathly pale, and had recourse to half a tumbler of pure Monongahela, which he swallowed neat, and followed with a draught of ice-water.

"Go on!" said he; "I am tired of it already."

Savidge threw his last—"Two, blank."

Rivers smiled grimly, if not bitterly; but there was hope still visible in his intensely and unnaturally piercing eyes.

He seized the box with the avidity of a wild beast when pouncing on his prey, cast his eyes upwards during a few seconds, as though in an agony of thought, and then made his cast. "Five and four!" Again, and two sixes appeared.

"Twenty-one to twenty-six, and another throw!"

He wiped the perspiration from his temples and face, which now glowed as though they had sweated through three hours' labour in the sun. He swallowed another half glass of whisky, while Savidge sat as silent as a corpse, unconsciously biting at a melon as though it had been a piece of flesh, and with his eyes fixed upon the spot where the dice had fallen, as though they might never be withdrawn again.

The rattle was again heard;—the unseen *fate* fell.

"Six and three—I HAVE WON!" And as Rivers literally shrieked these words, he sunk upon his chair, and hurled the dice-box wildly on the table.

A painful period of silence of some minutes' duration followed, during which the two friends sat like statues, neither even so much as throwing a glance upon the other. It might seem as though both were inly endeavouring to resolve the selfsame question—"Are we any the more *friends* now than we were before? or than we should have been without all this?"

At length Savidge mechanically rose to recommence the play, and decide the next question—Which of the two should become entire possessor of that property?

"Had we not better forego it jest at present?" mildly suggested Rivers.

"What! and your own proposition! I suppose you are satisfied now, and want to remain where you are. No, no, my friend; fair play is a jewel, as they say in the Old Country."

As either the good or the evil spirit of chance—I cannot tell which—would have it, Savidge threw five, and Rivers two.

"Quits!" exclaimed the former, as his countenance brightened up; "you have the lady, and I the land. But, I say, Rivers, what if she should refuse you after all, because you have nothing left? My turn will come again after that, according to agreement; and then, my boy, you know I may succeed with the lady as well as the location, and live to call them both my own!"

The natural jealousy of the young lover made him redden deeply on hearing these speculative suggestions, although he replied with a forced assumption of confidence, in which he did not really feel sufficiently warranted.

"I have too much faith in woman to believe that for a moment possible."

"Faith can believe in miracles," responded Savidge; "but it often gets pretty considerably deceived."

Here the conversation ended.

But it is perhaps time we ascertained who was

The Lady

concerning whom these events had taken place.

Some two or three miles lower down the River Guadaloupe, and upon the opposite side of the river, stood a house of considerable size, formerly the residence of Nicholas Lamar,—a descendant of one of the ancient Spanish families who settled in the Mexican territory before that country's independence of Old Spain was achieved. But at the time of which this story treats, Lamar had been several years dead; and, save in the hearts of his widow and her daughter Isabella, "the beautiful creole," as she was commonly termed, nothing remained to mark that he had ever been, except a rude tomb of wood erected in his own garden, where, according to the custom of the frontier settlers, his body had been buried. Numerous China trees, the mournful boughs of which hang down like those of our weeping willows, were planted around that sacred though unconsecrated spot; and near the head of the tomb stood a rustic seat composed of crooked roots and branches, upon which the widow and daughter of the buried husband and father spent many of the sultry idle hours of noon, though more of those silent holy ones which bid the day's adieu to the departing sun, or accompany in her nightly course of glory that magnificent moon whose face in such a climate seldom wears even the slightest veil of cloud.

This solitary spot was commonly known under the name of "The Ferry;" Lamar having, during his lifetime, established and maintained there a boat of passage for the convenience of such travellers as had occasion to cross the river. Indeed, it was during a journey into the western prairies together, that our two friends had called at the Ferry, seen the handsome Spanish creole, and conceived an affection for her at the same time.

From the use of the term "creole," it must not be supposed that Isabella was of mixed blood. The word is truly and properly applied only to the descendants of foreigners born in the country.

After this first interview, neither Rivers nor Savidge were very unfrequent visitors at the Ferry. Either business or something else—chance, perhaps—led one or the other much more frequently across the Guadaloupe than heretofore; and, singular enough, those occasions always happened to each when alone. Madame Lamar early suspected the motive of these visits, although up to the very day on which the strange scene between the friends above described took place, not a sentence which could have been construed into an open expression of attachment to her daughter had ever been uttered by either. But love soon knows its own without a name; and pretty Isabella felt far wiser in the matter than her mother. To her it seemed that she

heard the unspoken, saw the invisible, and that the dreams of the heart are the sternest realities of life.

That same evening, Mr. Rivers rode down to the Ferry, and spent several hours under that roof which he loved far better than the one which yesterday he could, as it were, call his own, but was now his own no longer. Still, he said nothing concerning the change that had taken place; he thought and cared nothing about it. The world was before him yet, and the best the world contained might also now become his own.

Months passed by, and he was the accepted lover of the handsome creole. But though his friend Savidge so far strictly observed his pledge of honour, that he had never even crossed the river since that decisive day, it was no difficult matter for Mr. Rivers to perceive that his heart was ill at ease, and that disappointment was making him an altered man. He grew morose, jealous, solitary, and silent. It was evident that he had really cherished the idea formerly expressed by him—that Miss Lamar might reject the attentions of his friend, and thus leave the field again open to himself—until circumstances daily and more strongly proved its complete and most unquestionable fallacy. The truth had fallen upon him like a weight—strange thoughts flitted across his brain which he dared not harbour for an instant, but which came again and again in a thousand different guises, though all bearing upon the same remote and undefined point upon the mental horizon. For the first time in his life, the question arose with him, what is this talked-of *honour*, after all? Is it a law of man's own conscience, or a mere arbitrary fiction of the brain, set up by one class of men the better to impose upon another? At first he shrank from these and similar considerations, and his own still lingering consciousness of right recoiled upon himself with double stings. But time and familiarity softened down their features of greatest horror, and the demon of deception obtained a firm footing in his soul.

To see as much of all this as might be seen from outward signs, was also, on the part of young Rivers, to determine promptly to get out of the way of either open collision or secret danger. True, he knew his friend; but he knew also the half-wild nature of a frontiersman's character; and, more than either, he was no stranger to the depths of human passion, or to the extremes of virtue or of vice to which it often leads. Nothing, perhaps, could have convinced him more strongly of the immediate necessity for adopting some decisive and final step in the matter, than a slight incident which occurred to him one morning when he went out alone for a few hours' shooting on the prairie. As luck would have it, he sounded the barrel of his piece with the ramrod before discharging it, although he had loaded it himself only the night before. It was at least *trebly* charged! No eye saw him then, but that of Him who watches in the desert as well as in the crowded city, or the features of as brave a man as ever trod the earth might have been seen to quiver and turn pale with momentary fear and horror. Who had done this? His heart leaped as it almost unconsciously gave back the fearful answer—"It is my friend!"

Nevertheless, he pursued his sport, and returned home as usual, without noticing the circumstance to any one.

"Have you killed anything this morning?" inquired Savidge, as the two sat down to breakfast.

"*I might have done*," replied Rivers, "had I not missed the *first* shot."

"It will happen so sometimes," ejaculated the other, as though half out of breath, and at the same moment turning white as ashes. Rivers marked this, but made no further observation.

That day he spent at the Ferry. On the way thither, he firmly resolved no longer to keep Isabella in ignorance (as he had hitherto done) of the events which had led to Mr. Savidge's continued and unusual absence, to his own more frequent visits, and of the imperative duty now, as he believed pressing upon him, to demand her final decision with respect to himself. But when he arrived, he found the young lady so light-hearted, so happy, so unsuspicious of any possible coming anxiety—such a living joy, as it were, within herself, that he could not do otherwise than procrastinate from hour to hour, until he verily began to feel the possibility of returning without having achieved the most important part of his errand.

Evening came at length, and the tale was yet untold. The two lovers walked out into the garden, and when the flowers and fruits and leaves could be no longer seen, sat down upon the rustic seat beneath the China trees.

"Isabel!" said Rivers mournfully, "I have something serious to say to you before we part to-night."

"Do so then, sir," replied she; "and remember that we are upon solemn ground."

Her gentle hand was extended towards the rude tomb of her father, which stood like a tangible mass of darkness beside them.

"I must very soon quit this country. I am going back to my native place," continued he.

"Indeed, sir! This must be a new thought, as you have never mentioned it before."

"Not very, Isabel; but I have striven to make and keep you happy until it is no longer possible; the truth must come at last."

"Do not regard me," answered she, hesitatingly. "I have been too happy of late, considering that my mother is alone, and my father buried. It is fitting that we should be wakened from our dreams sometimes."

Rivers could easily tell, from the failing voice and the downcast features, that by those few words he had called into life the worm of bitterness and sorrow at a heart which only, one short hour ago, looked upon the world as a place of peace, and linked the days of life into one bright chain of happiness, whose termination was only in the adamant of the tomb.

"I believe," he continued, "I have loved you as a man ought to love—honestly, openly, and with a sense of honour unscathed by the remotest thought of evil."

Poor Isabel burst into a flood of tears.

"That course will be mine to the end—you shall be deceived in nothing."

And here Mr. Rivers briefly related to the young lady how he and his friend had disposed—not of her, but of each other—at a game of hazard — how he had played away his half of the estate, and left himself comparatively poor—and also the grounds of his suspicions that the growing jealousy of Mr. Savidge was daily rendering his life

more and more unsafe, and the necessity for his speedy departure inevitable. He was also about to proceed to put that important question which, if answered, was to decide his fate for ever, when the very audible sound of some living thing amongst the trees close by arrested his speech. Isabella started momentarily; but from having been all her life accustomed to the prowling, though seldom dangerous, beasts of the forest and prairie, evinced none of that terror which, under similar circumstances, in a more civilized country, would have been unavoidable. At the same instant, Mr. Rivers drew a pistol, and fired into the bushes behind them. To his astonishment and horror the shot was returned; and, as Isabel fell forwards with a slight shriek upon his arm, the blood of her he loved trickled down upon his clothes. He carried her into the house, and left her in the care of her mother and the slaves; while, having hastily snatched up a six-chambered rifle, which he had brought with him in the morning, he rushed out in a fit of uncontrollable fury to seek for and punish, with instant death, the cowardly assassin, could he but be found.

The night was clear, the moon shone, the prairies and forest patches were alive with the hissing sounds of millions of locusts, the hollow cry of the night-jar, the howling of wolves, and the occasional piteous, half-human groan of the alligator. Far in the distance, a herd of some thousand or more wild buffaloes were sleeping or grazing under the moonbeams, while, nearer at hand, the cattle belonging to the ferry location lay half-buried in the luxuriant grass, ruminating, as they dozed, in the consciousness of undisturbed tranquillity. No signs, however, of the presence, amidst that vast expanse, of any other human being than himself could be then discerned.

Mr. Rivers first searched the spot which he had so recently left, but searched in vain. The man, whoever he was, who had secreted himself there, had evidently taken the opportunity of his brief absence to make his escape. He then leapt the rude fence which inclosed the end of the garden, and ran in the direction of the next covert—a small clump of live oak, which stood upon a little knoll by the river-side. As he entered, a dark object shot across the moonbeams that shone through from the opposite side, and our hero instantly pursued it with all speed. He lost, and regained sight of it several times until clear of the trees, when he beheld it drop below the bank of the Guadaloupe ere he had time to fire.

When he reached the same spot, he beheld a man putting off in a small canoe, and exerting himself to the uttermost to get beyond reach of gunshot from the shore. Rivers called loudly to him to put back. The hollow sounding steeps repeated the cry, "Put back—put back!" But the canoes-man only increased his efforts; and in another instant, a rifle-ball penetrated the sides of his frail vessel of bark. Another, and another followed in rapid succession, splashing in the water close about him, but without doing any damage. He hesitated a moment, and then vigorously pulled again for the opposite shore. A third bullet came—it hit him in the breast. Rivers saw him fall over the side and sink, while the canoe floated, end or side to the stream, downwards towards the Bay of Esperito Santo.

On his return to the house of Madame Lamar, Mr. Rivers found, to his great joy, that the wound which Isabel had (perhaps accidentally) received, although severe, was not dangerous, the pistol-ball having

only cut through the fleshy portion of the left arm. When he had related the result of his out-door adventure—

"What a pity it is," remarked Isabel, "that a man should have lost his life for such as this. But who do you think it was, Mr. Rivers?"

"It was impossible for me, at that distance, and in the night-time, to distinguish one man from another; but I suppose it was *my friend*, Mr. Savidge."

"Indeed; I hope not; for if it were, we shall have '*The Regulators*' here, and YOU will be the next, to a certainty."

"I have no fear," replied he; "my own cause is my justification."

No wedding was talked upon or dreamed about that night; and, under all the circumstances of the case, both Madame Lamar and her daughter joined in soliciting Mr. Rivers to remain under their roof until further information could be obtained. But he determinedly refused their kindness, on the plea that if it did so happen that Mr. Savidge lay at the bottom of the stream, his own presence upon the plantation was indispensable. Accordingly, he recrossed the water, under the guidance of Juan, the boatman, and mounting his horse, with the rifle laid across his saddle, rode off at a speed which brought him home within a quarter of an hour.

On entering the house, a thrill of gratification passed over him—the like of which he had long since ceased to feel, save when his eyes beheld anew the form of Isabel—when he saw Mr. Savidge sitting quietly by the side of a pleasant fire of logs, and half enveloped in curling clouds of undisturbed smoke from that pipe which the poetical Indian of the wild has long since dedicated to the beautiful Spirit of Peace.

Next morning, however, Rivers discovered that one of the slaves was missing from the establishment. He mentioned the circumstance to Savidge, who accounted for it by remarking, with an air of the most perfect indifference, that he had sent him out fishing on the previous day, and from the fact of his not having returned, he supposed he must have upset his canoe and got drowned.

"Perhaps he misunderstood you, and went to the wrong *Rivers*," was the reply.

Savidge coloured deeply, but said nothing.

Lynch Law.

Time passed on; matters were finally arranged between Miss Lamar, her mother, and Mr. Rivers; and the very day on which the handsome creole and her lover were to set out for the nearest city to be married, was named. Arrangements had been effected for the young couple to occupy the ferry location; it wanted a master, and Madame looked forwards to but few years between then and the time when she should be laid beside her husband. In consequence of all this, Mr. Rivers had of course abandoned his original intention of leaving the country, and instead, had purchased additional lands, to the extent of nearly a thousand acres, adjoining those already owned by the mother of his intended bride.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Savidge let slip no opportunity of giving his old friend such offence and provocation, as was calculated to

draw him into a final and deadly quarrel, but the firmness and better sense of young Rivers for awhile averted that calamity; yet, on the evening preceding the day fixed for the wedding, Mr. Savidge went still further than ever before, and in the course of some rather angry conversation that ensued between the two, swore solemnly, and with a fearful oath, that, do as Rivers might on the morrow, he himself would make Isabel his bedfellow before she died.

Rivers drew a long bowie-knife from his thigh, and, starting instantly on his feet, flung himself at one bound upon his antagonist. The latter was scarcely less dexterous in unsheathing his weapon, and a fierce and sanguinary fight ensued, upon that very household hearth where, years ago, they had sat knee to knee together, talking over old tales of bygone, innocent boyhood, or planning, in friendly chat, the means of mutual advancement. The mingled blood of two former friends soon ran darkly upon the sacred hearthstone of home, while the clash and sullen plunge of reeking knives seemed to tell, in an audible voice, that the angel of death was there, awaiting the final gasp of one or both. The confusion created by this dreadful conflict soon brought the slaves of the household upon the spot, but exclamations of horror and affright were all in which they could indulge, not one even daring for a moment to raise the hand of peace between two white men, though so evidently bent upon each other's murder.

At length, Mr. Rivers fell, without making the slightest attempt to rise again; animation was fled, at least for the present, if not for ever; and in the next instant, Savidge himself staggered into a chair, and swooned the moment he sat down.

Both were carried by the slaves to their respective apartments, and ministered to according to their condition. Mr. Rivers was not dead, though desperately wounded; and on rallying again, ordered himself to be conveyed that very night, at any risk, to the house of Madame Lamar, having taken the precaution, previously, to despatch a slave with the information that an accident had befallen him, and that he would be brought there within the space of an hour or two.

With the greatest difficulty his wishes were fulfilled; and though it was past midnight when he was carried within those hospitable doors, Isabel learned too soon that instead of a happy bridegroom she had only to meet a man upon the confines of the grave. But now came the trial of woman's faith,—of that passion which Mr. Savidge had doubted, but the effects of which he was soon doomed to feel to the fullest extent.

To attempt, for a moment, to represent our heroine as one of those highly-polished earthly seraphs, the produce of high civilization and refinement, and the delight of all who indulge in unnatural romance, would be worse than idle. If men are moulded by circumstances, the truism holds equally good of the other sex too. Between the wild young creature, whose playground is the boundless prairie, and whose instructress is nature alone, and the artificially tutored beauty of the proudest city, we find scarcely more resemblance than between the native wild flower, which springs spontaneously in the path of one, and the same flower, when it blooms from artificial culture beside the garden walk of the other. Still Isabella's feelings and emotions were as pure, as feminine, as beautiful in their development, as those of the courtliest dame that ever rustled silk o'er velvet carpet, or led captive

in her train the most gallant of cavaliers. But she was more open-hearted, more bold (if you will have it so);—she was such a woman as nature makes in all purity, and whom the petty artifices and idle forms of crowded societies never reach to unmake or mar.

That such a creature should deeply feel the injury done to the one she loved best on earth,—the only one indeed whom, in that sense, she ever loved, can readily be conceived. That she had, also, spirit and determination to resent it, no one will feel surprised. Her feelings were wounded bitterly by these repeated atrocities of Mr. Savidge's; and bitterly, though justly, did she make him suffer for it.

Mr. Rivers had scarcely so far recovered as to be considered well out of danger, when Isabel proposed to her mother to take a journey of a few days' duration, for the double purpose of visiting their neighbours and acquaintance, and relieving the anxiety and weariness of her own mind. No material objection was raised on the part of that worthy lady; and accordingly she set out, accompanied by the female slave, whose duty it was to attend her, and Juan, the Spanish boatman, as at once a guard and guide. Isabel was mounted on a beautiful reclaimed wild horse (or mustang) of the desert, fancifully decorated with coloured trappings and mountings of gold, while the heavy Spanish bit, and the shoe that hung at the saddle, were, according to the prevailing taste of the Mexicans, of solid silver. Juan adorned himself with all the finery he could command, added an eagle's feather to his high conical hat, brightened up his buttons, and with a glittering rifle in one hand, and a whip, the lash of which was at least two yards long, in the other, bestrode his mule with all the grace and ease of a Camanche chief, and capered and cracked up and down the prairie around his young mistress with the serious yet boyish glee of a newly made knight-errant; while, to complete the party, Margaret, the slave, elevated upon the back of a second mule, flaunted in the gaudiest of coloured dresses, and displayed upon her head a brilliantly striped scarf, tied up like a turban, but with the ends streaming from behind some ten or fifteen inches in the air.

On the afternoon of the third day, Miss Isabel returned home with a considerable addition to her train of attendants, consisting of five armed and mounted gentlemen wearing masks. To see them was at once to know their errand, without question or inquiry—they were the embodiment of the law, such as it is in these parts—they were "The Regulators!" Isabel had made known her story at every plantation where she had visited, and aroused these wild ministers of justice to punish the unlucky Mr. Savidge. They were all either respectable planters, or the sons of such, from the surrounding country. No man removed his mask during the evening; but drunk, played, and chatted agreeably with the inmates of the Ferry, unrecognised until the time for retiring to rest.

An hour before daybreak, the five strangers were again stirring. Leaving their horses behind, they crossed the ferry, rifle in hand; and before the cold light of morning shewed itself in the eastern sky, had taken possession of one of Mr. Savidge's stables.

A negro boy, whose early duty it was to fetch out the cattle at sunrise, was the first person who discovered them. He cried out, for the purpose of giving an alarm, the instant he opened the stable-door. The sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and a corpse lay upon the threshold

where a boy had stood before. After a time, another slave made his appearance, gabbling strange jargon as he approached, condemnatory of the dilatoriness of his predecessor. He likewise fell in the same manner. A third then came to ascertain what was amiss, and, in running back to the house, was, with the same unerring certainty, shot down.

These cries and sounds had, by this time, aroused Mr. Savidge himself; and being now nearly recovered from the injuries sustained in his last conflict, he descended from his bed-chamber in a loose night-gown, and looked out at the door. One of the five, who was upon the watch, instantly advanced towards him, and pointing his rifle, commanded him, in a loud voice, to stand his ground, if he did not wish to be a dead man. Savidge remained fixed to the spot, and trembled as he heard that challenge. He knew his time was come.

"You know our business, of course," said the man, as he reached the doorway; "your friend Rivers has friends yet left, although he has found an enemy in you. It is useless to resist; there are five of us; and three of your slaves lie dead already. Walk out, and your rifle shall be brought you; we do not wish to kill an undefended man."

Savidge begged that he might be allowed to go back to his chamber, and dress himself; but the head regulator would not permit him.

"No," replied he, "we have you safe now; and you might do mischief. You shall have a chance of your life. But walk out at once, I say again, or by the living God I'll bring you down where you are!"

Savidge obeyed the command at once, and soon stood with shivering limbs upon the cold wet grass of the prairie.

The individual who had accosted him thus, then entered the house, took a rifle from the wall, loaded it himself, returned to the victim without, called up his four masked companions, and then presented Savidge with the piece, as he made the following remarks—

"You will be allowed sixty yards' start. You may then run for your life, and make use of your weapon as you please. If you attempt to do so before, five balls will be put into your body. Now, take sixty strides; and at the sixtieth, we shall fire and follow you."

Savidge had nothing to do but to obey. He slowly counted sixty, turned, and discharged his weapon ineffectually, threw it to the ground, snatched up the gown that encumbered his feet, and ran forwards with all the speed that terror could add to a by no means inactive body. Three shots instantly passed him, one only wounding him on the lower part of the right leg, but insufficiently to offer any impediment to his course. Afar he heard these human hounds behind him; and as shot came after shot, in quick succession, he felt that every succeeding moment was but a protraction of the act of dying—a painful delay of that pursuing death the escape from which was next to impossible.

Scarcely knowing whither he fled, the victim of Lynch law made off in the direction of a tract of bushy ground that lay between his own house and the river, as though instinctively seeking that same covert which nature points out to the hunted and harassed beast of the field; but the bushes impeded rather than protected him; and being thickly intermingled with that beautiful though dangerous plant, the prickly pear, whose leaves are covered with millions of venomous points as sharp and invisible as the stings of bees, his feet were wounded beyond human endurance; and seeing the Guadaloupe not far before him, at a

few more last desperate bounds, he leaped headlong from the high bank of the stream, and, for the space of a minute or two, was buried beneath the shining waters. When his head again appeared upon the surface, the regulators were standing upon the heights above, anxiously watching for his whereabout. Quick as the momentary sight, five balls were despatched to the mark; and with that volley closed the life of a man whom passion had made mad, and dishonour a premeditated murderer.

The five masked men—at once judges, jurymen, and executioners—returned to the Ferry by the hour of breakfast. When that meal was over, one of the disguised party thus addressed Mr. Rivers:—

"Robert Rivers, the sentence of death, passed by his Honour Judge Lynch upon the body of James Savidge, has been duly executed. He died this morning, no doubt full of repentance for his crimes, and deeply sensible of the justice of that verdict of his countrymen, under which he suffered. If his body should chance to be found in the river, give it decent burial; for, although the law be severe, it decrees, that all animosities shall die upon the edge of the grave, and the weeds of hatred shall be plucked up and buried beneath the same sod with him who nurtured them. All his offences are now expiated, and from this time you will recollect nothing of Mr. Savidge but that he once was your friend.

"The court have also consulted respecting the disposal of the property lately belonging to him. Under all the circumstances of the case, his honour the judge decrees, that the whole thereof shall be restored to you, without let or hindrance, charge or cost of any kind; and the same is hereby put into your possession, by a right and title conferred and confirmed to you and your heirs for ever, by and from Judge Lynch, whose decision is final and irrevocable, and shall not be called in question by any man or body of men, save at his or their most extreme and utter peril. So help us God in keeping the peace henceforth as now, and defending the rights of our neighbour."

They then swore him, upon a Spanish Bible, never to betray, or raise his hand against the Regulators, but to support and protect that body so long as the exigencies of the country required their services, and until legitimate laws could be, by legal processes, carried into execution, and justice secured. After this, each of the party, separately, wished the young couple every happiness that life could afford, and mounting their horses, rode off in different directions across the prairie.

During the course of the morning, Mr. Rivers ordered the Guadaloupe to be searched for the body of his friend, but as it could never be found, he came to the probable conclusion that it had fallen a prey to the alligators.

Subsequently, he took full possession of the old location; and upon his perfect recovery, the beautiful creole became his bride. Besides other friends invited on the occasion, there were present, at the marriage feast, five gentlemen, with their wives and sisters, who appeared to enjoy the festivities with more than ordinary delight. The toast of "Honour and Justice!" was proposed by one of them, and drunk in a bumper; but not a single word escaped any tongue on the subject of Lynch Law.

"WHILE THE DEWS FALL OVER THE MULBERRY-TREE."

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

A FAIR lady once with a young lover walk'd—
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary—
Through a garden, and sweetly they laugh'd and they talk'd,
While the dew fell over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a rose—while he sigh'd for a kiss—
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary—
Quoth he, as he took it, "I kiss thee in this,"
While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a lily, less white than her breast—
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary—
Quoth he, "'Twill remind me of one I love best,"
While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a two-faces-under-a-hood—
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary—
"How blest you could make me," quoth he, "if you would,"
While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

He saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass—
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary—
Ah, why did this lady that little flower pass?
While the dew fell over the mulberry-tree.

The young lover saw she pass'd it, and sigh'd—
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary—
They say his heart broke, and he certainly died,
While the dew fell over the mulberry-tree.

Moral.

Now, all you fair ladies, take warning by this—
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary—
And never refuse your young lovers a kiss,
While the dew falls over the mulberry-tree.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EARL OF LEICESTER (MR. COKE OF NORFOLK), BY SIR T. LAWRENCE.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

How looks the man ennobled by his deeds,
And by a life of generous toil well-spent—
Glad and for ever young! Time ne'er hath bent
The high soul and serene, that like the steeds
Of heav'n-wing'd Phœbus, on its bright track speeds
Through calm and storm, diffusing warmth and light
Far o'er that low dark sphere, where birds of night
Watch for their prey, whose eye the clear day dreads.
Patriarch of Nature's nobles—kindliest, best!
Go, reap the guerdon of the just and wise!
Faithful amid the faithless—firm, serene
Where the strong trembled; loftiest acts attest
Thy inborn worth. Thy memory long shall prize
A grateful land which thy good works has seen.

EXCURSIONS AND PASSING OCCURRENCES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Excursion into Cœlo-Syria, Mount Belus, and its cities.—Hollow ways of Syria and Persia.—The Macedonian Apamea.—Chalcidene.—Ruins of early Christianity.—Sickness in the Expedition.—Superstitions of the Maltese.—Ferocity of jackals.—The Serjeant's funeral.

Almost immediately in the rear of the amphitheatre of rocks, from the centre of which the fountain of Daphne bursts into life, is a gap in the hills, which allows of a passage from the vale of Antioch into the hilly and wooded district of Casiotis. It was through this rocky dell that, accompanied by a muleteer, I was slowly tracking my way on the morning of the 5th of July, my mind less occupied with the beauty of the scenery which immediately surrounded me, than filled with mournful reflections of the wealth, power, and luxury which had dwelt and been exhausted at the beauteous spot I had just passed by, and where not even a fragment now remains to tell of past times. It was one of those lessons upon mutability, which, however inconvenient, will force themselves occasionally upon us. Glad was I then, when the rocky glen opening into an intricate, hilly, and wooded country, aroused my attention to the road.

There is no such a thing as dulness to one who finds subject for speculation in every plant or stone, and every living thing met with on his wanderings; but, truth to say, the broken, hilly districts of Casiotis, although very entertaining to a naturalist, were rather monotonous in any other point of view, and a notion of the exceeding luxuriance and beauty of their scenery, will be sufficiently obtained from what I have already related concerning Casius and its slopes, and Daphne and its groves.

About noon we arrived at the village of Sheïkh Gui, where I was kindly received, and hospitably entertained, by the Sheïkh, without any view to profit or remuneration. After a repast, instead of availing myself of an opportunity for a siesta, which was afforded in a most polite and considerate manner, by the natives retiring from the room, I proceeded on my journey, till evening, and its short twilight, forced us to make a toilsome ascent up a narrow pathway, carried like a snake along the face of the rock, and at the summit of which was a goodly village, furnishing pleasant entertainment, rendered not the less acceptable from being generously proffered.

The next day we turned eastward up the valley of the Nahr el Kebir, in "the great river," and fording it at a distance of about ten or twelve miles east of Ládhikíyeh, we advanced into the country of the Nosaïriyeh, or Ansarians, at one of whose villages we stopped for the night, and concerning whom I have already written. The journey hence, led over the hilly districts of the Jebel-el-Akrád, which connect the Lebanon and Ansarian hills on the one side, with Anti Casius on the other. Amidst these hills, the Nahr el Kebir forces its way through a ravine, which is about thirty yards in depth, and scarcely eight feet in width. A legend, too absurd to be worthy relating, is associated by the natives with this natural phenomenon.

On the 9th of June, we quitted the mountains; and descending into the valley of the Orontes, gained the small town of Jisr Sogheïr, or the "little bridge," a Mohammedan hamlet, which has arisen upon the site of the Syro-Macedonian Seleucus, distinguished as "ad Belus." A name of so startling a description as the classical rendering of Ba'l, "lord, or master," and which would give to this little city on the Orontes an importance which brings it into relation with Ba'lbek, Ba'lis, and the numerous Baalas, Baalgads, and Baalsamenes of the land of Judea, rouses curiosity to ascertain its origin. Salmasius opines, that it is derived from a river of that name; but the capital of its district, Chalcis, was upon a different river, and yet distinguished also as being προς Βήλω, and which, hence, as Harduin supposes, appears to be the name of the mountain ridge that divides the vale of Cælo-Syria from the district of Chalcidene, now known as the Shá-shalú, or Is'awí hills.

In the present day, Jisr Sogheïr contains few remnants of ancient times, although, after the Syro-Macedonian era, it became a Christian episcopate, whose mitred representative is recorded in the acts of the councils, by the name of Seleuco-belitanus.

Advancing from this position, up the renowned valley of Cœlo-Syria, its leading features may be summed up in a few words—a central sluggish river, with a tortuous course; a level tract of greensward and marsh, dividing the roads close to the foot of the hills, where its ancient course is still distinctly marked out by the fragments of a causeway, and by occasional Roman milestones,* and on both sides ranges of hills, of moderate elevation, tame outline, and naked acclivities.

There is certainly a great similarity in fortunes, although a great contrast in scenery, between the "hollow ways" of Syria and of Persia. In the latter, a great expanse of plain and wilderness, overrun with tamarisk, liquorice root, restharrow, and saline plants, watered by the river of Cyrus, the Bundemir of modern travellers and poets, is relieved by the artificial fertility of walled-in gardens, and groves of palm-trees, and pomegranate, by occasional patches of greensward, chequered by the dark encampments of the I'leyáts, and still more, by the clear and distinct outline of the royal and the double mountains of Diodorus and Ctesias, and the rocky pinnacles of the castellated Seli Gumbedan, or "the three domes," which stand out of the horizon in black relief, as if branded on the vapourless sky.

The riches and renown of the cities of Cœlo-Syria at once attest to its capabilities and its importance of old, had not history shewed that the different dominating nations in the East were perpetually fighting for its possession. At its head was Ba'lbek, with its gorgeous temple, and Emesa, surnamed the "noble;"—

"Emesæ fastigia celsa renident," (Avienus, 1083;)

next came Epiphanea, the Hamath of Scripture, and then the episcopates of Arethusa and Larissa, followed by the royal Haras, and great military station of Apamea; and beyond these, a multitude of towns and cities reared their glittering turrets even unto Antioch, now

* Springs, like subterranean rivers, suddenly bursting into life at the foot of Mount Belus, and forming ponds and lakes.

standing in lonely and widowed pride, and to Seleucia, with her kingly tombs.

It is easy to understand why this valley, favoured by nature, being so long a land of contention, and always the great military road between Northern and Southern Syria, has undergone many changes, and often witnessed the prosperity of years overwhelmed by the devastations of a day. Not a city but has seen a combat before its walls; not a lake but has had its limpid waters stained with blood.

Hence it was, also, that, with a few exceptions, the early Christians did not abide within this valley, preferring the rocky wastes on the eastern side of Mount Belus. Here abundant springs of pure water flow from the foot of the hills; on the other side, the rain of heaven was with difficulty preserved in tanks, hewn at vast expense of labour out of the solid rock. Here every inch of ground is ready to produce at the bidding of industry; on the other side, there is nothing but a continuous pavement of stone, like a province marked out on a marble slab; but in such a region, the frequent invasions, and the perpetual persecutions so rife in the "Hollow-way," were, to a certain extent, avoided.

I was glad, when on reaching the small stream of Hawash, with its neighbouring village of same name, the muleteer proposed to rest there for the night, for my quotidian attack of ague was just coming on; and having made a usual bed of carpet and saddle bags on the greensward, the rest of the evening was taken up by involuntary and ridiculous shakings and cramps, followed by still more unwelcome heats and a leaden and death-like feeling, which crept over the frame, and was accompanied by strange wanderings of the imagination, in which I was often inclined to think of myself as of two persons, one of whom was sick, while the other was quite well, and extremely indignant at the proceedings of the insane portion of my humanity.

A short ride from Hawash, the next morning, past the lake Aïn Taka, celebrated for its black fish (*macropteronotus niger*), so much prized by the Romans as an aristological luxury, brought us to where the valley of a small rivulet, apparently corresponding to the ancient Marsyas, opened into Mount Belus to the eastward, and was in part obstructed at its entrance by a conical hill about four hundred feet in elevation, on which was a modern mud-walled, hut-encumbered, and ruinous-looking castle, called that "of the defile" (Kal'at el Mudîk), and which probably formerly bore the Acropolis of the Macedonian Apamea, and whence it was sometimes also called Chersonesus.

There was a caravanserai, and a mosque with minaret attached to it in the valley; but not caring to stop there, we wound slowly up the tortuous pathway which led to the castellated dwelling-houses above, and entered the sombre-looking portals, without seeing any available gates or any guard to question admission. The sheikh of the castle received me hospitably, but could afford little local or traditionary information.

At Apamea, as elsewhere in the East, it is with the past rather than the present that we have to do. At every step the traveller takes, the naturally more exciting interest he feels in the phases of a living humanity and the communion of fellow-creatures, is stayed by the sad dulness of a prostrate intellect, or warded off by the suspicious credulity of a savage wisdom, and which the pride of ignorance, and

the satisfaction of religious infallibility, by no means tend to soften or to render more approachable.

It was then with an increased feeling of despondency that I turned to the contemplation of ruins of ancient times, suggestive of fallen glories and of retrospective greatness, suggestions which forced themselves the more strongly upon my consideration, from the very contrast which tradition and history, aided by existing ruins, conjured up in opposition to the existing condition of the East.

Here stood before me all that now remained of a city which, under the Syro-Macedonian dynasty, was always the bulwark of the kingdom of Antioch. Here, besides the greater part of the army, no less than five hundred elephants were kept for purposes of war; and the royal haras, or stables, contained upwards of thirty thousand royal mares, and three hundred stallions. People were employed in training the young offspring of this regal stud, and there were also masters of arms, and of all kinds of military exercises.

When, on the division of the Macedonian empire, Egypt fell to the Ptolemys, it was discovered at once that that kingdom could not exist without Syrian provinces to supply wood for the construction of ships; and at the defeat of the Regent Perdiccas by Nicanor (B.C. 320), Phœnicia and Cœlo-Syria were seized and garrisoned for that purpose.

The frequent wars which resulted from this state of things, and which were carried on by Antigonus against Ptolemy, were legacied to Seleucus Nicator, and to his successor Antiochus the Great, who first succeeded in overthrowing Egyptian power in the heart of Syria.

It was for the possession of this coveted province that Cleopatra, sister to Alexander the Great, was murdered by Antigonus; it was this province which, having been promised as a dowry to Cleopatra, mother of Ptolemy Philometer, was claimed by the son, sword in hand; and it was the conquest of this province by Antiochus, which first led to Roman interference in the affairs of the East, and finally to the overthrow of the Syro-Macedonian empire.

It was the temple of Apamea, which, on the rise of Christianity, became the constant object of conflicts between Pagans and Christians for its possession, for Sozomenus (lib. 8, cap. 15) relates that the Christians held the temple to the great annoyance of the disbelievers, who made war against the former for its possession. Cellarius also quotes an inscription from a coin, on the reverse of which was an elephant:—

ΑΠΑΜΕΙΑC ΤΗC ΙΕΡΑC ΚΑΙ ΑCΥΛΟΥ.

What remains now of this distinction in the arts of war, of peace, and holiness? A rich and luxuriant, but untenanted greensward, out of which rise the fragmentary remains of a Corinthian temple—two pilasters with their capitals, a portion of the walls, and an arched window, being all that now remain of the once coveted edifice! Around, foundations of buildings are still traceable, and there also exist part of a strong wall, and of a semi-circular archway; but with these exceptions, and that of the modern castle which has risen upon the ruins of the peninsulated Acropolis, all is desolate and neglected, where once proud Apamea stood!

A great authority upon such subjects, Strabo (p. 517), derives the names of the different Apamaeas of the Macedonians from Apama,

of whom there were two—one, the wife of Seleucus Nicator, the other the wife of Magas; but Bochart (Phaleg, p. 94) derives the name from a Syrian word, signifying the confluence of waters. Certain it is, that the Shepham of Scriptures, at which, in the time of the Macedonian invasion, a great many Greeks stopped, was first called by them Pella, after the native city of Philip; and Bochart's opinion derives a remarkable confirmation from the fact, that the Apamea of Mesene was at the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris, Apamea of Sitacene at that of the Royal River and the Tigris, and Apamea Cibotos at the confluence of the Marsyas and the Meander, and it appears almost beyond a doubt, that it was from this circumstance of the junction here of the rivulet of Apamene with the Orontes, that the latter became recognised by classical geographers as the Marsyas of Cœlo-Syria, and afterwards gave its name to a district. These simple facts admitted, they would explain away many difficulties which present themselves in reading Strabo (lib. xvi., p. 519), Pliny (lib. v., cap. 23), and Cellarius (p. 420).

The peculiarity in the positioning of Apamea is best felt on coming from the south. Thence it is perceived as a stronghold, placed in a defile advantageous for purposes of resistance, and at the same time commanding any further progress, whether by the vale of Cœlo-Syria, or through Chalcidene and by the Campus Marsyas into the interior and central northern districts. It was on this account that in the rebellion of Cæcilius Bassus, the relief of its siege by Cassius, decided the termination of the war.

From this point I advanced upon the borders of the great Syrian plain or desert, in the centre of which stood Tadmor, and on its limits Chalcis, or "the white city." We all form to ourselves more or less accurate ideas of the great wildernesses of the earth's surface, as conveyed to us by repeated descriptions; but such conceptions do not take away, but rather add, to the zest for contemplating the reality; and it was not without deep emotion that my eyes now wandered over the wide and boundless expanse of barren undulating territory before me. The results of my first impressions can, however, be reduced to a few words—an arid and sun-burnt waste of chalky and sandy soil, without water, with little or no vegetation, but more unequal than I anticipated, and without the slightest sand-drift.

We met on our ride some of the pashá's irregular cavalry, who, to the great amusement of my muleteer, greeted the infidel with sundry jests and jokes, the point of which were lost upon him, for want of familiarity with the language. The shades of evening overtook us on the confines of the desert, and we were obliged to seek refuge at a neighbouring tel or eminence, called Zorai, where, in the darkness, I spread my carpet, as I found out the next morning, at the mouth of a dark and damp cave, from which myriads of musquitoes issued forth to attack me with such earnestness, that I was glad to beat a retreat, and seek repose on a higher and more exposed part of the hill.

About noon next day, we broke our fast at Mar'ah, a village with a few huts and guard-house, on the caravan route from Aleppo to Damascus. This spot appears to correspond to the Macra of Strabo, on the border of Chalcidene, or Chalcidice, and of the plain of the Marsyas; for the water shed here still flows to the rivulet of Apamea. This territory corresponds to the Zobah of Scriptures, whose king was

at war with Toi, King of Hamath, and was defeated by David. South of Kínisrín (Chalcis) there exist in the present day extensive ruins of ancient Androna, now called Belad Khan Azra, and situated at the foot of the basaltic range of El Amri, which extends eastward to the Valley of Salt (2 Sam. viii. 3); and six hours further south are the yet unvisited ruins of Seriane.

Evening brought us to the village of El Bárá, where I sat down near to a Mohammedan tomb, while the muleteer went in search of provisions. A crowd of peasants—men, women, and children—gathered around me, and I endeavoured to amuse them for some time, till getting tired of their importunities, I walked away, and after some delay succeeded in finding the guardian of the steeds gratifying his appetite, apparently very much to his own satisfaction, and intending to pass over to me whatever might remain of his repast. The villagers were, however, civil, and extremely anxious that I should sleep in a house; but for want of a better situation I was obliged to spread my carpet on tilled ground, from which there was no slight difficulty in gathering as many dry thistles as would make a fire sufficient to boil a cup of coffee, and for which purpose I had brought with me a small copper vessel of the country, which only held a cup of water, and was a great comfort on my various excursions.

Passing the village of Reïhá, with some castellated buildings, we arrived early next day at a considerable collection of stone buildings, which, although in part ruinous, and in tenantless solitude, were very remarkable not only for their freshness and comparative perfection, but also for their solidity and beauty of construction, in which respect they differed totally from any modern buildings in the same country.

These stately-looking edifices were grouped in what might be designated as two separate small towns, situate about half a mile from one another, and the greater portion of the buildings consisted of dwelling-houses constructed of hewn stones, in large squares, and of finished masonry. Many of these dwelling-houses were so extensive that they must evidently have belonged to communities, and constituted the monasteries of the early Christians. Amid these edifices were several churches, quadrangular buildings, with aisles and double colonnades, and arches or arcades closed with masonry behind, and supporting architrave and walls with pilasters on the sides, and windows in front; and above all were pointed roofs of large slabs of stone, the gable ends of which were also ornamented with windows.

Everything was at once massive and solid, and yet light and harmonious. The generally heavy appearance of the architrave, which was straight and simple as in the pure antique style, was removed by the rows of pilasters rising above, to meet the pressure of the superincumbent roof; and while the pilasters also remove the dissonance between the heavy walls and the supports on which it exists, so also they remove the limit imposed to the upward motion of the columns, just as the arch does when taking the place of the architrave in a more refined architecture; and the roof itself, being raised up and supported by pilasters, does not present a load in any way out of proportion to the supporting columns.

The style of these buildings I found afterwards to be characteristic, in all the great centres of early Christianity in northern Syria, more particularly in the ancient province of Oshroene, and in the district

of Mount Saint Simon, as well as in the present once populous locality. It appears to be a very mixed order of architecture—Roman with the general simplicity and character of the Grecian-Doric. The windows have a Tuscan character, and the capitals of the columns appear to be copied from those of the temple of Apamea; but the whole is less exact in its proportions than any other order of buildings—the columns are divested of flutes, and the entablature is not well brought out, and is void of all ornaments. In the interior of the churches the altars were not raised, but were level with the floor, and were not placed in a sanctuary, as in the Greek and Chaldean churches.

Remarkable and interesting subjects of contemplation presented themselves in exploring these tenantless cities, to consider how a land long reckoned as a desert and blank in most modern maps, was in reality covered with that multitude of cities and towns which the historical Scriptures have defined to it, and which from lack of knowledge have been denied to it by many, but which every day's additional examination serves to disclose to an unanticipated and undreamed-of extent.

There is another subject of consideration even still more remarkable, that, like the cities of Israel and of Judea, the homes of the early Christians should be also thus forsaken and deserted, even when not ruined; and that houses, and monasteries, and churches by hundreds, are still standing in peopled districts, yet that "the cities are desolate without inhabitants, and the houses without man."

A feeling of wonder naturally arises, on thinking that houses, which are still so much superior to any existing dwellings, and from which the lapse of time and the tinge of age have not removed the freshness which strength and solidity give to them, should be without possessors, without claimants, and without tenants, or any one to dwell within them, while a poor poverty-stricken and depressed population is harboured in mud huts close by, and wandering herdsmen around have no better shelter than a tent or a tree.

Some are content to look upon such ruins as "the broken fragments of the once numerous churches that have now seen their seed time, and have yielded up their harvest to the last and final day," (the Rev. Mr. Formby's "Visit to the East," p. 36;) but there are others who, like Dr. Keith, ("The Land of Israel," &c.) relying on the perpetuity of the covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, still cherish confident hopes of the coming restoration, both of the land and people; be this as it may, the multitude of sacred edifices—the thousands of ecclesiastical structures of North Syria—appear to have been spared, and to have saved towns and cities, while the church, strictly speaking, and the citizens are gone.*

In front of these buildings were large and deep tanks or cisterns for preserving water, which had stairs to descend into them; and as in these rocky and dreary situations, where the buildings stand on a

* These districts, it may be observed, come within the promised land, as described by the Jewish lawgiver (Numbers, chap. 34), the north border of which comprised Zedad, or Zobad (Chalcidene), and went down to the coast from Shepham (Apamea) to Riblah (Antioch), on the east side of Ain, "the spring," (Daphne,) unto the entrance of Hamath (Bay of Antioch). These are identifications admitted in the Chaldean, and by Hieronymus, Jonathan, Bochart, and other writers on sacred geography.

smooth surface of stone, it is impossible to cultivate anything in the neighbourhood: it is perhaps in this peculiarity of position, and to the absence of running water, so indispensable to a hot country, that we may attribute at least one reason for their being untenanted, but it is not enough to explain the phenomenon in all its individuality or separate existence.

Whilst I was exploring these remains of early Christianity, the muleteer had gone on to 'Edlíp, a straggling place, most of the houses being dispersed in gardens, and where, having joined him at the khan, according to agreement, we passed the night.

The next day (July 14th), we entered into the hilly range, to the westward, the road being carried through a narrow ravine, in the rocky pavement of which, the constant passage of horses and mules, had worn holes of from six inches to a foot and more in depth, and succeeding one another, at the regular distance of the animal's step. I naturally expected that the mules would repudiate such a break-leg path, and would carefully choose the level which presented itself between each furrow, but not at all, they seemed accustomed to, and almost pleased with the peculiarity, and plunged away at each successive hollow with unflinching perseverance.

We passed the night at a large village in the mountains, called 'Armanús, or 'Arman-surá; and the next day, gaining the valley of the Orontes, were ferried over at Salcheïn; and after keeping along the plain for some time, re-entered into the wooded and hilly districts of Casiotis, where we bivouacked for the night, in a field near to a small village called 'Arsís. The next day (July 16th) we gained Antioch, which we approached by that remarkable narrow pass which cleaves the hills in twain, immediately behind the town, and up and down the sides of which the ancient walls are carried in so skilful and so singular a manner.

On my return, I found the transport in active progress, and that Colonel Chesney had gone to Port William, where he was organizing a friendly mission to the Arabs. Sickness had, however began to interfere largely with the efficiency of those engaged in the transport. The thermometer in the house at Antioch averaged 86°, but in the open shade was often above 100°. Fitzjames lay at the Pretty Tower, in a state of delirium, from exposure to the sun; and Eden was brought down, a few days afterwards, from the head of the lake, in a low typhoid stupor and persistent coma. A young sailor of the name of Brown had been also left at Antioch, labouring under acute inflammation of the brain, of which he died shortly afterwards, while I was at Amelia depot. The extent of my daily movements was much increased by this state of things; one of the Messrs. Staunton was at Port William, the other at Amelia depot; and I had often to ride the same day and night from Antioch to the Pretty Tower, and the head of the lake, and occasionally to Amelia depot, and back again. The fever of the country had also never quitted me; and I was, when thus on duty, obliged to lay under a tree by the way-side till the obnoxious shaking stage was over, while my quiet horse browsed in the neighbourhood.

On one of these occasions, I was descending by moonlight the winding pathway at the foot of St. Simon's Hill, when I perceived at the bottom a wagon loaded with one of the boilers of the steam ships, but

without any one to guard it, and although I gave a shout of recognition, it remained unanswered. Surprised at such an unusual occurence, I rode up to the boiler, and, peering into the interior, quickly espied two Maltese sailors, coiled up like reptiles, and somewhat ashamed at being thus found neglecting their watch. To a rather sharp questioning, as to the reason of their thus secreting themselves, the only answer was, "Oh, sir! oh, sir! there has been such a strange figure walking about on the hill-side—a thing all in white, and so tall!" I could not help laughing, as I rode away, at the superstitions of the Maltese, following them wherever they went; for it was evident, although they did not acknowledge it, that it was St. Simon himself, whom they believed had been paying them a nocturnal visit.

These Maltese, with the exception of two or three, who became useful as cooks, turned out, generally speaking, very useless fellows, and they soon got disgusted with the labours and privations of the transport, and terrified by the prevalent sickness, and one after another, they hurried away to the seaports, from whence they worked their way home to their patron saints.

Opportunities, however, presented themselves, amidst these occupations, of more minutely exploring the district of Casiotis, and more especially of carrying on researches for fossils, illustrative of the country. On one of these occasions, Thomson and myself had gone out to an abrupt and desolate valley, a few miles south of Antioch, where a naked terrace of rock offered us a great variety of shells. Busily engaged in extricating these from their matrix, evening overtook us in our employment, when we were suddenly interrupted by the barking of jackals close by. Turning round, our surprise may be imagined, at observing the valley below peopled by a troop of these frolicksome beasts, who were alternating their contemplations of ourselves with rude gambols, and still more uncouth howls.

Our first concern, having no arms, was to effect a safe retreat, and in order to do this, we laid aside the fossils, and taking up more available fragments of rock, began to pelt the enemy. The wily jackals were not, however, to be easily driven away, for, coiling up their backs like angry cats, they crept behind large fallen masses of rock, still closer to us, and yet out of reach of our missiles. We were obliged, therefore, to make a dash at them, and clearing a way, we hurried into a deeper and more wooded valley, making with a sharp pace towards town. What was our horror, however, before we had gained half a mile upon our antagonists, to hear them coming after us in full cry. Had all the jackals of the country been assembled for one grand chase, we could not, in our terror, have imagined that a more numerous pack could have been collected. On and on they came, sweeping down the valley, every rock re-echoing their wild cries, above which the dreadful pattering of their feet was heard, like the sound of rain amidst a storm. Thomson and I looked at one another like devoted beings, and large drops trickled down our foreheads as we awaited their attack, with only a few stones for our defence. But as the fiendish crew came on, the leaders, after a look and a snarl, swept by, making a slight deviation to the right, and followed by the whole pack. A moment more, and they had passed like a hurricane, and we breathed like men who had just escaped an imminent peril. This adventure taught us to act like the natives, and never to go about unarmed.

The boldness and ferocity of the jackals was indeed very great; and there were few of those engaged in the transport who had not their experiences concerning them to relate. Charlewood was, I believe, attacked by one in his sleep, and had to defend himself with his pistols. And a more melancholy case happened at the "Pretty Tower," to which the natives, from being ferried over by our men, had got into the habit of repairing. One night, a man and woman, with a child, came down, after the pontoon raft had been taken to pieces, and there being no means to ferry them over, they remained on the opposite bank during the night, and were there attacked by the jackals, who, notwithstanding the obstinate defence of the parents, severely bit them, and destroyed the infant.

At this time, the grand line of levels was also begun by Murphy, assisted by Lieutenant Cockburn, and others at intervals, till interrupted by sickness, more especially by that of Murphy himself, who nearly fell a victim to a dysentery brought on by indulging too much in grapes, the chain being often carried through luxuriant vineyards. This levelling was a stupendous undertaking, when considered solely in the light of measuring with a chain, and taking the exact level of every inch of ground, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, a distance of one hundred and eleven miles; and after many interruptions, this great work was ultimately terminated by Mr. Thomson, after the loss of the Tigris steamer.

Accidents also now began to happen, more especially among the number of natives, who were employed in assisting to drag the heavy weights over obstacles in the way. It was truly remarkable, under such circumstances, to observe the unflinching and patient confidence with which the Syrians submitted to whatever operations were deemed necessary to their relief.

At or about this time, also, poor old Serjeant Sym sank under repeated attacks of malaria. There were at the time only the members of the surveying party, an artilleryman, and one or two domestics, to do the honour of the last obsequies; but such were not on that account neglected. A solid coffin was constructed in the town, and the remains of our fellow labourer were conveyed by Armenians through the streets of Antioch to their last resting-place, followed by ourselves in mournful procession.

On this occasion, an open indignity was offered to the corpse by an Egyptian soldier, who, standing under an arch with some jeering comrades, thought proper to manifest his contempt for a different faith, by spitting upon the coffin. We were not, however, in a humour, when performing so serious a duty, to put up with an insult, and one or two hands, hastily carried, with no feigned intention either, to their sword-hilts, caused the cowardly miscreant to take himself away at a rapid pace.

On the slope of the rampart-encircled hill of Antioch, and at the entrance of the remarkable ravine, which, as before described, cuts that hill in two, are several rock chapels, remains of what were used as churches, probably when the doors of the apostolic see were closed by the successive persecutions of the Roman emperors. One of these, situated on the east side of the ravine, is dedicated to the Apostle Paul, whose sacred mission to the Gentiles began at this favoured city. In the interior of this natural temple, where, possibly, many fathers of the church had ministered, was a little basin of pellucid

water, like the baptismal lake, with the creeping path of stone purification in the Helio-Arkite mysteries, and in front, there was a very limited, available piece of ground covered with greensward. In this, we had the grave dug, to which, after reading the prayers of our church, we committed the mortal remains of the serjeant. It was a calm and beautiful evening; and never did we look down upon Antioch, the holy city, with feelings of such sad solemnity, or when our hearts were so much in harmony with her desolation.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

(From the German of Karl Simrock.)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

At Hamel all the mice and rats
In open day defy the cats;
An awful famine is in view—
What can the learned council do?
By their command,
Through all the land
'Tis said, that he
Who sets them free
From foes so many and so dread,
The burgomaster's child may wed.

Three days have pass'd—a sound is ringing,
Like swallows in the spring-time singing,
And lo! the rat-catcher appears;
See what a motley coat he wears!
His looks are wild,
His song is mild,
The rats all leap
In many a heap—
They must pursue the wondrous sound,
Till in the Weser they are drown'd.

The bells to thankful worship call;
To church proceed the burghers all:
The daughter of their magistrate
Seems doom'd to have a lowly mate.
Shall it be so?
Her sire says, "No!
With song and fife
To be his wife,
No rat-catcher gets child of mine—
Such lofty honours I decline."

The fifer, in his motley raiment,
Before the council comes for payment.
All in the selfsame language speak,
And all alike the contract break.

"The maid to thee!
It cannot be.
No; hunter brave
Thy trouble save.
Thy piping somewhat smacks of evil,
And came most likely from the devil."

Next morning dawns—a sound is ringing,
As when the nightingales are singing;
The tones of song and flute beginning,
Dwell on the ear, so softly winning.
Again, again
He comes, 'tis plain,
The vermin-slayer—
The wondrous player.
The children—boys and maidens, too—
Must follow him, a motley crew.

And now still sweeter sounds are ringing,
As when the heav'nly choir is singing;
Out comes the burgomaster's daughter,
The music to the door has brought her.
She flies along,
With all the throng;
The mice, too, leap,
In many a heap—
All must pursue that wondrous sound,
Till in the Weser they are drown'd.

Now to the gates the parents haste,
But not a footstep can be traced.
No trusty Eckart† comes to save them,
The hunter in his toils must have them.
But two return,
And nought we learn;
For they have come,
One blind—one dumb.
The mothers must in anguish wail;
The man's revenged—thus ends the tale.

* To Karl Simrock, those who have a taste for the German literature of the Middle Ages, and at the same time have not courage to attack the old language, are immensely indebted for his translations of the "Nibelungenlied," and the works of "Wolfram von Eschenbach."—J. O.

† According to another story, many people were lured to the Hill of Venus by a dwarf, who employed means similar to those used by the rat-catcher. This "Hill of Venus" was much such a place as the "Hall of Eblis" in "Vathek." An old trusty knight, named Eckart, was rewarded, after his death, with the office of warning the heedless against these allurements, and his ghost always appeared to those who were on the road to the hill, as a sort of guardian angel. The tale of "Trusty Eckart" is one of the most beautiful in Tieck's "Phantasus," and has been translated by Mr. Carlyle.—J. O.

CRUISING FOR A CUTLET; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A DINER-OUT.

"I knew him in his livelier London days
A brilliant diner-out."—BYRON.

"Take you me for *a sponge*, my lord?"—SHAKSPEARE.

THE genus to which our hero, the Honourable James—or, as he was more familiarly called, Jemmy Teviot, belonged—has, from time immemorial, been the subject of comment. Many English and foreign writers have introduced him into their works, and upon the stage, parties who, like our "sponge," were devoted to dining-out. Beazley, in his admirable farce of "Where shall I Dine?" has given a perfect specimen of the class. The French dramatist, Scribe, too, in "Le Gastronome sans argent," has shewn that our continental neighbours are equally addicted to this passion; for, as in the present case, as I shall presently shew, it is often carried to the extent of a passion. But to our history: the Hon. James Teviot was the younger son of a noble Scotch earl. Before our hero had attained his sixteenth year, his father died, leaving him a lofty-sounding name, with a miserable pittance of ten thousand pounds. The elder brother, upon his accession to the title and property, generously added two thousand pounds, for the purpose of purchasing a commission in a regiment of light dragoons, and of giving the young cornet his fit out. Unfortunately for our hero, he shortly got into difficulties, which were not a little added to by the marriage of his elder brother, who took this opportunity of paying off his younger brothers' fortunes, instead of continuing to them the interest of five per cent. upon their property. Teviot was now compelled to dispose of his commission; and, after paying his just and lawful debts, found himself the possessor of ten thousand pounds in the three per cents., with nine hundred pounds ready money, which he invested in the purchase of the lease of a small house in the most fashionable part of London. "Nothing like keeping up appearances!" argued Jemmy to himself. "How many dinners men lose by having no fixed residence; only get your name into 'Boyle's Court Guide,' and upon the occasion of a disappointment, a host knows at once where to find a substitute!"

Such were our hero's thoughts, as he took possession of No. —, "Blank-blank Square." Our man about town now set to work in earnest to secure his favourite object—dining out; and it was curious to watch his proceedings. No sooner had he finished his breakfast—a meal which, *en passant* be it said, he generally invited a friend to partake of, thinking it a good investment to bring out a dinner—than he proceeded to pay his morning visits, and *sow* his cards. When we make use of this term, which your regular punster would, of course, denounce as a *seedy* one, we do it advisedly, for no horticulturist ever took greater pains to sow seeds to bring up a succession of vegetables than did our hero to sow cards to bring up a succession of dinners. Perhaps we cannot enlighten our readers better, with respect to our hero, than by giving one of his day's adventures, when, according to the phraseology of a popular naval character, Jemmy Teviot was "cruising for a cutlet."

At eleven o'clock, the noble diner-out was to be seen at the guard-mounting at St. James's Palace, where there was the chance of an invite to the dinner prepared for the officers on duty; if that failed, Jemmy would "drop in" at some intimate friend's house, lead to a conversation touching the dulness of London, hint at the play, or Jullien's concert, in the hope of being asked to partake of the family fare. Failing in this, the Honourable James would commence his cruise, "touching" at all the clubs he was a member of. About three o'clock, he would again get "under weigh," and after "running" down St. James's-street, would "beat" up Pall Mall, "tacking" in Regent-street, and "scudding" along Bond-street. Every dinner-giving "craft" that came in view he hailed; first, a "richly-freighted" merchant-man might chance to cross his track, into whom he would fire a broadside; but the prize was not worth having. Next, a noble yachter hove in sight; Jemmy tried to get the weather side of him, but no dinner-flag seemed likely to be hoisted that day. Whilst "laying to" off Bond-street, an East Indiaman might be seen under heavy canvas, steering for his haven, Hanover-square; our hero would then "clap on" all sail, and run under his "lee." But the India man was not "homeward bound," having ordered his mulligatawny soup and rabbit-curry at the "Oriental;" with a West Indiaman, he would be equally unlucky. Returning to St. James's-street, some foreign craft might be seen in the horizon; but despite of all our hero's tact, no friendly summons was issued for seven o'clock. Two chances alone were left—the officers of the household brigade at the horse-guards, who sometimes dined at their own guard-room, or the sheriffs' dinner at the Old Bailey.

"Pass we the long, unvarying (and hitherto unsuccessful) track," and bring our readers to four o'clock, when the cruiser ran down to the horseguards, and fell in with a "*Man of War*" inspecting his "crew." But here again he was doomed to disappointment—all were engaged. Nothing daunted, Jemmy again "set sail," steering due east, and passing the *Fleet*, soon reached what, to carry on our nautical metaphor, might be termed the hulks and dockyard—namely, Newgate and the Old Bailey. There bringing himself to an anchor, he entered the latter court, and lost no time in forwarding his card to one of the sheriffs, politely asking for a seat on the bench. This courtesy was readily granted, and was speedily followed by another, of greater interest to our hero—namely, an invitation to meet the judge at the sheriff's' table, at five o'clock. Teviot was all smiles and thanks; and apologizing for his morning toilet, accepted the invitation. During the quarter of an hour that preceded the dinner, Jemmy turned that generally admitted dull time to no little account—having accepted two invitations for the following week—one to the goldsmiths', and the other to the Mansion House.

Our aristocratic *Sponge* had, by dint of inuendoes and hints, quite entrammelled two aldermen in *his chains*. Hence the introduction to the chief magistrate of the City, and its result. Dinner was now announced; and instead of finding "hung beef," as a wicked wag had told Teviot he inevitably would find at the Old Bailey, our diner-out, who was a bit of a *gourmêt*, was agreeably surprised at seeing as good a dinner as could be put upon the table—a turtle dinner, worthy of Heliogabulas, or Doctor Kitchener. It would be tedious to give a more detailed account of the sayings and doings of our hero, in the daily pur-

suit of his favourite object,—suffice it to say, for some years he went on, and prospered. At length, a severe illness overtook him, but even during this, his ruling passion was in the ascendancy. A kind-hearted friend had told him to make his house his home during his indisposition, and daily did our diner-out avail himself of this hospitality. Unfortunately, one morning Teviot received a note, saying his friend's father was expected to town, on business, and begging he would not be inconvenienced by being "put off" at dinner, until the following day. Whether this sudden disappointment had any effect upon our hero's constitution, now very much debilitated by that most insidious disease, consumption, we know not, but certain it is, he felt far from well that day. Whilst turning over in his mind how he could make up for the lost dinner, a dashing team drove up to the door.

"Holloa, Jemmy! they told me you were seedy!" exclaimed a young cornet of the —— light-dragoons, quartered at Hounslow.

"And so I am!" responded Teviot, still with an eye to business—"dying for change of air."

"Is that all, old fellow? Put on your togs, jump on the roof; we've a large party at the barracks to-day—some of the blues, out and out good ones; you can have a bed, or come back with me. I'm now quartered at Kensington."

Our hero gladly availed himself of this invitation. How little did he anticipate the result. It is soon told. The cold moist atmosphere of a December day was more than his feeble frame could bear. Upon his return from Hounslow, a physician was sent for; and in four-and-twenty hours Teviot was a corpse. After our hero's demise, the following papers were found in his escrutoire, containing "mems" for diners-out, with a few of the Honourable James's anecdotes; and as they may be useful to some of our readers, and as some time has elapsed since they were written, we have no hesitation in giving them, for the "first time," as the playbills say, to the British public.

MEMS. FOR DINERS OUT.

Never arrive late at a dinner-party, your host and hostess are apt to get "fussy" at the probability of the dinner being spoilt, and will vent their spleen upon their absent guests. As a matter of course, extol your Amphytrion's house and furniture, not forgetting a considerable portion of "soft solder" to the hostess in praise of her "lovely progeny." Ascertain, if possible, the names and occupations of all the guests, so that you may be prepared to throw in an appropriate word to any one you may chance to get next to. If an antiquated damsel, doomed to single-blessedness (query, wretchedness), talk of the folly of youthful marriages, dwell upon the absurdity of being taken from the school-room to the altar, and run the changes upon "childish attachments," "too young to know their own minds," and "marry in haste, and repent at leisure." If a poet, poetess, author or authoress, is placed next to you, quote a line, or sentence, if possible, of their last work, and talk of it as one of the most talented productions of the season. Censure the severity of critics, which will draw forth a reply from the author of "the kindness shewn to their unpretending volume." If the work is dull, tell the writer the right-minded public will, in time, appreciate, despite of what the snarling critics may say.

If the author has been guilty of "plagiarism," give him or her a catalogue raisonnée of noble and talented plagiarists, throwing in the reply of Charles the Second, who, when urged not to patronise one of Dryden's plays, as having been stolen from other works, replied, "Steal me such another, and I'll patronise it as much as I do honest John's." If you find yourself next to a youthful poetess, you may say of her work what Sir James Mackintosh said of Corinne, "I swallow it slowly, that I may taste every drop." If chance places a military man next to you, lead him on to talk of drills and pipe-clay—*the* duke and the peninsula, of course pronouncing the corps to which your neighbour belongs to be one of the finest in her majesty's service. If a naval hero is your neighbour, talk of Nelson, Howe, and Collingwood, and listen to his yarns of the sea, and dangers of the deep. If a traveller is placed next to you, journey with him over his beaten track, and urge him to publish his journals. With a lawyer, be *brief;* they are more accustomed to talk than to listen. With a tuft-hunter, drop in accidentally that you thought you saw him the day before in the park, which will give him a cue, to commence his narrations of high-bred dames and nobles with whom he is on the most intimate terms. In short, suit your conversation to your company. Respecting anecdotes, have a certain number stored up in your memory, ready to do their duty when called upon; but be particularly careful never to lug in one of them out of place, but be equally prompt, whenever an opportunity occurs, to avail yourself of it. Thus, the conversation turns upon Wellington, you immediately begin—"I heard a most characteristic anecdote of the great man lately: Commander Hall of her majesty's yacht, who had 'done the state some service' in China, was anxious to be presented to the hero of a hundred fights, upon an occasion in which the duke went on board the Victoria and Albert. The name of the commander was mentioned to the duke, who said he should be delighted to be introduced to the gallant officer. The *vainqueur des vainqueurs* went through the yacht, and was about to leave it, when he turned round to the captain, and said, introduce me to your commander. The ceremony took place. 'Happy to know you, Commander Hall. You are a brave fellow; fought like a hero in the Nemesis, in China. Gallant, gallant. God bless you,' holding out his hand at the same time. The son of Neptune warmly grasped the veteran warrior's hand, exclaiming, 'I would rather have that blessing than that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all the bishops put together.'"

After telling your story, wait (as the professed actors do) for the applause, and do not be carried away by it, or be led to tell another story, until an equally favourable opportunity occurs. If the subject turns upon politics, quote Sheridan and the pure elector of that immaculate borough of Stafford. "So, Mr. Sheridan, you are about to give us reform; that's right, only think, in some towns there are poor fellows, I hear say, that get nothing at all for their votes; that an't right, and wants reforming altogether. Talking of reform," you may continue, "I must tell you a most extraordinary circumstance that occurred during the last reign. Lord ——— paid a visit to Bedlam; among the inmates was a poor woman, who happened to ask his lordship his name, 'Oh,' replied the latter, 'I'm Mr. Smith,' giving a travelling name. Nothing more occurred until a few months after-

wards, when the same noble lord paid another visit to the same place. The woman already alluded to approached his lordship, and in a voice that savoured little of insanity, said, 'You gave me a false name when last you were here; but let that pass.' The kind-hearted nobleman assured the poor sufferer that he had meant no harm. She proceeded, 'No, you are too warm-hearted to mean to act unkindly; but will you do me a favour? I am mad—I feel it—I know it, although often I am perfectly collected, yet I should not be safe at large; but will you tell the king, mad, insane as I often am, I never was half so mad as he was when he put his name to the Reform bill.'" An electioneering anecdote or two may follow this; but be sure they are short and pithy—always bear in mind the Prince of Denmark's instructions to the players, *vide* Hamlet.

In some societies jocose stories tell well. The best way of introducing them is to mention poor James Smith, and the never-to-be-forgotten Theodore. Then you may rattle off a volley of their best sayings—"Walking one day with Hook, in winter, we passed a shop with the name of Hawes: 'Oh,' said Theodore, 'fine weather for the surgeons—a *nice* practice, I've no doubt, during the frost—

> 'Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
> Though bad for *Hips*, are good for *Haws*.'

Before I had finished laughing, the name of Thurtell, the murderer of Weare, was named, 'Ay,' asked Hook, 'of course you know why he used an air-gun?' 'No,' I replied. 'Because he wished to kill Weare without *Noyse;* or,' he continued, 'like an old coat?—because he was the worse for *wear*' (Weare). Our conversation then turned upon the burning of the Exeter Theatre. 'Ay,' said Hook, 'that's quite theatrical—*enter* a fire; *exit* a theatre,'" (Exeter Theatre.)

Be careful of risking a pun as your own; you can introduce it in the following manner—"A friend of mine said a tolerable good thing last week," then give your pun; if it flashes in the pan, you of course add, "Well, I myself did not see the wit of it, though all the party laughed." If it goes off brilliantly, when asked, who's your friend? you may say, "One's often worst friend, myself."

Reader, study the above axioms, and I have no doubt you will shortly become a truly popular diner-out.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM WITNESSING THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE POET CAMPBELL, AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

> Once more the summons to the mighty dead!—
> What triumph-pomps of the all-conquering king,
> Again, in dark array, march captive-led?
> What subject-choirs his hymns of victory sing
> To grace his dread magnificence, who bring
> Those mortal spoils in which no compeer shares?
> While gaze awed throngs, as Death's slow dirges ring
> With reverend looks—What mighty chief now wears
> His ensigns pale, and to his final home repairs?

Bow'd heads, and whisper'd words, and tear-dimm'd eyes,
Speak to men's hearts that 'tis no common woe;
Nor prince nor peer thus draws a people's sighs;
A nobler prince of brilliant mind lies low—
The lord of glorious song, whose realms bestow
Far brighter boons—glad gifts, and ampler food;
With lavish heart he gave those fruits that grow
In truth and freedom's clime by fancy wooed,
Teaching the art divine to reach man's loftiest good.

Well has he won his radiant crown of light—
Fearless, high-hearted, and elate in strife,
With minion'd tyrants for the sacred right—
The glory of free song, more dear than life.
Hope's blissful visions with no clouds are rife,
Nor distant now—the wearied soldier sleeps—
The exile's found his home; the friend, the wife,
Are lost no more; nor wandering patriot weeps
O'er suffering nations' wrongs, but the soul's sabbath keeps.

Then ope, ye portals of the glorious dead—
Time-honour'd sanctuary of freedom's land!—
Receive the heart for freedom's cause that bled;
Cherish his memory 'midst th' immortal band,
Who, with soul-eloquent words at *her* command,
Blanch'd tyrants' cheeks with dread. Let genius come
Oft round this hallow'd spot, deep musing stand,
And grandeur lowlier bend, and from his tomb
Learn how high soul's pure fame escapes the general doom.

But what! no glowing hearts—lips touch'd with fire—
No mastering sympathy with souls of song—
With bold bright truths, high worth—to dare aspire
To paint the charms that to his muse belong?—
And not one wreath t' adorn his grave—one strong,
Soul-moving, generous burst to genius due,
'Mid all that titled and high-gifted throng,
As o'er the service of the dead once threw
A halo of bright praise to emulous rapture true!

Yes, one!—sad tribute from a land of tears—
Spoke out more thrillingly than thoughts that glow
On youth's first dream of fame, nor hopes nor fears
With love more strong than death she deigns to know,
But in her poet's grave will grateful strew
The clay that wraps her Kosciusko's rest,
Reckless what tyrants or their minions rue
The daring truth she speaks to the opprest—
His soul-ennobling muse still fires each patriot breast.

And, ah! ere yet his soul had taken wing,
The muse, and freedom's glorious-gifted child,
Felt with heart-piercing pain that bitter sting
To see his land's free soil and air defiled
By his polluting foot and breath who piled
A pyramid of freemen's bones, and made
Of holiest ties sport for his passions wild—
The impious violator who betray'd
Conquerors and conquer'd, and made death a trade.

But see the phœnix Freedom yet arise—
The guardian genii of the poet's songs—
Still wake the shout of Poland, till the skies,
Earth, air, and waves, avenge her mighty wrongs,
And teach proud hearts that still to Heaven belongs
The doom, though late, that tracks the felon's crime;—
Th' apostate tyrant's steps, e'en till he longs
For justice on his guilt, and every clime
Proclaim his shame in the great bard's unerring rhyme.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

BY MRS. YORICK SMYTHIES, AUTHORESS OF "COUSIN GEOFFREY," "THE MATCHMAKER," ETC.

Who in this age of steam and perpetual motion—who has not visited Paris? And who that visits Paris, does not set aside one day, when all the delights of the gay Boulevards, the glittering Palais Royal, the regal Tuilleries,—yes, even the Bois de Boulogne and Longchamps itself,—all, in short, of pomp and show with which the metropolis of living pleasure abounds, is to be resigned for a quiet pilgrimage to the City of the Dead?

Père la Chaise! It is among the sights to be seen, the wonders to be wondered at, the objects to be noted down in each vain tourist's commonplace book (justly so named); but yet, the most wordly and frivolous can hardly prepare for this expedition, and spend their day among the tombs with the same light heart and giddy head with which they have gazed on all the other gaudy sights of this bewildering city of shows. No; when the oft-deferred day comes at last, for almost all *do* defer it, with a prophetic dread of the thoughts it must engender—the graves, the monuments, and the epitaphs we expect to gaze at with pleasure, remind us of those we have seen to our unspeakable anguish, our eternal sorrow! Pale shadows of the *loved and lost* seem to precede us along the deserted streets of the "Paris of olden time." How hastily is the veil dropped over eyes, till then bright with excitement and vanity, but which now the large and irrepressible tears *will* fill! The visit to the dead—albeit the unknown, the foreign, the alien dead—may recal a mother, a father, whose image blends with the fresh and fairy bliss of happy irresponsible childhood, or a fond sister, a brave trusting brother, who so loved this life! Perhaps remind the heart of that holy tie—a first love, disappointed, unwise, but yet, in its deep truth and involuntary devotion—how bright, how angelic a contrast to the frippery flirtation, the lukewarm preference, the vain and worldly homage of avarice to wealth, or passion to beauty!

It was, then, in a romantic and pathetic state of mind, that I approached the celebrated resting-place of those who, swayed during life by a foreign sceptre, are, at length, fellow-subjects with ourselves of the one dread monarch all must yield to at last, and entitled with us to a freehold in the Land of Shades. Now, the very entrance to this far-famed Père la Chaise put to flight the sweet and holy sadness which partook of the ideal, and forced upon the disappointed heart the harshest and most revolting realities of the actual world; beyond the entrance, it is true, the marble tombs gleamed, and the yew and cypress waved, the paths were beautifully kept, the budding lime-trees waved over monuments of every variety, temples, vaults, pyramids, obelisks, cippi, columns, altars, and urns; and better still, a small chapel formed a centre, to which all the roads seemed to lead; and surely there, where God the Saviour dwells, there is the best resting-place for the living mourner—there the best hope for the lamented DEAD. But, alas! though, in the distance, all seems fair and appropriate, Mammon, in his most revolting form, sits at the threshold,

and guards the gates of that dwelling, with which he has nought to do. Mammon at the gates of the garden of *Death!* Nay, worse still, parcelling out that very garden—dividing it, as he does all other things below, with grovelling injustice between the RICH and POOR, perpetual repose for the pampered remains of the children of pomp. Yes, marble monuments, and flattering records for the RICH; and five years allowed for the paupers' bodies, huddled together, unmarked and unheeded—five years, in which we are told that it is calculated these bodies will decompose and make way for other paupers to perish in their turn.

At the Bureau of the Cemetery is a regular depôt of the gaudy crowns of yellow *immortelles*, with which the French love to decorate the tombs of their *dead*. Formal and artificial-looking, and just the sort of apology French taste prompts for French heartlessness. We can all enter into the feeling with which fresh flowers may be flung upon the grave of some dear one who would have loved them in life, and there is a fanciful, but yet a comprehensible pleasure, in forming a little garden around the grave of the dead,—the flowers that die to bloom again, whisper of immortality; and there is so much of this earth and its delusions, even in the wisest, that we cannot look on the actual though lifeless form we have so loved and cherished, as mere dust. Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. But these formal, purchased, and frippery chaplets, sold by avarice and bought by vanity, have nothing in common with the tributes of grief and love; and, in proof of this, the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa is more inundated by such offerings than that of any lost friend or lamented relative. This monument—namely, that of Abelard and Eloisa—is decidedly the most picturesque, and to Parisian taste the most interesting in the Cemetery; it is, indeed, a "shrine where their vigils pale-eyed votaries keep,"—and the tale of "passionate shame" connected with the false nun and perjured monk, is calculated to awaken all the echoes of those hearts which have no sympathy with the sublime struggle and glorious conquest of virtue over passion, but pant with, and melt at, the exciting but feeble conflict of inclination with principle, and the luring, demoralizing triumph of love over virtue. Yes, as the conquest of passion over virtue now forms the subject of all Parisian poetry, romance, and drama, so, to the weak grisette of the "sliding heart," the false husband and the perjured wife of a higher class—all, in short, who trample on vows and duties, and make passion their god—to all such, the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa is a shrine where false vows are breathed, false tears shed, and purchased garlands hung!

Still, looking upon it as a mere work of art, the sepulchral chapel of the pointed style of the thirteenth century—formed by Lenoir out of the ruins of that Abbey of the Paraclete, founded by Abelard, and of which Eloisa was first abbess—is exquisite of its kind; and the statues of the victims of passion seem to sleep calmly, side by side, at last.

All will eagerly seek out the tomb of dear La Fontaine—instructor of our childhood, and delight of a maturer age; a fox, in black marble, crowns his cenotaph, appropriately ornamented with two bas-reliefs in bronze—one, representing the fable of the wolf and the stork; and the other, the wolf and the lamb. And oh! how the old nursery time comes back upon the heart, while we murmur—

"Une Grenouille vit un bœuf,
Qui lui sembla de belle taille,
Elle, qui n'était en tout pas plus gros qu'un œuf,
S'enfle, se goufle, et se travaille."

And so on, through the bright world of beguiling Fable. Here are to be found the tombs of Monsieur and Madame Reveillon; the latter interesting as being the first victim of the Revolution. Cuvier, the great naturalist, has a tomb remarkable in itself; but his name is sufficient epitaph; his best monument — his works! Talma, as if wearied out with false show while living, rests under a plain tomb without an inscription; the essence of his sublime genius was its chaste repudiation of florid ornament, and this simple tomb speaks volumes without a word. Molière lies near him, but a solemn sarcophagus denotes the grave of the High-priest of Comedy, and for the first time in our lives, Molière's name is unmixed with thoughts of mirth and joy. Here, too, rests at last, the once restless Madame de St. Julien, well-named by Voltaire, the *Papillon Philosophe;* and the brave devoted Marquis de Clermont Gallerande, who, on the memorable 10th of August, placed himself between Louis XVI. and the mob, and won a place in all loyal hearts by the daring and devoted deed. La Place!—how small a space now suffices the speculator on The Boundless! His tomb, near Molière's, is of white marble, and from it rises an obelisk, surmounted by an urn, ornamented with a star encircled by palm branches, and inscriptions alluding to the great astronomer's works—"Mecanique Céleste," "Système du Monde," "Probabilités." Probabilities! Poor La Place, with thee they are certainties now.

Turning from these things of the world of thought, who have obtained such bloodless triumphs o'er the realms of time, a few turnings and windings, and a somewhat steep ascent, brings one among those less enviable conquerors, whose laurels were bathed in the blood of the brave, and the tears of the widow and the orphan. The marshals of Napoleon lie here. How terrible once! What are they now? The conquered, and we will hope, the forgiven; for they were *the brave.* They lie to the west of the avenue, while, from a rising ground to the east of the Cemetery, we gained a lovely view over Vincennes.

It was a bright Spring day, towards the end of March, the distant country was bathed in a sunny mist, Nature wore her calm eternal smile, and as we looked on the scene around, the new-made graves and the sobbing mourners, the contrast of the perishing and the lasting forced itself on the heart. A volume would not suffice to describe and expatiate on all the monuments worthy of note; suffice it then to say, that all that science, art, valour, wealth, rank, philanthropy, and beauty, vain glory, or vanity, have rendered remarkable in Paris, are here complimented, not merely by storied urn and animated bust, but often by colossal pyramids and giant obelisks, as if in mockery of the handful of dust beneath.

But Bernardin de St. Pierre, all will surely seek his tomb, for the sake of his "Paul and Virginia." It is pleasant to dwell on the resting-place of the dead, who have made themselves immortal! Near him lies Brequet, the celebrated watchmaker; for him, Time (the regulating of which was the occupation of his life) is now no more! Boieldieu and Bellini, too, who woke such sweet echoes, are silent here;

but those echoes survive the gifted ones that awakened them. Madame Blanchard's fate is here somewhat absurdly recalled, by a cippus surmounted by a globe in the flames! And Madame Dufresnoy, surnamed the "Tenth Muse," the admired of the fanciful, lies by that practical genius, the great chemist Fourcroy, (a strange neighbour for her!)

There is one part of the Cemetery, beyond the straight road that is formed by the brow of the hill, deeply interesting to all English pilgrims; for there, under monuments generally beautiful and chaste, lie our own dead—

"There is a tear for all who die,"

says the poet, but surely *all* have a tear for those who die on a foreign land, and may not *rest* by the side of those who loved them, and whom they loved.

After gazing at the celebrated David's tomb, we came again to the *fosses communes*, and at a part where the worn nature of the little wooden tablet shewed that the brief lease of five years was almost expired, and that the living mourner and the lamented dead were to be outraged ere long.

A young man, a poor artisan in appearance, was musing, with folded arms, eyes swollen, and cheeks blistered with weeping; the grave he stood by was ornamented by little plots of violets and heartsease; and on the board, the one line—"*Cecile, agée de dix huit ans,*" told in itself a tale of love and sorrow. Cecile, perhaps the hope, perhaps already the reality, of that poor artisan's sad life of toil—the love, or the wife, no matter which, evidently his all, by the care bestowed for nearly five years on that little grave—and the grief which, after five years was wild and deep, as when they laid her there for the first time. And that grave to be disturbed—the shrine of that heart to be made desolate — the object of the daily pilgrimage of love to be rudely laid waste, and the hallowed relics scattered abroad — no marvel that a stern and almost vindictive despair was on that young man's tear-stained cheek; and, oh! Mammon, Mammon! I sighed again.

There was another tomb which I remember, though with different feelings. The simple inscription, "*A ma Mère,*" awoke some of the holiest and sweetest echoes of my heart; and had it stopped there, it would have been sublime (the true sublime of simplicity); but, alas! on a gaudy pedestal, a bronze head of the departed was raised, the hair frizzed and tricked out in formal modern fashion, while round this head one of the odious yellow garlands had been recently placed in a most coquettish style, and a string of berries, by way of necklace, was twined around the throat!

In such wretched taste were many others—little peep-shows, *reposons*, on which stood waxen virgins, tinsel saints, flower-pots, and in some, articles that looked very like our salt-cellars and castors, while all were littered by the chaplets, some fresh, some decaying.

On the whole, grand and beautiful as are many of the monuments, sweet as is the situation, and graceful as are the grounds, we returned from Père la Chaise with a feeling of disappointment.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. VIII.

FLETCHER'S FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.—PROBABLE REASON OF ITS NON-SUCCESS.—EXQUISITE AND PERFECT PASSAGE ABOUT THE MORNING.—COMUS AND LYCIDAS.—DR. JOHNSON'S WORLD.—ALLAN RAMSAY AND BURNS.

THE title and story of the *Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson, in combination with those of the *Faithful Shepherd* (Pastor Fido) of Guarini, appear to have suggested to Fletcher his *Faithful Shepherdess*. This is undoubtedly the chief pastoral play in our language, though with all its beauties we can hardly think it ought to have been such, considering what Shakspeare and Spenser have shewn that they could have done in this Arcadian region. The illustrious author, exquisite poet as he was, and son of a bishop to boot, had the misfortune, with his friend Beaumont, to be what is called a "man upon town;" which polluted his sense of pleasure, and rendered him but imperfectly in earnest, even when he most wished to be so. Hence his subserviency to the taste of those painful gentlemen called men of pleasure, and his piecing out his better sentiments with exaggeration. Hence the revolting character, in this play, of a "Wanton Shepherdess," which is an offence to the very voluptuousness it secretly intended to interest; and hence the opposite offence of the character of the "Faithful Shepherdess" herself, who is ostentatiously made such a paragon of chastity, and values herself so excessively on the self-denial, that the virtue itself is compromised, and you can see that the author had very little faith in it. And we have little doubt that this was the cause why the play was damned, (for such is the startling fact,) and not the ignorance of the audience, to which Beaumont and Ben Jonson indignantly attributed it. The audience could not reconcile such painful, and, as it must have appeared to them, such hypocritical contradictions; and very distressing to the author must it have been to find that he had himself contributed to create that sceptical tone of mind in the public, respecting both himself and the female sex, which refused to take him at his word when he was for putting on a graver face, and claiming their ultra-belief in all that he chose to assume. The "Faithful Shepherdess" is a young widow, who is always talking of devoting herself to her husband's memory; and her lover Thenot is so *passionately* enamoured of her, that he says if she were to give up the devotion, his passion would be lost. He *entreats* her at once to "hear him" and to "*deny!*" This child's play is what the audience could not tolerate. It was a pity; for there are passages in the "Faithful Shepherdess" as lovely as poet could write. We are never tired of hearing—

> "How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
> First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
> She took eternal fire that never dies;
> *How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,*
> *His temples bound with poppy, to the steep*
> *Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,*
> *Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,*
> *To kiss her sweetest.*"

So of the dessert gathered by the Satyr for the nymph Syrinx:—

"Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take them.
For these black-eyed Driope
Hath often times commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb;
See how well *the lusty time*
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till then humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun."

See also the love made by the river-god at the end of the third Act, which we have not room to quote; and the Satyr's account of dawn, which opens with the four most exquisite lines perhaps in the whole play:—

"See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire.— The wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold."

Who has not felt this mingled charmingness and chilliness (we do not use the words for the sake of the alliteration) at the first opening of the morning! Yet none but the finest poets venture upon thus combining pleasure with something that might be thought a drawback. But it is truth; and it is truth, in which the beauty surmounts the pain; and therefore they give it. And how simple and straightforward is every word! There are no artificial tricks of composition here. The words are not suggested to the truth by the author, but to the author by the truth. We feel the wind blowing as simply as it does in nature; so that if the reader be artificially trained, and does not bring a feeling for truth with him analogous to that of the poet, the very simplicity is in danger of losing him the perception of the beauty. And yet there is art as well as nature in the verses; for art in the poet must perfect what nature does by her own art. Observe, for instance, the sudden and strong emphasis on the word *shoots*, and the variety of tone and modulation in the whole passage, with the judicious exceptions of the two *o*'s in the wind "blows cold," which have the solemn continuous sound of what it describes, and the corresponding ones in "doth unfold," which maintain the like continuity of the growing daylight. And exquisite, surely, is the dilatory and golden sound of the word "morning" between them:

"The wind blows cold,
While the *mor*-ning doth unfold."

Milton's *Comus*, though not equal throughout to the *Faithful Shepherdess* in descriptive judgment, (for it talks of "groves of myrrh and cinnamon" on the banks of a British river,) is altogether a finer poem, and a far better recommendation of chastity; and, indeed, might rather have been called *Castitas* than *Comus;* for *Comus* has little justice done to his powers of temptation. Perhaps Fletcher's failure in recommending chastity, suggested the hope of surpassing him to Milton. His emulation of particular passages in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, particularly on that subject, has been noticed by the commentators. But *Comus* is a mask, not a pastoral. It can hardly even be called a pastoral mask; for the shepherd is the least person in it; and though the Italians identify the pastoral with the sylvan drama, or fable transacted in the woods, which are the scene of action in *Comus*, the reader feels that the woods have really almost as little to do with it as the fields;—that the moral, in fact, is all in all; which is the reason why nobody takes very heartily to the subject, especially as Milton acts in morals like a kind of solemn partizan, and does not run, like Shakspeare, the whole circle of humanity in arguing his question.

Milton's only real pastoral (with the exception of the country part of the Allegro) is his allegorical monody on the death of his friend King,—the Lycidas; and a beautiful one it is, though Dr. Johnson, in his one-sided misapplication of a right principle, laughed at grief which departs from the ordinary phases of life, and talks of nymphs and river-gods, and "satyrs with cloven heel." Grief, he said, does not talk of such things; to which Warton said very truly, "But poetry does;" and he might have added (still more literally than he puts it), that Grief does so too, when it is the grief of one young poet mourning for another. Johnson says that Milton and his friend were not "nursed" on the "same hill," as represented in Lycidas; and that they did not "feed the same flock," &c. But they were, and they did. They were nursed on the same hill of Arcady, and fed the same flock of the ideal pastoral life; and very grievous it was for them to be torn asunder,—to be deprived by death of their mutual delight in Theocritus, and Virgil, and Spenser, the beloved haunts of their minds, things which it has agonized friends and poets to be torn away from, both before and since the time of Milton, however little they may have been cared for by dear, good, dictatorial, purblind, un-ideal Dr. Johnson, whose world, though it was a wit's and a sage's world too, was not the universal and still sager world of the poet, but made up (exclusively) of the Strand, hypochondria, charity, bigotry, wit, argument, and a good dinner;—a pretty region, but not the green as *well* as smoky world of Nature and Shakspeare.

Fault has been found also with the intermixture of theology in Lycidas; but it is to be defended on the same ground—namely, that Milton's young friend studied theology with him as well as poetry; and hence the propriety of introducing the pilot of the Galilean lake.

One ought to be grateful for it, if only for its giving the poet occasion to dismiss the solemn vision, and encourage, in those lovely verses, the beautiful fictions of Paganism and Theocritus to come back:—

> "Return, Alphèus; the dread voice is past
> That shrunk thy streams; return, *Sicilian Muse*,
> And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
> Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
> *Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use*
> *Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,*

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf *suck the honeyed showers*,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy, *freak'd* with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.

* * * * *

Thus sang the swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey."

These are the chief pastoral writers in the language, of the ideal class. Pope professed to be a classical pastoral writer, and split, accordingly, on the hard rock of Latin imitation. Even Gay's burlesque pastoral was better, for it went to the real fields for its imagery; and Phillips would have surpassed both, if he had not been full of affectation. His verses from Copenhagen, describing a northern winter, are fresh from Nature. Of Allan Ramsay, the prince of the homely pastoral drama, we have already spoken. Burns was pastoral poetry itself, in the shape of an actual, glorious peasant, vigorous as if Homer had written him, and tender as generous strength, or as memories of the grave. Ramsay and he have helped Scotland for ever to take pride in its heather, and its braes, and its bonny rivers, and be ashamed of no beauty or honest truth, in high estate or in low;—an incalculable blessing. Yet Ramsay, though he wrote an entire and excellent dramatic pastoral, in five legitimate acts, is but a small part of Burns;—is but a field in a corner compared with the whole Scots pastoral reigns. He has none of Burns's pathos; none of his grandeur; none of his burning energy; none of his craving after universal good. How universal is Burns! What mirth in his cups! What softness in his tears! What sympathy in his very satire! What manhood in everything! If Theocritus, the inventor of a loving and affecting Polyphemus, could have foreseen the verses on the "Mouse" and the "Daisy," turned up with plough, the "Tam o' Shanter," "O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," "Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon," &c., (not to mention a hundred others, which have less to do with our subject,) tears of admiration would have rushed into his eyes, not unmixed with a generous self-pity at being surpassed on his own grounds of rustical feeling and enjoyment, of popular witchcraft and universal passion. In the course of a few days, on the 6th of the present month, a festival is to take place in Ayrshire, to the honour and glory of Burns and his sons, who are to be welcomed to the Banks of the Doon. Would that we could be there, to add the mite of our respects; to listen to all that will be said in gratitude to their father, by noble and poetic lips; and to come away, warm with the grasps of the hands of our own Scottish friends, whom his example has helped to link with mankind in universal brotherhood. We seem to hear the spirit of the Poet crying out in his own words, on this sixth of August, first, to such as hesitate to attend his Festival for fear of the expense, though they can well afford it; and next, to the generous visitors who come jovially pouring in:—

"Awa', ye selfish warly race,
Wha' think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love and friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack!*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

"But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!"

TO A FAIR FRIEND.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

When from thine airy casement gazing,
As upon earth some seraph eye
Peeps through the loop-hole of the sky,
I saw thee, Geraldine—
Like the adoring Persian, praising
His deity, the sun, I stood
In rapt and reverential mood,
Nor thought thee less divine.

For that same sun seem'd only beaming
Faint as the silvery queen of night,
Thou wert so beautiful, so bright,
So lustrous to behold—
And when I mark'd thine eye-beam streaming,
Such was the magic of the spell,
The very earth on which it fell
Was changed to liquid gold!

Or, as Cassiope thou reignest
An empress in thy starry chair,
And chamber'd in the upper air,
Thy glass the placid sea—
But if in coy disdain thou wanest,
Though in the fleeting of a smile,
Thou'lt leave us, stricken as the isle
Of Ferro's wave-girt lea.

If I have fled, the battle waging,
Ah! tell me not that Love's delight
Hath turn'd me to the Sybarite,
A traitor to my king—
But, that I deem thine heart engaging,
The nobler hazard of the twain,
Than plumed glory of the plain,
Or all that earth can bring.

And know, for Omphale, the greatest,
Work'd at the distaff, and became
Touch'd by a more impulsive flame
Than camps, or war's alarms—
Nor of his labours, deem'd the latest
Equal the triumph which confest
Th' enamour'd Lydian queen's unrest,
And gave her to his arms.

* Turning a penny.

THE EMPIRE OF MOROCCO.*

The Moors, the degenerate race of noble ancestors, and the last remnant of that Mohammedanism which so long threatened Christianity from its strongholds in Granada, and afterwards from its piratical ports on the "sea of darkness," as they expressively call the Atlantic, are at length, it appears, threatened in their turn, by powers who proclaim themselves to be the daughters of Latin and Christian civilization.

The dependency of Tunis and Tripoli on the Sublime Porte has preserved them as yet from the almost unavoidable consequences which result from an inveterate barbarity being brought into close proximity with intelligence, industry, and ambition; but the empire of Morocco, isolated by the colonization of Algeria, and rendered as it were an intercepted and cast-off member of the Mohammedan family of nations, has fallen into a relationship with European powers, the results of which cannot be easily anticipated, and which leave for it a future of about as debatable a character as that which might belong to a carcass on its own plains, and for which stealthy crows and ravens quarrel with the vulture, and the latter again with sundry jackals and hyænas.

Two nations of the north, once deservedly famed for their sea-kings, and still possessed of gallant navies, have been the first to take advantage of this peculiar and crippled position of the old empire of the Moors, and to withhold that disgraceful tribute which they hitherto, through some curious policy, or out of veneration for olden customs, used to pay annually to the Moors, as if they were still the formidable toll-keepers of the Herculean Straits.

Sala, a name which has decorated many a plaintive ballad, and once the terror of the seas, is with its large suburb of Rabat, still the most populous port of the empire, boasting altogether of about 31,000 inhabitants; but its venerable and battlemented castles are falling into ruins, its circular batteries and round forts reveal only a few guns mounted on clumsy carriages, and which, to use an expression of Captain Washington's,† "would not stand fire for ten minutes." The Imperial dockyard at the mouth of the "father of ripples" (Abu Rakrak) only contains one corvette on the stocks, and according to Mr. Hay, the Imperial squadron itself consists in all of a corvette, two brigs, a schooner, with some few-gun boats, and these unfit for sea. Such is the sorry remnant of the naval force of Morocco, whose Sala rovers used to keep in constant alarm the peaceful merchantmen of Christendom, and to which, up to the present year, two Christian nations have continued to pay tribute.

Taking advantage of the same isolated and peculiar position, and probably urged also from without, Spain, which has in her time put up with many an affront from her barbarian neighbours, can now afford to avenge with the tone of superiority, followed by military demonstrations, the last insult offered to her flag. The regiments of Gallicia and of Baylen are on their way to reinforce the garrison of Ceuta; but, as with the French, prudence, reserve, and the utmost moderation, are proclaimed as the basis of all negotiations.

The complication with France is, if possible, of a still more serious complexion. The uncertainty of the limitrophal line may, to a certain extent, excuse past events. The French acknowledge the Tafnah as the boundary line, but they make the river of Lalla Maghrania, where their camp was, and the river of Uchdah (the Oushdah of the French) tributaries to the Tafnah, but which, in existing maps, are made tributaries to the Muluyah, "the winding river," and a river indisputably of the Morocco territory.‡ France, also, naturally feels herself aggrieved at the protection yielded, if not positive assistance granted,

* "Western Barbary;" its wild tribes and savage animals. By John H. Drummond Hay, Esq. London: J. Murray.

"A Map of the North Coast of Africa," including Morocco and Algiers. By James Wyld, Charing Cross East, London.

† Geographical Notice of the Empire of Morocco, Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. i. p. 123.

‡ Yet up the valley of which the French have since advanced in search of the fugitive Augades, and have met with some opposition.

by a neutral power to their long-tried enemy Abd el Khadr, the "evergreen," as his name indicates, old Arab chieftain. Disclaiming, then, all ideas of conquests and territorial aggrandizement, the French ministry even repudiates the occupation of a single port of the Maroquins, but proclaims as their ultimatum, satisfaction for past misunderstandings, which will no doubt be yielded at once; but further, that Abd el Khadr shall be removed from the frontier to the interior, or to some Morocco port. This appears to be an almost impossible demand. How can it be expected that Morocco power shall effect that, which France herself has been unable to accomplish during fourteen years' warfare? Who is to capture the brave, wily, and experienced Arab chieftain? Will the emperor's negro body-guard effect the mission, or will it devolve on his son, Sidi Mohammed, (said to be of English mother,) who commands at Fez? If the French insist upon the accomplishment of this unreasonable request, the termination may be the same that occurred under the Emperor Sidi Mohammed, whose campaign against his rebel red-haired son of Irish mother, Mulaï Yezid, terminated by the elevation of the latter to the throne.

Not the least complication which arises from these various categories is, that Great Britain cannot well afford the loss of the Morocco commerce (299,000*l.* of exports annually); the Morocco supplies so essential in case of a maritime war, or that the keys of the Mediterranean should be held by a rival European power. The Battle of Trafalgar was fought at a point, and to decide a question, which certain parties are anxious to revive again, as capable of a new solution. Nelson long ago said that some day or other the possession of Tangiers would be a necessity to Great Britain; and whether diplomatically ceded, or granted in exchange for assistance given in the time of necessity, the city held by the bluff soldiery of our Charles II. would always be a point from whence the supplies of the rich granaries and abundant flocks and herds of Barbary would flow, whoever might be the possessors of the land, to the benefit of those whose anomalous position has so often obtained for them the cognomen of rock-scorpions, and the freedom and inviolability of the straits would be also, by such a possession, permanently ensured.

It would have been a truly gratifying task to us, had our space permitted it, to have sketched, under existing circumstances, the actual condition and resources of the Morocco empire. It is an error to say, as has so often been done, that there is no country concerning which so much has been written, and of which so little is known. There is, in reality, much good and available information existing, especially since the British mission of 1829-30. The total population appears certainly not to exceed 4,000,000; and the negro body-guard of the emperor, which, under Mulaï Ishmael, is said to have reached 100,000, did not, at the time of the British mission, reach above 5000. The mixed population of Moors in the towns, Arabs on the plains, and the aboriginal Berbers in the mountains, are not always on the best understanding; and it appears, that on the advance of the French to Uchdah, that they had already a regiment of the mountaineers, Amazigh, "the great," as they call themselves, and from whence the port of Mazighan takes its name, in their service. But the call to a "holy war" would cement all parties, to what, without assistance from without, must always ultimately prove to be a vain resistance.

The nearest ports from whence the capital, Morocco (Maraksh), can be diplomatically threatened, are Mogador and Asafi; but the harbour of the former is not available for men-of-war, which must anchor off its long but inefficient batteries; and the latter has only a roadstead; Tangiers will therefore be probably the point of demonstration; yet, in case of hostilities, the loss would, at Tangiers or Mogador, be entirely on the side of European merchants, and Christian and Jew residents, while at Sala, the most populous and essentially Moorish port, and the most honourable point of demonstration, the loss would be mainly with the Moors.

The extreme fertility and productiveness of Morocco is almost proverbial; but all authorities, even to Mr. Hay, the last before us, agree in stating that a soil which, in the hands of an industrious people, would be a source of inexhaustible wealth, is, by indolence and despotism, rendered, for the greater part, equally useless to the natives, and to the rest of the world.

We cannot but recommend this little work of Mr. Hay's as one of the most entertaining of its class. The picture of Morocco sports, and of the manners of the people, are most lively and amusing. At the same time, it is impossible, in reading these graphic and truly Oriental sketches, not to be reminded of the proverb, "There is nothing new," &c. The story of Ali, the robber, is almost, to a word, that of the notorious Veli Khan, of Farsistan, the cutting off the finger that pulled the trigger, the sheikh's mare, the story of the ancient vase, are all familiar in similar or proximate forms throughout the East; and what is equally curious, the incident of the robber Ali, surrounded by the flaming forest, launching himself on his jet-black steed, while supporting his beloved Rahmana in his arms, against his foe, is precisely similar to the flight of Herne the Hunter with Mabel into the burning woods, related in "Windsor Castle." In the superstitions of the Berbers and Arabs, the few relics of Mauro-Spanish times, the traditions of the Moors, and the well-told conversations with lions, boars, and hyænas, Mr. Hay's work contains many features of novel and great interest, such as are certain to ensure a very great popularity; and to those whose curiosity in these countries will be naturally awakened by the progress of events, we cannot do a better service than to recommend Mr. Wyld's excellent map as a guide.

THE POLITICAL MISSION TO THE EAST.*

A French political mission, especially when composed of one individual, is a thing *sui generis*. It is not a mission of peace, nor a mission of friendly alliance, nor one for commercial and other advantages, nor even of French interests,—it is a mission simply of hostility to England and the English, unflinching in its objects, and unscrupulous in its means.

Mr. Fontanier's especial mission was as a spy upon the proceedings of the Euphrates Expedition. "At the period of my nomination," he says, p. 2, "public attention was actively directed to the attempts made by the English to open more speedy communications with India." "The title of vice-consul," he elsewhere says, "if directly conferred upon me, would not have suited my views;" and at page 414, he says, "the experiments on the navigations of the Euphrates having terminated," his presence was no longer needed, and he took his departure.

It is not our intention to follow our author in his outward journey, and in his intermeddlings with Egyptian and Indian politics, there are plenty besides ourselves who can set him right upon those topics. We shall penetrate at once to the less frequented territories neighbouring the Persian Gulf, and to the new French vice-consulate at Basrah, for against his will the author was bound to decency by such a nomination.

Arrived at this ancient commercial city, Mr. Fontanier was received by the English agent, whose house was placed at his disposal, and who took every possible steps to get the consul established in his new position, and also received by the local authorities with respect, (pp. 169, 170.) This, however, did not suit so sensitive a disposition, and in a country, where he says (p. 182) the English "pass for a race of superior beings;" he considered that his position had an aspect of dependence, and hence he resolved to live apart, and to hoist a flag; but a difficulty occurred, that this demanded some outlay—a difficulty, however, by no means insuperable to the genius of a Frenchman, for there was at Basrah a French factory, in part of which the consul took up his abode, and the other part he pulled down, and sold the materials to meet the expenses of erecting a flag-staff, (p. 190.) This factory, it is to be remarked, had been a little previously repaired by the French Bishop of Baghdad, at an expense of 1200*l.*

"Once installed," says the author (p. 191), "I received frequent visits from

* Narrative of a Mission to India, and the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf, &c. Undertaken by order of the French Government. By V. Fontanier, Vice-Consul at Bassora. 1 vol. 8vo. R. Bentley, London.

all those who disliked the authority of the English." This might be thought a rather strange proceeding by the uninitiated, on the part of the representative of an allied and friendly power; but it is explained in other passages where the author's ideas as to the duties of a French consul are more explicitly stated, as being simply to keep the English consuls in check (p. 176), and to prevent the English depriving the French, "in Asiatic affairs, of those advantages to which our geographical position and prior relations unquestionably entitle us," (p. 295.) Observations, which every one will allow, are singularly inapplicable to the position of the two nations in China, India, the Persian Gulf, or the Red Sea—the wide fields of Mr. Fontanier's ambitious mission.

No sooner established than "a circumstance occurred," he says (p. 191), "which made it incumbent on me to check the influence of England." He was, in fact, boiling over with impatience to quarrel with the British resident at Baghdad; and the occasion which thus presented itself was neither more nor less than a request made by the colonel to the pasha of Baghdad for permission to establish coal depôts for the service of the Euphrates Expedition, at different stations on the river Euphrates. These coal depôts are denominated by Mr. Fontanier, "military posts and magazines;" and he says, "to ask permission to construct these posts, and to establish a communication between them by means of steam-boats, was neither more nor less than to propose to take possession of the river," (p. 193.) Imagine the taking and holding possession of a tract of country eleven hundred miles in extent, and populated by six millions of inhabitants, by five coal depots guarded by a couple of sailors to each! But worse than this, Colonel Taylor, who, although seventeen years resident at Baghdad, had never visited the ruins of Babylon, desirous of accomplishing that object, and at the same time of greeting with due ceremony the arrival of the Euphrates Expedition, wished on the occasion of his guard of Sepoys being relieved, to detain for a while the two detachments for this little excursion. Mr. Fontanier's sharp political eyes saw strange designs in this arrangement; it was evident that Babylon was about to be converted into a British military post; in fact, Colonel Taylor was to be the modern Alexander, and off the irate consul despatches a threatening letter, stating that if a single English soldier entered the territory, he would protest at Constantinople against such a violation of the integrity of the Osmanli empire." This, it is to be observed, was written after the colonel's intentions were given up, and the additional Sepoys had been dismissed, and were already on their way home. But Mr. Fontanier expected others would arrive, and he takes credit to himself for having prevented an army of British soldiers having marched on Baghdad. It is needless to observe that any military force from India was neither asked for, nor expected, by any one except the visionary vice-consul.

Mr. Fontanier having thus saved Turkey from a British invasion, he becomes a great man. Speaking of English agents, he now states (p. 197), "My bare presence was a serious check to their influence;" and immediately afterwards, "My residence at Basrah was prejudicial to the English," for "false greatness no longer glitters when it is exposed to the light."

This great affair concluded, the delay which took place in the transport of the material of the expedition, left a long leisure with the vice-consulate, which was converted to the extraordinary purposes of first of all getting up a quarrel with the Abbé Trioche of Baghdad, for having removed certain church property from Basrah to that city, and failing in obtaining any satisfaction from that quarter, he amuses himself by claiming the property from Colonel Taylor, who, upon the representations of the former French agent in the country, had assisted in their removal, and he warned the British resident, "that if he did not accede to my demand, I should send a copy of the document which I then transmitted him to the Governor-general of India, with a request that the value of the articles thus irregularly removed might be made good from his pay!"

At length the approach of the expedition, which the author proclaims to be a "bold enterprise," and "an example of extraordinary daring," is heard of at Basrah. The author details at length his knowledge of the origin and nature

of this "daring" expedition, the objects of which were neither more nor less than to subjugate all the territories bordering on the Euphrates and Tigris! Pondering upon so mighty a theme, he says (p. 299), "I have often wondered at the singular notions entertained by foreigners who engage in the conquest of a country; attempting to subjugate a people who do not understand their object.....The invaders live at the expense of the country, scarcely troubling themselves to conceal their contempt for the inhabitants by whom they firmly believe they are adored.....Colonel Chesney imagined that the Arabs watched his operations with wonder and admiration, and took a lively interest in his success.....He must consequently have been astonished when passing Soug el Schioug, to observe a number of Arabs advance into the river, and attempt to stop the 'Euphrates.' These poor people imagined that this operation was the easiest thing in the world. They were foiled, however, and began firing their muskets, so that the steamer was compelled to discharge a couple of shots, which put them to flight."

Apart from the misrepresentation of facts as to any possible invasion of so vast a country by a single steamer, and of the invaders having ever lived, to the slightest amount, at the expense of the country, and from the absurdity of love or adoration being expected from the Arabs, who were at the same time certainly not looked upon with contempt, we have the authority of a member of the expedition itself, and who was with it from its commencement to its termination, to say that not one circumstance such as are here so carefully narrated ever occurred; and that on the contrary, the reception of the expedition at Suk el Shuyukh, or "the sheikh's market-town," was most friendly and gratifying.

But it did happen that at this very Suk el Shuyukh, the friendly Arabs informed the expedition that they had been instructed by a Frank, at Basrah, to stop the progress of the steamer, by damming up the river with date trees at that point. Mr. Fontanier was written to upon the subject from Suk el Shuyukh; and it is, probably, from the failure of this ignoble plot that he founds the above strangely concocted narrative.

Mr. Fontanier's work is filled with long accounts of the heat and sickly condition of Basrah, at the time of the arrival of the expedition there, and he is not surprised that on its return from Bushire, it should have taken up its head-quarters at Mo' Ammerah, he acknowledges (p. 311) that "the air was purer, the water more limpid, and it may easily be presumed that the mortality of Bassora caused him (Colonel Chesney) to keep aloof from that town."

Mo' Ammerah, it is to be observed, is the port of that part of Susiana, of which Dorak is the capital, and which is held by the Cha'b Arabs, who have never from the times of Nearchus to those of Niebuhr, the Dutch settlements in Kharaj, or the navigation of the Euphrates, acknowledged but temporarily the Persian or the Turkish yoke. From the rapacity of the custom-house officers of Basrah, Mo' Ammerah had become a much more frequented port than the former, which hence entertained towards it feelings of profound envy and hostility, and which it now became (from having been unfortunately made a brief spot of repair by the expedition during the survey of the river Kuran) a leading object of the French consul's to foment, and to enable him ultimately to take credit for its invasion and overthrow.

"It was an insult," he says (p. 311), "for Colonel Chesney to establish himself in a *hostile* town, without even notifying such an intention" (to the governor of Basrah), and he then charges the colonel with making conventions with the Arab, whom he designates as the rebel sheikh of Mo' Ammerah. No such conventions were ever made; our authority, previously quoted, formed one of the mission, which was sent by land to the capital of the Cha'b country, and no such subject was broached, nor did it happen that on this excursion, as is related by Mr. Fontanier (p. 347), that the party were seized, and not allowed to continue their journey. They were most hospitably received, and kindly entertained.

As far as Colonel Chesney's feelings were personally concerned, they were always exceedingly friendly to the Turks, but that not so much so as, like our author, to urge them to an act of injustice in the destruction of this rising

port. In proof of these feelings, Mr. Fontanier himself relates (p. 237), that "when Colonel Chesney arrived in his steamer (at Basrah), his vanity was piqued, and he caused a little paint and a few ropes to be given to the ships of war;" and at page 298, he expresses regretful doubts if the governor of the town, with all his Arabs, could have taken the steamer.

On the steamer's voyage upwards, to Baghdad, Mr. Fontanier—thanks to Colonel Chesney's politeness—became a passenger; and he relates that, during the navigation of the Tigris, the Arabs would not cut wood, and that when the crew were employed on that service, it was necessary to keep a sharp look out lest they should be attacked, (p. 318.) How untrue this is, is shewn by the fact that while the crew were cutting wood, other members of the expedition (with whom Mr. Fontanier took very good care not to venture) were shooting in the jungle, and the Arabs laid up stores of wood for the steamer's return.

At Baghdad, Mr. Fontanier conveniently forgets his quarrels with the Abbé Trioche, and his attacks upon Colonel Taylor, and rushes into the arms of one, and accepts the hospitality of the other. He then reviews the fallen condition of the city of the Caliphs, and laments (p. 194) that it would have been easier for the "Euphrates" steamer to take Baghdad, than for the pasha at the head of his troops to have taken that vessel!

On the return, Mr. Fontanier was shipped at Korna, on board the "Hugh Lyndsay" steamer, then waiting with despatches for the Euphrates, and by its means, he regained Basrah, where he learns from a Jew, that Tajib, the sheikh of the Arab town of Zobier, which generally keeps the Turks of Basrah in check, is to be assassinated (p. 355). This unfortunate sheikh, according to Mr. Fontanier, had previously prevented the Arabs from executing a plot which they had formed for burning the "Hugh Lyndsay." How did Mr. Fontanier obtain knowledge of this fact? And with regard to his own connexions with the sheikh, he says, "I had time to put him on his guard, but I did not: it was in my power to save him, but my duty forbade me. *I was obliged to forget that this man had never rendered me other than kind services, and to leave him to his fate*, (p. 355.) Tajib was accordingly murdered, with the knowledge, and therefore the tacit consent, of the French consul!

The expedition having come to an end, Mr. Fontanier immediately set about prompting the Pasha of Baghdad to invade Mo' Ammerah; and as an inducement to this, he picked a quarrel with the Governor of Basrah (p. 365), and demanded satisfaction. "The pasha was afraid of me," he says; "not at all on account of my official character, or of any steps which the ambassador could take, but because I was acquainted, to a dollar, with the amount of his robberies, and I had it in my power to denounce him to the Porte. For this reason, he sent me word that he would come in person, and, with the help of God, would see that I had satisfaction," p. 365.

The pasha accordingly starts; a *friend* of Mr. Fontanier's, a Captain Sharp, who happens to be anchored off Mo' Ammerah, is, through his instrumentality, ordered away—the town is invaded, pillaged, and sacked. It was, indeed, taken without resistance; and a tailor, who was ignorant, in all probability, of the important event, was at work in his shop. One of the victors espied him, rushed upon him, and dragged him before the pasha, who ordered him to undergo a severe bastinado, as a punishment for his assurance; his tormentors exclaiming, "What, you scoundrel! while the vizier gives himself the trouble and the fatigue of coming all the way from Baghdad to besiege and take the town, you sit sewing away as if nothing had happened!"

During this valorous war against the ninth part of a man, the sole occupant of Mo' Ammerah, the French consul employs his janissary, apparently with considerable success, in fleecing the pasha in return for the moral and political aid which he had lent to the expedition, and a Persian ambassador, who arrives to complain of the invasion, receives the bastinado. With this great political triumph over the English, this remarkable mission terminates; and, it is almost needless to remark, that the Cha'b Arabs, who had retired at the approach of the pasha and the consul's janissary, returned at their departure, and reinstated themselves in their just and lawful possessions, unless, as the question has now been made one of diplomacy, the commissioners, who sit

upon it at Erzrum, and who, probably, know as much as to the right of Turks and Persians to the Cha'b country as Mr. Fontanier obtained from D'Herbelot for the use of the pasha, and as much concerning the history of Suleïmaniyah as is contained in Rich's narrative, decide that an independent country must be rendered tributary to the one power or the other; if so, the question still remains if the Khurds of Suleïmaniyah, or the Arabs of Cha'b will submit to the decision thus arrived at.

THE HAMYARITIC INSCRIPTIONS.

It was on the 6th of May, 1834, now more than ten years ago, and, to use the words of Wellsted, (who, poor fellow, has not lived to witness the rich fruits of his researches!) "at a moment memorable in the history of discovery," that the officers of the Palinurus found the castle and inscriptions of Hisn Ghorab. This first discovery of one of the most ancient alphabets of mankind was followed by the finding of another inscription, in April, 1835, by Lt. Wellsted, at the ruins of Nakabu-l-Hagar, "the excavation in the rock," a city of the same district of Hadramaut, the land of the Homerites. In the month of August, 1836, Messrs. Hutton and Cruttenden recovered similar inscriptions at Sana, in Yemen, which had been brought from Mareb, the renowned capital of the Queen of Sheba; and on September 26th, 1842, a tablet with a further inscription was dug up at Aden itself.

Gesenius, Roediger, and other learned scholars, devoted their whole energies to deciphering this most ancient character, but, as it now appears, without the slightest success; and we feel pride, that as the discovery was made by British officers, so it remained for an Englishman, the Rev. Mr. Forster,* by the accidental comparison of a poem—borrowed by Schultens from the historical compilation of the celebrated Al-Kazwînî, called the Kitab atsar al Belad, &c., with the Hisn Ghorab inscription—to arrive at the solution of a problem, to which, we owe the Arabian Voyage of Niebuhr and his colleagues, and to solve the key of a language, long lost and fruitlessly sought after by the first names in Oriental learning, from the days of Pocock to those of the accomplished Sir William Jones.

The inscription at Hisn Ghorab is of the most remarkable character. It refers, in language which, for poetic beauty, can only be compared with the loftiest flights of Job, to the lost tribe of Ad, spoken of in the Koran as giants, and descended from Aws or Uz, the son of Aram, the son of Shem:—

> "Aws assailed the Beni Ac, and hunted [them], and covered their Faces with blackness."

Opening with a pastoral simplicity which belongs most unequivocally to purely patriarchal times, the imagery is literally the same with that which opens the Book of Job. It speaks of sheep, oxen, and camels, of the locality occupied by the subjects of the poem, of the fountain streams and operations of husbandry, of field-sports and gorgeous clothing, of *Hasirs*—kings who lived secluded in their palaces,—a fact noticed by Agatharcides, Diodorus, and Strabo, but scoffed at by Gibbon; of the justice of their kings, of the prophet Hud, (the Heber of Genesis,) shewing that name not to be, as has been constantly alleged by Christian controversialists, a corruption made by the prophet of the Islamites. One of these lines, as not written by a Pagan or idolatrous people, is too remarkable not to be quoted:—

> "And we believed in miracles, in the resurrection, in the return Into the nostrils of the breath of life."

A second poem, possibly yet to be recovered at Mesenaat, describes this happy period as succeeded by seven years' famine:—

* "The Historical Geography of Arabia," &c., by the Rev. Mr. Forster. 2 vols.

"We dwelt in this castle seven years
Of good life—how difficult from memory its description!
Then came years barren and burnt up:
When one evil year had passed away, there came another to succeed it;
And we became as though we had never seen a glimpse of good.
They died; *and neither foot nor hoof remained.*"

The allusions here have a specific reference to an event in scripture history, and fix the date of the poem to a given point in the patriarchal times. It is neither more nor less than an abridgment of the relation in Genesis, and the words printed in italics are used by Moses, and that in one instance only—"Our cattle also shall go with us: there shall not an hoof be left behind."

A very singular confirmation of this reference is adduced by Mr. Forster, from Firazabaudi, after Ebn Hesham, who relates that a flood of rain laid bare to view a sepulchre in Yemen, on which lay a woman having on her neck seven collars of pearls, and on her hands and her feet bracelets, and ankle-rings, and armlets, seven on each; and on every finger a ring, in which was set a jewel of great price; and at her head a coffer, filled with treasure, and a tablet with this inscription:—

"In thy name, O God, the God of Hamyar,
I, Tajah, the daughter of Dzu Shefar, *sent my steward to Joseph;*
And he delaying to return to me, I sent my handmaid,
With a measure of silver, to bring me back a measure of flour:
And not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of gold:
And not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of pearls:
And not being able to procure it, I commanded them to be ground:
And finding no profit in them, I am shut up here.
Whosoever may hear of me, let them commiserate me;
And should any woman adorn herself with an ornament
From my ornaments, may she die by no other than my death."

This is a truly sad tale, told in a few lines—and it has its moral.

In passing from the inscriptions of the Adites, the most renowned of the ancient Arab tribes, to the Hamyaritic inscription over the entrance of the ruins at Nakabu-l-Hagar, we drop at once an interval of nearly eighteen centuries, from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Cæsars. It contains the names of King Ab Mohareb, celebrated by Mohammedan writers, of Behenna his wife, and of Dzu Nowas their son, and the last of the Homerite kings, who perished about seventy years before Mohammed, in battle with the Abyssinians—and the inscription at Aden appears to refer to this event.

But these names of exclusive Arab celebrity are all thrown into the shade by the classic name of Charibael, also occurring in the inscription, and having reference to that king of the Homerites and Sabæans who is celebrated by Arrian, and whose alliance, in the reign of Claudius, was assiduously courted by the Romans.

It cannot but be a source of national congratulation that the mysterious monuments of Arabian antiquity belonging to the age of Jacob and Joseph, nearly three centuries prior to the Book of Moses, or 3500 years ago, and the first alphabet of mankind, have been thus unveiled;—the finding the duplicate copy of the Rosetta and Philæ inscription,* by which the Egyptian hieroglyphs can be compared with the Greek text, is not more promising to antiquarian and historical research, than is this solving the key to the Hamyaritic language. Many other inscriptions are known to exist which have not been copied, and others by reports of the Arabs; and traces of resemblance and of relationship exist in some of the letters of the Amharic or old Abyssinian, in the letters on the ancient Bactrian coins, and in the undeciphered characters at Al Hadhr, in Mesopotamia, and on the Lat of Firoz Shah, at Delhi, with those of the Hamyaritic or Musnad; and thus the key to this ancient alphabet promises to throw great light on ancient Oriental palæography generally.

* Now ascertained to have been first discovered by Mr. Salt. ("Essay on the Phonetic System." London, 1825.)

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

OF THE SENTENCE PASSED ON DR. SACHEVERELL; AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT.

NEXT day the guards at Saint James's and Whitehall were doubled; the train-bands of Westminster were ordered to remain under arms; regular troops were posted in different quarters; and an address having been presented to the queen by the commons, praying that effectual means might be taken to suppress the tumults, and prevent their recurrence, a proclamation was immediately made to that effect, and a reward offered for the discovery of the authors and abettors of the late disturbances. In consequence of these vigorous measures, Sacheverell was obliged to abandon his triumphal chariot, and content himself with a chair, in which he was carried daily to Westminster Hall, very much shorn of his attendants.

The trial having continued upwards of a week, and the counsel for the defence having replied to the different articles of impeachment, Sacheverell pronounced the address prepared for him by Atterbury, Smallridge, and Friend, under the advice and with the revision of Harcourt and Phipps. Delivered with the utmost fervour, and with an air of entire conviction, this masterly and eloquent speech produced a strong impression on most of its hearers. Among them was the queen herself, who appeared much moved by it. It mattered not that it was directly opposed on certain points to the doctrines laid down in the discourse on which the prosecution was grounded; it mattered not that its asseverations were audacious, and its appeals startling; that it was, in short, little better than an artful recantation of the speaker's former opinions; it answered the purpose admirably, and was decisive of the issue of the trial. The research and learning displayed in it astonished the most critical, while its extraordinary power and pathos electrified and enchained the inattentive. The sterner position of the assemblage yielded it the tribute of their applauses, the gentler that of their tears.

By the publication of this speech, which immediately followed its delivery, the doctor's popularity reached its apogee, and the most confident anticipations of his honourable acquittal, or of a

sentence so lenient as to amount to acquittal, began to be entertained. In any event, the high-church party conceived they had triumphed, and their exultation knew no bounds. Dinners were given at the principal taverns and coffee-houses frequented by the Tories, and the guests sat long, and drank deeply, shouting over the anticipated downfal of the Whigs, and congratulating each other in enthusiastic terms on the brilliant figure cut by their apostle. Not a few disturbances occurred that night in the streets from the outrageous conduct of these revellers; but the peace-breakers expressing their contrition, when sober, were very lightly dealt with by the magistrates. Crowds, too, began to re-assemble about the precincts of the Temple and Westminster Hall, but as great decorum was observed by them, they were allowed to disperse of their own accord.

Throughout this celebrated process, a singular unanimity of opinion prevailed among the lower orders of the people. To a man, they espoused the cause of Sacheverell; stigmatized the prosecution as unjust and inimical to the church; and denounced its authors in no measured terms. As the trial drew to a close, and the managers replied to the doctor's defence, assailing him with virulent abuse, the indignation of the populace was roused to such a degree, that nothing but the precautions taken prevented new riots, worse than those which had previously occurred.

But not only were the people deeply interested in the controversy; it engrossed, from first to last, the attention of the upper classes of society, to the exclusion of every other topic of conversation; and the most feverish anxiety reigned throughout the capital and the larger provincial towns. Public business was altogether suspended, and the close of the trial was ardently desired, as the sole means of allaying the general ferment of the nation.

This did not occur till the 20th of March, when both houses of parliament having taken their seats, the question was put to the vote among the lords, and Sacheverell found guilty by a majority of seventeen. A plea in arrest of judgment was made for the doctor, but this was overruled, and on the following day sentence was pronounced.

It was to the effect that Sacheverell should be suspended from preaching for the term of three years, and that his sermon should be burned before the Royal Exchange, by the common hangman, in the presence of the lord mayor and the sheriffs.

Affording indubitable evidence of the weakness of the ministers, this mild sentence was received with every demonstration of satisfaction by their opponents, as well as by the populace generally. The greatest rejoicings were made. Liquor was freely distributed to the mob at certain taverns; and bands of high-churchmen, with oak-leaves in their hats, paraded the streets, chanting songs of thanksgiving for the liberation of their champion.

Bonfires were lighted at the corners of the streets, round

which crowds assembled to drink the doctor's health and happy deliverance, from great barrels of strong ale given them by certain generous Tories. All who passed by were compelled to pledge them. At night, most of the houses were illuminated, and those who declined to follow the general example had their windows broken by the drunken and uproarious mob. Attempts were made in some quarters to disperse the crowds, and put out the fires; but whether the train-bands were intimidated, or little desirous of putting their orders into execution, certain it is, that the licence of the populace remained unchecked, and crowds continued to occupy the streets to a late hour. Some few stragglers, too much intoxicated to offer resistance, were seized, and conveyed to the roundhouses, but they were discharged next morning with gentle reprimands for their inebriety.

In Pall Mall, nearly opposite Marlborough House, a large bonfire was lighted, and around it some hundreds of persons were collected. Plenty of liquor had been supplied them, and after shouting for some time for Sacheverell and the Tories, they began to yell against the ministers, and prompted by some of Harley's myrmidons, who had mixed with them, gave three groans for the Duke of Marlborough, and one for the duchess.

At this juncture, and as if prepared for the event, two men suddenly appeared carrying a sedan-chair. Their object being explained, a passage was made for them by the crowd, and they moved on till they reached the edge of the fire. The chair was then opened, and one of the men, who appeared to be a valet, dressed in his master's clothes, took forth a figure tricked out in an old black horsehair perriwig, a tattered scarlet robe, and a hideous mask. It had a paper collar round its neck, and a white staff in its hand.

"Here's de lord-treasurer of England, de Earl of Godolphin!" shouted the man, in a strong French accent, which was supposed to be assumed.

Much laughter followed, and several voices cried, "Into the fire with him! Into the fire with him!"

"Not yet," replied the fellow; "vait till you see his companion."

"Here he is!" cried the other man at the sedan-chair—a tall, scraggy personage, wrapped in a loose regimental great coat, and having a nose and chin like a pair of nutcrackers—"Here he is!" he repeated, holding up another figure, wearing an absurdly-ferocious mask, a soiled military coat, a laced hat, and a pair of huge jack boots.

"Dis is de commander-in-sheaf—de great Marlbrook!" continued the scraggy man, with the hooked nose, shewing the effigy to the spectators, who replied by shouts of laughter, mingled with some expressions of disapprobation. "Dese are de very boots he wear at——"

Further speech was cut short by a great stir amid the crowd,

and a loud voice exclaimed, "It's a lie!—an infernal lie! which none but a Frenchman would utter."

The next moment, Scales, followed by Proddy, rushed forward. Having seen what was going forward from the steps of Marlborough House, they had determined, in spite of every risk, to stop such disgraceful proceedings.

As soon as the serjeant got up to the chair, he snatched the figure from the grasp of the man who held it, and trampled it beneath his feet.

"Shame on you!" he cried, looking round. "Is it thus you treat the defender of your country, and the conqueror of its enemies? Is it thus you show honour to the victor of Blenheim and Ramilies?"

"Who are you that talk thus to us?" demanded a by-stander.

"Who am I?" rejoined the serjeant. "One who has a right to speak, because he has followed the duke in all his campaigns. One who has bled *with* him, and would willingly bleed *for* him. One who would rather have left his corpse on the field of Malplaquet than live to see his commander so grossly insulted by those who are bound to honour and respect him."

"If that don't touch your hearts they must be harder than stones," cried Proddy, passing his hand before his eyes. "Are you Englishmen, that you allow a couple of beggarly mounseers to insult your great general in this way—to say nothin' of his friend the lord-treasurer? If you don't blush for yourselves, I blush for you."

"Mounseers!" exclaimed a by-stander. "What, are these two ill-looking rascals, mounseers?"

"As sure as I'm her majesty's coachman!" said Proddy.

"It's Mr. Proddy himself!" cried several voices. "We know him very well."

"I wish you knew him better, and copied his manners," replied the coachman, "for then you'd never act as you have done. Look at these two tremblin' cowards! Are they men to be allowed to offer an insult to the Duke of Marlborough?"

"No—no," cried a hundred voices. "We didn't know they were mounseers. We ask your pardon, Mr. Proddy. We were wrong—quite wrong."

"Don't ask my pardon," rejoined Proddy; "ask the duke's. Show your sorrow by better conduct in future."

"We will, we will," replied those nearest him. "What shall we do to satisfy you?"

"Give three cheers for the duke, and then read these rascals a lesson," replied Proddy.

Three lusty cheers were then given, during which the two Frenchmen, almost frightened out of their senses at the change wrought in the temper of the mob, endeavoured to escape.

"Stop 'em!" roared the sergeant—"stop 'em!"

"Ay, ay!—here they are, safe enough," cried several of the by-standers, arresting them.

Bimbelot and Sauvageon besought their captors to let them go, but ineffectually.

"Epargnez moi, de grace," roared Bimbelot, piteously; "I adore de great Marlbrook."

"Listen to his lingo," cried a waterman. "We must be precious flats not to have found him out sooner."

"I am entirely of your opinion, friend," replied Proddy.

"What shall we do with 'em?" cried a small-coal-man. "Throw 'em into the fire?"

"Or roast 'em alive?" cried a butcher.

"Cut 'em into mince-meat!" cried a baker.

"No, let's hang 'em!" yelled a tailor's apprentice.

"Pitié! pour l'amour de Dieu! pitié!" cried Sauvageon.

"Oh, mon cher sergent!—my dear Mr. Proddy! do say a word for me," implored Bimbelot.

But the coachman turned away in disgust.

"I'll tell you what to do with 'em," said Scales to the by-standers. "Make the valet put on this tatterdemalion attire," pointing to the duke's effigy, "and make the corporal put on t'other."

Shouts of laughter followed this suggestion, and instant preparations were made to carry it into effect. The straw bolsters were stripped of their covering, and the two Frenchmen, whose clothes were torn from their backs, were compelled to put on the wretched habiliments of their dummies. The masks were then clapped on their faces, and they looked more complete scare-crows than the effigies themselves. Bimbelot's appearance occasioned roars of laughter. The old jack-boots into which his little legs were plunged ascended to his hips; the coat covered him like a sack; and the hat thrust over his brows well nigh extinguished him. Sauvageon looked scarcely less ridiculous. In this guise, they were hoisted upon the top of the sedan-chair, and exposed to the jeers and hootings of the rabble, who, after pelting them with various missiles, threatened to throw them into the fire; and would have done so, no doubt, but for the interference of the serjeant and Proddy. In the end, crackers were tied to their tails, and fired, after which they were allowed to run for their lives, and, amidst a shower of squibs and blazing embers, which were hurled at them, managed to escape.

Thus ended the trial of Doctor Sacheverell, which paved the way, as had been foreseen by its projectors, for the dissolution of the ministry. The Whigs never recovered the blow so successfully aimed at their popularity; and though they struggled on for some time, from this point their decline may be dated.

Six weeks after the termination of his trial, Doctor Sacheverell commenced a progress through the country, and was everywhere received with extraordinary rejoicing. At Oxford, he was magnificently entertained by the heads of the colleges, and after remaining there during a fortnight, proceeded to Bunbury and Warwick, where he was equally well received. But the greatest honour shewn him was at Bridgenorth. As he approached the

town, he was met by Mr. Creswell, a wealthy gentleman of the neighbourhood, attached to the Jacobite cause, at the head of an immense cavalcade of horse and foot, amounting to many thousands, most of whom wore white breast-knots edged with gold, and gilt laurel-leaves in their hats. The roads were lined with people, and, to add to the effect of the procession, the hedges were dressed with flowers to the distance of two miles. The steeples were adorned with flags and colours, and the bells rang out merrily. This was the last scene of the doctor's triumph.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

SHEWING HOW THE WHIG MINISTRY WAS DISSOLVED.

The cabals of Harley, to effect the dissolution of the Whig ministry, were at length crowned with success. Consternation was carried into the cabinet by the sudden and unlooked-for appointment of the Duke of Somerset to the place of lord chamberlain, in the room of the Earl of Kent, who was induced to retire by the offer of a dukedom; as well as by the removal of Sunderland, notwithstanding the efforts of his colleagues and the Duchess of Marlborough to keep him in his post; but the final blow was given by the disgrace of Godolphin, who, having parted with the queen overnight, on apparently amicable terms, was confounded, the next morning, by receiving a letter from her, intimating that he was dismissed from her service, and requiring him to break his staff, in place of delivering it up to her. A retiring pension of four thousand a-year was promised him at the same time, but it was never paid; nor was it ever demanded by the high-minded treasurer, though he stood much in need of it.

The treasury was instantly put into commission, and Lord Poulet placed at its head, while Harley was invested with the real powers of government. Proposals of a coalition were then made to such Whig ministers as still remained in office, but they were indignantly rejected, it being supposed that the Tories could not carry on the administration, inasmuch as they had not the confidence of the country. No alternative, therefore, was left the queen, but to dismiss the Whigs altogether, which was done, and parliament dissolved.

The result of this latter step proved the justice of Harley's calculations. Hitherto the junta had possessed entire control over the House of Commons, and they relied upon its support, to embarrass the measures of the new ministers, and ultimately regain their lost power. But the returns undeceived them, manifesting a vast preponderance in favour of the Tories in the new parliament. Mortification and defeat had been everywhere experienced by the Whigs. The recent impeachment was constantly thrown in their teeth: those who had voted for it were insulted and threatened by the rabble; while the name of

Sacheverell served as the rallying word of their adversaries. The new parliament, therefore, placed a Tory ministry out of the reach of danger.

Prior to the elections, the ministerial appointments were completed. Mr. Saint-John was made secretary of state; the Duke of Ormond, lord-lieutenant of Ireland; the Earl of Rochester, president of the council; the Duke of Buckingham, lord-steward of the household; and other promotions occurred, not necessary to be particularized. So constructed, the new cabinet commenced its work; and, supported as it was by the queen, seemed to hold out a reasonable prospect of stability. Energy and unanimity at first marked its progress, and the fierce and unscrupulous opposition it encountered only added to its strength.

Disunions and jealousies, however, began ere long to arise in it, inspiring the displaced party with a hope that the combination which had proved fatal to them would be speedily disorganized.

Harley had not yet attained the goal of his ambition; and now, at the moment when he was about to put forth his hand to grasp the reward of his toils—the treasurer's staff, two rivals stepped forward, threatening to snatch it from him. These were, the Earl of Rochester and Saint-John. Between Harley and Rochester an old enmity had subsisted, which, though patched up for a time, had latterly been revived in all its ardour. Conceiving himself entitled, from his long experience, his tried attachment to the church, his relationship to the queen (he was her maternal uncle), to the chief office of the government, Rochester put in his claim for it, and Anne was too timid and indecisive to give him a positive refusal. Saint-John, on the other hand, conscious of his superior abilities, disdaining to be ruled, and master of the Jacobite and movement sections of the Tory party, was determined no longer to hold a subordinate place in the cabinet, and signified as much to Mrs. Masham, to whom he paid secret and assiduous court. Thus opposed, Harley seemed in danger of losing the prize for which he had laboured so hard, when an occurrence took place, which though at first apparently fraught with imminent peril, in the end proved the means of accomplishing his desires. To explain this, we must go back a short space in our history.

One night, about six months after Sacheverell's trial, a man suddenly darted out of Little Man's coffee-house—a notorious haunt of sharpers—with a drawn sword in his hand, and made off at a furious pace towards Pall Mall. He was pursued by half-a-dozen persons, armed like himself; but after chasing him as far as the Haymarket, they lost sight of him, and turned back.

"Well, let him go," said one of them; "we know where to find him, if the major's wounds prove mortal."

"The major has won above five hundred pounds from him," observed another; "so if he has got hurt, he can afford to buy plasters for his wounds."

"It has been diamond cut diamond throughout, but the

major has proved the sharper in more senses than one," observed a third, with a laugh; "but as the marquis has palmed, topped, knapped, and slurred the dice himself, he could not, in reason, blame the major for using fulhams."

"I shouldn't care if the marquis could keep his temper," said a fourth; "but his sword is out whenever he loses, and the major is not the first, by some score, that he has pinked."

"Defend me from the marquis!" said the first; "but I suppose we have done with him now. He's regularly cleaned out."

"Yet he's so clever a fellow, that it wont surprise me if he finds out a way to retrieve his fortunes," said the third.

"He'd sell himself to the devil to do it, I don't doubt," remarked the first; "but come! let's go back to the major. We must get him some assistance."

The Marquis de Guiscard, who had retreated into a small street near the Haymarket, finding his pursuers gone, issued from his place of concealment, and proceeded slowly homewards. His gait was unsteady, as if from intoxication; but this was not the case, and he uttered ever and anon a deep oath, smiting his forehead with his clenched hand.

On reaching his residence, the door was opened by Bimbelot, who started on beholding his wild and haggard looks. Snatching a light from the terrified valet, Guiscard rushed up stairs and entered a room, but presently returned to the landing, and called to Bimbelot, in a loud, angry voice,

"Where's your mistress, rascal? Is she not come home?"

"No, monseigneur," replied the valet, "she's gone to the masquerade, and you are aware it is seldom over before four or five o'clock in the morning."

Uttering an angry ejaculation, the marquis returned to the room, and flinging himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and was for some time lost in the bitterest and most painful reflection.

He then arose, and pacing to and fro, exclaimed—"Disgrace and ruin stare me in the face! What shall I do?—how relieve myself? Fool! madman that I was, to risk all I had against the foul play of those sharpers. They have fleeced me of everything; and to-morrow, my house, and all within it, will be seized by the merciless Jew, Solomons, who has hunted me down like a beast of prey. The discontinuance of my pension of a hundred ducatoons a month from the States-General of Holland—the disbanding of my regiment, and the consequent loss of my pay—the extravagances of the woman I was fool enough to marry for the bribe of a thousand pounds from Harley, thrice which amount she has since spent—the failure of my schemes—the death of my stanch friend the Comte de Briançon—all these calamities have reduced me to such a strait, that I was weak enough—mad enough—to place my whole fortune on one last stake. And

now I have lost it!—lost it to a sharper! But if he has robbed me, he will scarce live to enjoy the spoil."

And with a strange savage laugh he sat down, and relapsed into silence. But his thoughts were too maddening to allow him to remain long tranquil.

"Something must be done!" he cried, getting up, distractedly; "but what—what? To-morrow, the wreck of my property will be seized, and I shall be thrown into prison by Solomons. But I can fly—the night is before me. To fly, I must have the means of flight—and how procure them? Is there nothing here I can carry off—my pictures are gone—my plate—all my valuables—except—ha! the jewels Angelica brought from Saint-John! —They are left—they will save me. The necklace alone cost three hundred pounds; but supposing it fetches a third of the sum, I can contrive to exist upon it till something turns up. Money is to be had from France. Ha! ha! I am not utterly lost. I shall retire for a time, only to appear again with new splendour."

Full of these thoughts he proceeded to a small cabinet standing near the bed, and opening it, took out a case, which he unfastened. It was empty.

"The jewels are gone!—she has robbed me!" he exclaimed. "Perdition seize her! My last hope is annihilated!"

Transported with fury and despair, he lost all command of himself, and taking down a pistol, which hung near the bed, he held it to his temples, and was about to pull the trigger, when Bimbelot, who had been on the watch for some minutes, rushed forward, and entreated him to stay his hand.

"I know that you are ruined, monseigneur," cried the valet; "but it will not mend the matter to kill yourself."

"Fool!" exclaimed the marquis, furiously—"but for your stupid interference all my troubles would have been over by this time. What should I live for?"

"In the hope of better days," returned Bimbelot. "Fortune may cease frowning upon you, and put on her former smiles."

"No—no, the jade has deserted me for ever," cried the marquis. "I shall not struggle longer. I am sick of life! Leave me."

"Only postpone your resolution till to-morrow, monseigneur, and I'm persuaded you will think better of it," urged Bimbelot; "if not, the same remedy is at hand."

"Well," replied Guiscard, putting down the pistol, "I will wait till to-morrow, if only to settle accounts with my faithless wife."

"Better leave her to settle them herself," replied Bimbelot. "If monseigneur would be advised by me, he would quit this house for a short time, and live in retirement, till means can be devised of pacifying his creditors.

"You awaken new hope within my breast, my faithful fellow," replied Guiscard; "I will go this very morning before any one is astir, and you shall accompany me."

"I wont desert you, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot; "but there's no fear of disturbing the household, for all the servants are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Guiscard.

"Yes, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot; "like rats, I suppose, they smelt a falling house. They all quitted this evening, and I fancy, not empty-handed. Mrs. Charlotte, after attiring her lady for the masquerade, dressed herself, packed up her things, and drove off with them in a coach."

"A curse go with her!" cried the marquis.

"I alone have remained behind, because," whimpered the hypocritical valet—"because, my dear and noble master, I would not desert you in your extremity."

"You shall not regret your fidelity, if brighter days shine upon me, Bimbelot," replied Guiscard, touched by his devotion.

"There is one way in which you can readily repair your fortune, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot. "Being on the spot, you can exercise a vigilant espionage over the English court. Our monarch, the great Louis, will pay well for any secrets of importance."

"The secrets may be obtained," replied Guiscard, "but to convey them is the difficulty. Everything is easy with money at command, but without it——"

"Monseigneur was not wont to shrink before difficulties," said Bimbelot.

"Nor do I shrink now," replied the marquis. "I will take any means, however desperate, to repair my fortunes. To-morrow, I will make an appeal to Harley and Saint-John to assist me in my emergency, and if they refuse me, I will frighten them into compliance."

"Spoken like yourself, monseigneur," replied the valet.

"I shall try to get a few hours' repose," replied the marquis, throwing himself upon the bed; "and I will then seek a hiding-place with you. Call me at daybreak."

"Without fail, monseigneur," replied the valet. "If Madame la Maréchale should chance to return, what is to be done with her?"

"It will be time enough to think of her when she arrives," said Guiscard, drowsily. "Shew her to her room."

"Monseigneur will use no violence?" supplicated the valet.

"Fear nothing," replied Guiscard; "and now leave me. I shall be calmer when I have had a little sleep."

On going down stairs, Bimbelot repaired to a back room, in which Sauvageon was comfortably seated, with a bottle of claret before him.

"I was just in time," observed the valet; "he was going out of the world in a desperate hurry, and that wouldn't suit our purpose."

"Not in the least," replied Sauvageon, emptying his glass. "What's he about now?"

"Taking a little repose," returned Bimbelot, "prior to quitting the house. I threw out a hint about renewing his correspondence with the French court, and he snapped greedily at the bait."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Sauvageon. "We shall have him, then."

"Safe enough," replied Bimbelot. "The reward promised us by Mr. Harley for the discovery of his secret practices, will not be lost. We shall be able to bring them home to him ere long."

As the words were uttered, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

"Sarpedieu!" exclaimed Bimbelot, "Madame la Maréchale has returned before her time. This is unlucky."

So saying, he hurried to the door, and finding it was the marchioness, ushered her in with as much respect as if nothing had happened, and lighted her up stairs, taking the precaution, however, to desire the porters to wait. Entering a chamber at the head of the stairs, Angelica threw down her mask, and divesting herself of a pink silk domino, disclosed a magnificent dress of white brocade. On her head she wore a fancy Spanish hat, looped with diamonds, and adorned with ostrich feathers. She was considerably fatter than before, and her features were coarser, but she still looked excessively handsome.

"Send Charlotte to me," she cried, sinking into a chair.

"Mrs. Charlotte is not returned, madame," replied Bimbelot.

"Not returned!" exclaimed Angelica. "How dared she go out without leave. I shall discharge her in the morning. Send Dawson, then."

"Mrs. Dawson is gone out too," replied Bimbelot. "In fact, all the women have gone out; but I shall be very happy to assist madame, if I can be of any service."

"Assist me!" cried Angelica, starting up. "Marry come up! here's assurance with a vengeance. A valet offer to be a lady's maid! Leave the room instantly, fellow. I shall acquaint the marquis with your presumption."

"Le voici, madame," replied Bimbelot, grinning malignantly. And he retired, to make way for Guiscard, who entered the room at the moment.

"What is the meaning of this, marquis?" cried Angelica. "Have you been discharging the servants?"

"They have discharged themselves," replied Guiscard, coldly. "Having discovered that I am a ruined man—that nothing more is to be got from me—they have taken themselves off."

"Ruined! oh, gracious!" cried Angelica. "Give me the salts, or I shall faint."

"No you wont," he replied, drily. "Now listen to me. Our ruin may be averted for a time, perhaps altogether, by the sale of the jewels you brought with you when I took you from Saint-John. Let me have them—quick!"

"I can't give them to you," sobbed Angelica.

"Why not?" demanded Guiscard, fiercely.

"Because—because I've pledged them to Mr. Solomons, the Jew, for a hundred pounds," she answered.

"Not a tithe of what they're worth," cried Guiscard, gnashing his teeth, "but it matters not, since they're gone. Have you any other trinkets left?"

"Nothing but this diamond buckle, and I shan't part with it," replied Angelica.

"You wont?" cried the marquis.

"I wont," she answered, firmly.

"We'll see that," he replied, snatching the hat from her, and tearing out the buckle.

"I am glad you've done it, marquis," said Angelica. "Your brutality justifies me in leaving you."

"Don't trouble yourself to find an excuse for going, I pray, madame," said the marquis, bitterly. "It is sufficient that I am ruined. I neither expected you to remain with me, nor desired it. I have no doubt you will find some one ready to receive you."

"That's my concern, marquis," she rejoined. "Provided I don't trouble you, you need not inquire where I go."

"Undoubtedly not," said Guiscard, bowing. "We part, then, for ever. And remember, in case you should feel inclined for another union, that a Fleet marriage is as easily dissolved as contracted."

"I shan't forget it," she replied; "but I've had enough of marriage for the present. And now, good night, marquis. I shall be gone before you are up to-morrow morning. I would go now, but——"

"Madame la Maréchale's chair still waits," said Bimbelot, entering the room.

"How purely fortunate!" exclaimed Angelica. "In that case I shall go at once. Tell the men to take me to Mr. Solomons' in Threadneedle-street. It's a long distance; but they will be well paid."

"Give my compliments to Mr. Solomons, madame," said the marquis, with a sneer; "and tell him that as he has become possessed of all my valuables—yourself the chief of them—I hope he will shew me more consideration than he has done."

"With great pleasure," replied Angelica. "Adieu, marquis!" And she tripped down stairs, followed by Bimbelot.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

OF THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD'S ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HARLEY.

An hour before daybreak, a coach was brought by Bimbelot, into which such things were put as the marquis thought fit to remove. He then drove to the Red Lion, in Wardour Street, a smal tavern, where he hoped to remain unmolested. That same day

at the hazard of arrest, he attended Mr. Harley's levée, but was refused admittance, and exasperated at the affront, he returned to the inn, and wrote a long letter to the minister, threatening, if assistance were not given him, to reveal all that had passed between them to the Duchess of Marlborough.

On the following morning, he waited upon Mr. Saint-John, with whom he had better success. He was kindly received by the secretary, who seemed much touched by the account he gave of his circumstances, and blaming Harley for his indifference, promised to represent Guiscard's condition to the queen. Saint-John was as good as his word, and spoke so warmly in the marquis's favour, that her majesty graciously ordered a pension of five hundred a-year to be granted him. This order being notified to the commissioners of treasury, Harley struck off a hundred a-year from the grant, alleging, in excuse, that the funds of the exchequer were exhausted. For this ill turn, as he conceived it, Guiscard vowed revenge, and sought to obtain an audience of the queen, for the purpose of making disclosures to her, but was unable to effect his object.

Some degree of credit being restored to him, he again ventured forth publicly; took lodgings in Rider-street; and began to frequent the coffee-houses as before. He still played, but with greater caution than heretofore, and often came off a winner of small sums. Thus encouraged, he proceeded to greater lengths, and in one night was once more beggared by a run of ill luck. In this desperate extremity, he had recourse to Saint-John, who, moved to compassion by his tale, and having, moreover, a liking for loose characters, gave him out of his own purse a sum sufficient for his immediate necessities, recommending him caution in the use of it; but so far from acting up to the advice, the marquis on that very day, as if drawn irresistibly to destruction, lost it all to the faro table.

Shame having by this time utterly forsaken him, he again applied to Saint-John, but met with a peremptory refusal, and ever after this the secretary was denied to him. Driven to the most desperate straits, he now subsisted on such small sums as he could borrow — for he had anticipated the first instalment of his pension, and was frequently reduced to positive want. He lodged in Maggot's-court, an obscure passage leading out of Little Swallow-street, where he occupied a single room, miserably furnished. He still continued, however, to keep up a decent exterior, and daily haunted the purlieus of the palace, in the hope of picking up information.

Bimbelot had long since quitted his service, but frequently visited him, under the plea of offering him assistance, though in reality to ascertain whether he was carrying on a correspondence with France. While freely confessing that he was so engaged, the marquis was too cautious to admit Bimbelot into his plans, until, one day, the latter found him in the act of sealing a packet, when, as if unable to constrain himself, he broke forth thus—

"Ere many days, Bimbelot, you will see the whole of this capital—nay, the whole of this country convulsed. A great blow will be struck, and mine will be the hand to strike it!"

"What mean you, monseigneur?" said the valet, trembling with eager curiosity.

"I have just written to the Court of France," pursued Guiscard, with increasing excitement, "that a *coup-d'etat* may be expected, which will cause a wonderful alteration in the affairs of this country; and I have added that this is the most favourable conjuncture for the prince, whom they here wrongfully style the Pretender, to make a descent upon England, where he will find great numbers disposed to join him, and amongst the rest, three parts of the clergy."

"But the blow you mean to strike—the blow, monseigneur?" demanded the valet.

"Will be aimed at the highest person in the realm," replied Guiscard, smiling savagely. "The prince will find the throne vacant!"

"Ha!—indeed," ejaculated Bimbelot, with a look of irrepressible horror.

"Villain!" cried Guiscard, seizing him by the throat. "I have trusted you too far. Swear never to betray a word I have uttered, or you are a dead man!"

"I swear it!" replied Bimbelot. "I have no intention of betraying you."

Reassured by the valet's manner, Guiscard released him, and as soon as he could venture to do so with safety, Bimbelot quitted the house. He did not, however, go far, but entered an adjoining tavern, whence he could play the spy on the marquis's movements. Shortly afterwards, Guiscard came forth, and was followed by Bimbelot, but at such a distance as not to attract his notice.

Shaping his course to Golden-square, the marquis stopped at the Earl of Portmore's residence, and delivered a packet to one of the servants. As soon as the coast was clear, Bimbelot came up, and learnt that the packet was addressed to the Earl of Portmore, (then commander-in-chief in Portugal,) and was to be forwarded to his lordship, with his other letters, by his wife, the Countess of Dorchester. Somewhat puzzled by the information, Bimbelot resolved to lay it before Harley, and he accordingly proceeded to Saint James's-square for that purpose. He was quickly admitted to an audience, and the intelligence appeared so important that a queen's messenger was instantly despatched for the packet, and in a short time returned with it.

On breaking the cover, its contents proved to be a letter addressed to a merchant at Lisbon, and within that was another cover, directed to M. Moreau, a banker in Paris, which being unsealed, the whole of the marquis's atrocious projects were developed.

Having perused these documents, Harley ordered Bimbelot to

be detained, and repaired to Mr. Saint-John, by whom a warrant was issued for the marquis's arrest.

Three queen's messengers were then sent in search of the offender. By good fortune they found him in Saint James's Park, and before he could offer any resistance, secured and disarmed him. The marquis besought them to kill him on the spot, but, turning a deaf ear to his entreaties, they conveyed him to the Cock Pit, where he was placed in a room adjoining Mr. Saint-John's office. His clothes were then carefully searched, and everything taken from him; but the scrutiny was scarcely concluded, when he contrived, unperceived, to possess himself of a penknife which chanced to be lying on a desk near him, and to slip it into his sleeve. Possessed of this weapon all his audacity and confidence returned to him, and he awaited his approaching examination with apparent unconcern.

Meanwhile, the news of Guiscard's capture was conveyed to Harley, and shortly afterwards, a privy council, consisting of himself, Mr. Saint-John, Sir Simon Harcourt, the Earl of Rochester, the Dukes of Newcastle, Ormond, and Queensbury, together with Lords Dartmouth and Poulet, assembled in the secretary's room at the Cock Pit. The chamber in which the meeting was held was plainly furnished, containing merely a large table covered with green cloth, round which a number of chairs were set, and a small side-table for the under-secretaries. The sole ornament of its walls was a full length portrait of the queen by Kneller.

Saint-John officiated as chairman. After a brief conference among the council, the prisoner was introduced. He looked pale as death, but maintained a stern and composed demeanour, and glanced haughtily and menacingly at Saint-John and Harley.

"I am surprised and sorry to see you in this position, marquis," observed the latter.

"You may be sorry, but can scarcely be surprised, sir," rejoined Guiscard.

"How so?" demanded the other, sharply. "Do you mean to infer——"

"I infer nothing," interrupted Guiscard; "let the examination proceed."

"You are brought here, prisoner, charged with treason and leze majesté of the highest class," said Saint-John.

"By whom am I thus charged?" asked Guiscard, impatiently.

"No matter by whom," rejoined the secretary. "You are accused of holding secret and treasonable correspondence with the court of France. How do you answer?"

"I deny it," replied Guiscard, boldly.

"The next allegation against you, prisoner, is one of the blackest dye," pursued Saint-John: "you are charged with threatening to take the life of our sovereign lady the queen to whom you, though a foreigner, are bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, for many favours conferred upon you."

"Heaven forbid I should be capable of harbouring a thought against her majesty!" cried the marquis, fervently. "I should indeed be a monster of ingratitude."

At this asseveration, there was an irrepressible murmur of indignation among the council.

"I know the miscreant who has thus falsely accused me," continued Guiscard. "He is a man who served me as valet—a man of infamous and unscrupulous character—and he has forged this story to obtain a reward from Mr. Harley."

"Let it pass for the present," rejoined Saint-John. "I would now ask if you have any acquaintance with M. Moreau, a banker, at Paris? and if you have held any communication with him lately?"

At the mention of his name, in spite of himself, Guiscard trembled.

"I used to know such a person," he replied; "but I have had no correspondence with him for many years."

"That is false!" replied Harley, producing the packet. "Here are your letters to him, in which you make the most diabolical proposals to the French government."

At the sight of the packet, a terrible change came over Guiscard. His limbs shook, and the damps gathered thickly on his brow.

"It is useless to brave it out further, wretched man!" said Harley; "as some slight atonement of your offence, I recommend you to make a full confession."

"I *will* confess, Mr. Harley," replied Guiscard, "and I may say more than you may care to have told. I beg to have a word in private with Mr. Saint-John."

"That is impossible," rejoined the secretary. "You are here before the council as a criminal, and if you have anything to advance, it must be uttered before us all."

"What I have to say is important to the state," urged Guiscard; "but I will not utter it, except to yourself. You may make what use you please of it afterwards."

"It cannot be," replied Saint-John. "The request is unusual, and cannot be granted."

"You will repent your non-compliance with my wishes, Mr. Saint-John," said Guiscard.

"This pertinacity is intolerable," cried Saint-John, rising. "Let the messengers remove the prisoner," he added to one of the under-secretaries.

"A moment—only one moment," said Guiscard, approaching Harley, who had taken the seat just quitted by Saint-John. "You will intercede with her majesty to spare my life, Mr. Harley. You were once my friend."

"I can hold out little hope for you, prisoner," replied Harley, sternly. "The safety of the state requires that crimes of such magnitude as yours should not go unpunished."

"Where are the messengers?" cried Saint-John, impatiently.

The Marquis de Guiscard attempting to assassinate Harley.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET. 1844.

"Will you not endeavour to prove my innocence, Mr. Harley?" said Guiscard, drawing close to him.

"How can I, with such damning evidences as these before me?" cried Harley, pointing to the letters. "Stand back, sir!"

"Can nothing move you?" repeated Guiscard.

"Nothing!" replied Harley.

"Then have at thee, thou blacker traitor than myself!" thundered Guiscard.

And plucking the penknife suddenly from his sleeve, he plunged it into Harley's breast. The blade coming in contact with the bone, snapped near the handle; but unconscious of the accident, Guiscard repeated the blow with greater violence than before, exclaiming—"This to thy heart, perfidious villain!"

The suddenness of the action for a moment paralysed the others. But recovering themselves, they sprang to Harley's assistance. Saint-John was the first to attack the assassin, and passed his sword twice through his body, but though Guiscard received other wounds from the Duke of Newcastle, who, being seated at the lower end of the table, leapt upon it, and thus made his way to the scene of action, as well as from Lord Dartmouth, he did not fall. Some of the council nearest the marquis were so much alarmed by his infuriated appearance, that, fearing he might turn his rage upon them, they sought to protect themselves with chairs. Others shouted for help, while the Earl of Poulet called loudly to Saint-John and Newcastle not to kill the assassin, as it was most important to the ends of justice that his life should be preserved.

Amid this confusion the messengers and door-keepers rushed in, and threw themselves upon Guiscard, who, wounded as he was, defended himself with surprising vigour, and some minutes elapsed before they could overpower him. In the struggle he received many severe bruises, one of which chancing in the back, occasioned his death. While lying on the ground, and while the messengers were in the act of binding him, he addressed the Duke of Ormond, who stood near him, "Is Harley dead? I thought I heard him fall."

"No, villain; he lives to balk your vindictive purpose," replied the duke.

Guiscard gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. "I pray your grace dispatch me!" he groaned.

"That is the executioner's business, not mine," replied the duke, turning away.

Nothing could exceed the calmness and composure exhibited by Harley on this trying occasion. Uncertain whether he had received a mortal wound, he held a handkerchief to his breast to stanch the blood, patiently awaiting the arrival of a surgeon, and conversing tranquilly with his friends, who crowded round him, expressing the most earnest solicitude.

And well might he be content, though he knew not then why. That blow made him lord treasurer and earl of Oxford.

KATE CROSBY'S POLKA PARTY.

BY F. F. B.

In the course of a long day's walk through the streets of this great metropolis, it would be difficult to select from the number of our pretty cockneyesses a prettier little creature than Kate Crosby. Without one good feature, without the slightest pretension to beauty, still Kate Crosby, with her auburn hair, laughing eye, turned-up nose, and clear complexion, *was* pretty. Kate was not tall; in truth, she was rather short in stature. But what mattered that? Not a girl in all London could boast so neat a figure, or so small a foot and ankle. In a word then, Kate was pretty, good humoured, happy, and, we are bound to confess, somewhat mischievous. She worked as an embroideress for a house in Regent Street, and lived with her mother in some street, name unknown, near the New Road. Kate had the reputation of being a coquette; some ill-natured people went further, and affirmed that she had a round half-dozen of admirers, to whom she gave equal encouragement. The world was wrong for once—in spite of her turned-up nose, her neat figure, her pretty foot and ankle, and her coquettish air, Kate was good, honest, and virtuous—loved her old mother dearly, and, as she herself expressed it, "would sew the very fingers off her hands" in order to earn the wherewithal to buy her one of the numerous comforts required by old age. Kate had many admirers—how could it be otherwise? Her choice, however, was soon made; and it was ere long whispered amongst Kate's friends that, as soon as she and Edward Waller (only son of a small but well-to-do-in-the-world tradesman carrying on business near Regent Street) had saved money enough to take a shop and set up in business on their own account, the wedding was to take place. In the meantime, the lovers made themselves as happy as under the circumstances they were able, and, as lovers generally do, quarrelled, and made it up, and quarrelled again, after the most approved fashion.

Having introduced our heroine to our readers, we must now beg them to fancy themselves for a time in Kate's room, one fine June evening. Kate is surrounded by young ladies, who have dropped in, to WORK, as *they* profess, but as any one who heard the noise which is going on would say, to *talk*. Small people ape great ones, and the conversation has turned upon a topic, at this present very foolish season a favourite with all, great and small, French and English—let us listen to it.

"Every one is mad about this polka," said a fat girl, whom we shall call Sophy. "Those who *can* dance it, are *giving* polka parties; those who *can't*, are *giving* I don't know how much a lesson to learn it."

"Yes," rejoined a little artificial-flower maker, "I was invited to a ball at the house of an ivory-turner the other night, and they did nothing but dance it all the evening—no quadrilles, no waltzes, no anything, except this eternal polka."

"I wish the polka was far enough off," observed another of our friends, "for there is a girl, who has the room over me, who is always dancing it—morning, noon, and night—thump, thump, thump, over my head—she is always at it!"

"Everyone is mad, that's certain," said Kate. "There is scarcely a house to which I take home work from Regent Street, in which they have not just had, or are not just going to have, a polka party; even the butcher round the corner admires it, and the milkman who supplies us told me only this morning that he was learning it, but that it was "*werry 'ard.*" All the world dances the polka, why should not *we* give a ball, and try it?"

"We give a ball!" cried all the young ladies, with one voice.

"And why not?" said Kate.

"Well you *are* a clever girl, Kate, but I really cannot think how you mean to manage *this.*"

"Listen to my plan," answered Kate. "First of all, I know my mother will let us have the use of the whole house if we want it, so we will turn all the furniture out of this room, and put it into my bedroom; we shall then have plenty of space for dancing. Then there is the little back room, which will do for a cloak-room, and for the ladies to change their shoes in; and the supper may be laid out in the parlour—for you know we *must* have a supper."

"Oh! of course," interrupted the fat Sophy. "I only go to dances for the sake of the eating."

"Well! the supper, the music, and lights will cost something, so I vote we have a subscription, and if we can raise money enough, we *will* have a ball."

This proposition of Kate's met with great applause, and the young ladies had immediate recourse to their pockets, in order to see what each could afford to subscribe. However, on consideration, it was determined that a committee of their most intimate female acquaintances should meet the next evening in Kate's room, that each young lady should bring as much money as she could spare, and that if the funds were found to be adequate, the notes of invitation should be then written, sent, and all final arrangements left to Kate. Well, the next night came, and the committee, composed of about twenty-six young ladies—milliners, flower-makers, embroideresses, bonnet-makers, lace-makers, and what not—arrived in Kate's room; the proceedings of the meeting commenced, and amidst the greatest suspense and excitement the various subscriptions were handed in. The sum amounted only to three pounds sterling, but this seemed in the eyes of these poor girls a very tolerable sum, the money was handed over to Kate, who undertook to make all the necessary purchases. The day was fixed, and the fat Sophy, who bore the reputation of being an excellent penwoman, sat down to write the invitations; one form served for all—"Miss Crosby hopes for the honour of Mr. ——'s company to a dance on the evening of next Wednesday"—with a "P.S.: Those who do not arrive before 9 o'clock, will not be allowed to dance the polka;" Kate observing that this would be the only way to make the gentlemen punctual. The blanks were filled up with the names of the favoured admirers of the respective young ladies, and the notes despatched.

"And now, ladies," said Kate, "leave me to make all my arrangements. Off with you all! Beg, borrow, or steal lessons in the polka, but mind you are all perfect on Wednesday."

The day on which this important meeting took place was Friday, and during the five long days which were to intervene between that day and *the* Wednesday, but little work was done or money earned by

the young projectors of this famous party. The principals in the several establishments in which the young ladies worked were at their wits' end; they heard nothing from morning to night but disquisitions on the probable delights of Kate's ball, discussions on the dresses to be worn on this eventful evening, doubts as to the capacities of both ladies and gentlemen to dance the *true* polka, wonderings as to what tune the musicians would choose—whether it would be Jullien's Polka, Tolbecque's Polka, the Opera Polka, or which of the thousand polkas —in short Kate Crosby's Polka Party engrossed the thoughts of these young ladies, just as much as many other polka parties engross the thoughts of many other young ladies in a somewhat more exalted rank.

As for Kate, she thought only of finding out a patent plan for making 3*l.* go as far as 5*l.*, and dreamt, night and day, of nothing but the means whereby her ball should be as successful and as brilliant as possible. On Tuesday, (the day before the ball,) Kate thought it high time to make her calculations, and set to work in good earnest. "First of all," said she to herself, "we must have a good light in the passage, on the stairs, and in the dancing-room; for, unless a ball is well lighted, it is never gay. Then I must have something substantial for the gentlemen—a fowl, a ham, a lobster, some meat pies, salad, &c.; some sweets for the ladies—some cakes, trifle, &c.; and then the wine, the coffee—dear me! I *never* shall have enough money! Never mind, I can add a little more from my own stock, and make my old brown dress last a little longer." Well, after having reflected for some time, Kate drew up her estimate as follows:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Hire of two chandeliers for the dancing-room, lamps, oil, &c. .	0	7	0
Candles, best composition, at 1*s.* 2*d.* a pound, 3lb.	0	3	6
Wine, for negus, best Marsala, at 24*s.*, half-dozen	0	12	0
Supper—Lobsters, three at 2*s.* a-piece	0	6	0
Ham	0	5	0
Confectionery	1	1	2
Lemons, nutmegs, sugar, &c.	0	4	6
Musicians, fiddle and flageolet	0	6	0
Extras, for bread, cheese, &c. &c.	0	4	0
	3	9	2

So, at an expense of 3*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*, Kate thought that she should be able to give a good—nay, a splendid ball and supper; and during the remainder of the evening she contentedly occupied herself in the manufacture of an appropriate dress for the occasion.

At length the great day arrived, and Kate set out to make the necessary purchases; but first of all, in order to insure a musician, she tripped off towards Somers Town, to find out a fiddler who had been recommended to her, and who for six shillings a-night attended with his violin, and furnished a flageolet player and all.

"This must be the house," said Kate to herself (as she stood before a very tumble-down building); it *is* certainly No. —, Chapel-street, Somers Town; but I wonder how any music can dwell *here*. However, we must not expect to find a musician who attends at 6*s.* a-night living in a palace."

The entrance to the house was by a dark alley; and down this, Kate groped her way, until she encountered some substance bearing, as far as she could distinguish, the outward appearance of a woman, (very dirty.)

"Does Mr. Quaver live here?" said Kate, in her blandest tone, for, to tell the truth, the poor little girl was somewhat afraid.

"What!" was the answer, in a coarse voice, "do you mean the musicianer man?"

"Yes," rejoined Kate, "if you please."

"Oh, *he* lives in the cellar, but he's nearly dead by this; mind your eye, Miss, as you go down the ladder, or maybe *you'll* be dead too, soon."

Poor Kate, half frightened at the place and company she had got into, descended the steps into the cellar as well as she could, but what a scene presented itself! On the floor of a miserable room, or rather a cellar, containing scarcely an atom of furniture, on a heap of rags, called by courtesy a bed, a sick man was lying. At his side stood a young and rather pretty woman in tears, and two children—a little boy about eight years old, and a little girl barely five—pale, half-starved, and looking as ill, all three of them, as the poor man on the bed. Poor Kate was quite taken aback, and thinking she had made some mistake said, "I was looking for Mr. Quaver, a musician who plays the violin at dances, and a woman in the passage directed me here."

"*I* am Mr. Quaver. *I* play the violin at dances," said the poor fellow, from the bed, in a weak and tremulous voice. "When do you want me for?"

"For this evening," said Kate; "but if you are ill——"

"Oh, miss!" said the young woman, "my husband is very, very ill; he has been out night after night in order to earn enough to pay our rent; he has worn himself out, and now he is ill. We have struggled long and hard, but we have met with nothing but misfortunes, and our landlord is going to sell us up to-morrow! oh! we are very, very wretched," and here the poor woman burst into tears. Poor Kate could not help weeping too; but remembering that this would do no good, she dried her tears and asked, how much the landlord claimed. "Nearly four pounds," was the answer, "and my poor husband is too ill to earn this sum."

"And I," said the little boy, "can't play the flageolet without father to play with me."

Kate thought for a moment, but her mind was soon made up: "I shall be back directly," said she, and ran off in great haste.

It was the work of about a quarter of an hour for Kate's nimble feet to run home and back again to Somers Town, including the time requisite for adding to the 3*l.* subscribed for the expenses of the ball, an additional 1*l.* from her own private stock. Without waiting to take breath, she entered the cellar of the poor musician, placed the money upon the table, and said, "There, pay your landlord, dry your tears, and get your husband well as soon as you can. We can dance without music, and be very happy without supper, I dare say."

The poor people scarce knew how to express their gratitude, but Kate rushed out, saying, in a cheerful tone, "Good bye; I'll call again and see how you are," and regained her own room joyous and light, as every one must be who has just done a good action.

For some time Kate sat thinking of the poor people whom she had just relieved, but suddenly she recollected that her young friends would soon arrive, so she put the room in order, and set about dressing, mightily amused with the idea of the consternation of those who, ex-

pecting a supper, might have omitted to dine. The toilette achieved, Kate entered the room, and having lit a single candle, placed it on the chimney-piece; this, doubtless, did not render the ball-room very brilliant, but it was the last candle Kate possessed, so she was e'en obliged to be content. About half-past seven the young ladies began to arrive, and many expressions of dissatisfaction were heard on the staircase. "Kate! Kate! here we are; let us have a light; where on earth are all your lamps? It is very disagreeable to climb up a dark staircase with one's best things on," &c. &c.

Kate lighted them in with her single candle, but on entering the room, the expressions of surprise were redoubled. "Why Kate, where are the chandeliers? it's as dark here as on the stairs; what *have* you been thinking of?"

To all this Kate replied, "Wait a bit, ladies; the lamps are not yet come."

By and by, the gentlemen arrived, and seemed greatly surprised to see the room so dark; the ladies became very impatient, and assailed poor Kate on every side. "Why don't the lamps and the candles come?" said one; "and the music?" said another; "and the supper, and the wine, and the coffee?" said the fat Sophy. To all which Kate quietly replied, "Wait a bit; have patience." But telling people to have patience is not always the way to inspire them with that useful feeling. The ladies all got very cross, and the gentlemen increased their ill humour, by laughing in an under-tone and in a most provoking manner.

At length, seeing that neither supper, lights, wine, nor musician arrived, they all lost patience, and Sophy, going up to Kate, said, "My dear Kate, we left all to you, and you have done nothing. What does it mean? How have you spent our subscription?"

Poor Kate blushed, hesitated, and at last said, "The fact is, ladies, I have lost the purse containing our money." At this announcement the consternation was great; the gentlemen laughed more provokingly than ever, the ladies sulked, and some of them all but said they did not believe a word of Kate's story. Kate was getting angry, when suddenly Edward (who of course was of the party) clapped his hands, the door opened, and a procession entered, composed of men and boys, bearing chandeliers, ready for lighting; trays full of viands, ready for eating; bottles, containing wine and other liquids, ready for drinking, and, to crown all, two fiddlers, a fifer, and a cornet-a-pistons player; in short, lights, supper, and music, in both quantity and quality sufficient to please and satisfy a party far more hard to be pleased than that assembled in our heroine's room.

"Oh, Kate!" cried all the girls, "you wicked creature, you wished to frighten us; here is our music!"

"And here is our supper," said Sophy; "shan't we all be happy?"

"Indeed," said Kate rather more astonished than the others; "there must be some mistake; *I* have not ordered all these things!"

"Oh, don't tell us that; it's all very well, but *we* know better."

All was confusion and perplexity, for Kate still assured them that she was as much at a loss to know whence these magnificent orders had proceeded. When, however, the noise, which had been tremendous, had somewhat subsided, Edward, after a short conference with some of the other young men in the room, said, "Ladies, I vote we *commence* with supper, and dance afterwards. (This proposal was received

with great applause.) But first," he resumed, "I will explain, as shortly as possible, the cause of Kate's not having made the arrangements for this evening's amusements, according to your request and wishes. Happening this afternoon to be passing through Somers Town, I saw Kate walking in the same neighbourhood, at a very quick pace. Being somewhat curious to know what she was doing there, and perhaps a little jealous, I followed her; she entered a cellar at the end of a passage, in Chapel Street, stayed there for about a minute, and then, running out, walked back to her own house. I returned to Chapel Street, entered the alley, descended into the cellar, and found a scene of misery which I will not attempt to describe; in a word, I found, on inquiry, that Kate had gone to hire a musician, had found the poor man ill more in mind than in body; for although both he and his family were half starved, their bodily sufferings were far increased by knowing that unless four pounds were paid to their landlord the next morning, even the bed upon which they lay would be sold from under them. Kate had paid this four pounds, and as I knew she had not at her own immediate command any such sum, I could not help fancying that this was the sum destined to defray this evening's expenses, or, at least, a portion of it, and, ladies, can you not guess what has become of your subscriptions? On learning all this, I guessed that our party would be somewhat deficient in a few material points, and so took the liberty of ordering supper and engaging musicians on my own responsibility; and now you have the whole story."

The mystery was now cleared up, and cleared up to the satisfaction of all. Need we say that Kate's conduct met with the approbation of all?—that those who had suspected and murmured against her, now begged, with tears in their eyes, to be forgiven? Need we further add, that the supper was eaten, the polka danced, and a happier evening never spent, and that to this very day a favourite topic of conversation amongst the favoured guests on that happy evening is *Kate Crosby's Polka Party?*

THE HUSBAND MALGRÉ LUI; OR, THE WEST INDIA ADVENTURE OF A TEXIAN NAVAL OFFICER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART I.

PERHAPS no part of the world can produce scenery more exquisite than that which we have more than once gazed upon, in admiration and delight, while sailing, on a calm day, along the shores of that Hesperides of the Spanish West Indies, Porto Rico. Rising gradually from the sea, gently sloping meadows, heavy with sugar-cane, meet the eye, some long, smooth, and level, others heaving their green bosoms on high, here and there leaving space for the trickling streams which, taking their rise in the hills, come murmuring towards the sea. Numerous and varied groves of every tropical tree, between which appear the stately mansions of the planters and the low huts of the negroes, take up much of the foreground; while, further back, we espy delicious valleys and openings between the lofty but verdant hills, which, clothed with fertility, are crowned on their very summits by

long lines of cocoa-nut trees, from beneath the deep shade of which, a little white cabin perhaps peeps forth, picturesque both in position and form. No European who has not entered into the domains of the tropics, can figure to himself the deep and rich glow, almost gorgeous in its intensity, which the burning light of the sun here throws upon everything vegetable. The green, fresh, glossy hue in which all nature is enveloped, is so ineffably soothing and delightful to the imagination, that it is much to be regretted the evils which accompany it are such as to render a residence in such a spot so very undesirable.

Many, however, live, and enjoy life, too, in these localities; and if the reader will transport himself with me, to about two miles from Aquadilla, he will behold the residence of Don Juan Mendoza, a wealthy planter, who, with his only daughter, defied the heat and pestilence, and found happiness in that retired spot. On the summit of a little hill, which swept its smooth, green carpet to the water's edge, and in the extreme bend of a small bay, was situate the house of the proprietor of all the surrounding land, exhibiting all the outward appearances of luxurious ease and comfort: let it be remembered, when first it caught my eye, I had been two months cooped up in the small cabin of an English brig, about the most opposite thing in the world to what I gazed upon, and hence I saw all *couleur de rose*. But still, under any circumstances, I should have admired it, for its nature and real beauties, both of appearance and situation. Long, low, and ornamented in front by a verandah, which afforded delicious shelter during the heat of the day, its beautiful adornments of flowers and shells, arranged in exquisite disorder around the pillars which supported the arcade, bore silent testimony, in their picturesque and tasteful confusion, to the discerning judgment of the hand which had placed them there.

A long French window, in the centre of the house, reaching to the ground, and which gave an uninterrupted view of the sea, was, on a morning in May, 1841, tenanted by one of those lovely visions which occur oftener, it must be confessed, in our day dreams than in reality. It was a young girl, not more, perhaps, than seventeen, but of so indefinable a character of loveliness, as to render it a useless effort to describe her, in default of which, we would portray her costume, but that we don't *sabee*, as the niggers say, silks and satins. Let it then be considered as granted, that she was beautiful in person and elegant in dress, for we hope our readers will have sufficient respect for us to take our word for it, since, to prove an assertion, however true in itself, often requires considerable tact and ingenuity. But perhaps we may inquire into her occupation; but here, again, we have assigned ourselves a most Herculean task, since, we believe, Donna Maria Mendoza was employed in thinking, and the thoughts of a young lady of seventeen, especially when that lady is of Spanish parentage, are apt to be of a somewhat complex nature. Emotions, feelings, and sentiments begin at this age, especially in countries where seventeen is the age of woman, to crowd upon one another so fast, that even their owner cannot take full cognizance of them, much less we unfortunates of the other sex, who only, as it were by chance and hap-hazard, obtain glimpses of that microcosm, a woman's heart. Donna Maria, however this may be, was habited for a walk; and though we must own we have actually walked arm-in-arm more than once with the said young lady, we protest, by the head of President Jackson, we could no more

describe her dress than we could have fulfilled the late David Crockett's mission of catching the last comet by the tail from the top of the Alleghany mountains. Dressed, however, she was, for a walk; but certain signs of a forthcoming storm appeared to render it exceedingly doubtful whether her wishes could be fulfilled or not. For some time, the previously slumbering ocean had been agitated above and below its surface, and now came tumbling headlong, wave after wave, one over the other, on to the beach, first hissing, then roaring, until, at length, it became plainly evident that not far on the surface of the ocean a tempest was heaving. This is often to be remarked; the vexed deep swelling visibly long before the strength of the wind is felt. The fact was, however, soon rendered more plain, by the gradual rise, in the north-east, of a low black cloud, at first but a streak upon the horizon, but which, by degrees, extending east and west as it rose, at length enveloped the whole sky in Tartarian darkness. The appearance of the dense vapour was actually awful, overcharged, as it was known to be, with

"Hideous ruin and combustion."

Presently, the dark bank opened, and from a break, known as the "Wind's Eye," and somewhat clearer than the rest, the storm came pouring out its tremendous fury upon the waters, ploughing up the deep, and lashing the liquid masses until they foamed, as if in fury, and the waves sank, rose, and sank again, as if anxious to escape the vengeance of the gale. Those who have been, as I have, upon the wide ocean, during such a scene, can alone comprehend its full horror —waves rising like mountains, and leaving a hollow chasm between, ready, as it were, to engulf, in hideous profundity, all that rode upon the waters—now sweeping on, in majestic force, but in unbroken masses—then meeting, breaking, striking one billow against another, and uniting in one pyramidal wave, rising to the heaven — then separating once more, and commingling with the torrent below. How it whistled—how it howled—this raging, furious tempest—as, puff after puff, and blast after blast, it came on, like the Miltonic forces of Satan, to the charge—

"Blowing marshal sounds—
A shout that tore hell's conclave!"

But why stands Donna Maria transfixed to the spot in which we left her, despite the raging fury of the elements? She appears absolutely immovable. Is it that she is one of these anomalous beings who take pleasure in what in general causes terror and alarm—one of these extraordinary specimens of humanity who delight in the terrific and horrible? Or, rather, does some object, which we have not yet noticed, claim her undivided attention? We shall endeavour to satisfy the reader, by shifting our position a few miles, and joining, at the risk of a wet jacket, a small knot of men, in a position which, in sight of the planter's villa, was likely to call forth the attention of even a less enthusiastic and sympathetic mind than that which at present was so anxiously interested for them.

Upon the deck of a moderate-sized brig, which appeared to "walk the waters like a thing of life," a party of men were engaged in the usual anxious endeavours to provide against casualties which the outburst of a tempest is very apt to arouse the thought of. The deck was a scene of orderly confusion; every man occupying his proper

position. At the wheel stood a middle-sized young man, of fair hair and complexion, evidently an Englishman, in the undress uniform of a naval officer. He was, at the same time, steering, and giving his orders, while the master, Monsieur Frontin,—a Frenchman, one of those men who carry on, until the last moment, with a species of Dutch courage, which, once overcome, their presence of mind is entirely gone,—was standing still, aghast, and, for the moment, helpless. In consequence of this error of character in the master, the storm had struck the brig with all sails set, and though the halliards had been all let go, the square mainsail hauled up, and every rag of canvas flapping about in the furious blast, yet so great was the force and violence of the wind, that, close-hauled as they had been, had they not instantly, before its full fury reached them, squared the yards, there had been no hope, especially as she was not quick enough in obeying the helm; when the object was to shake her, she would not come up, though the wheel was hard down, until the furious blast was perhaps abated.

We step on the quarter-deck just as the halliards are let go, the men standing by the main rigging awaiting orders, the master looking anxiously at Captain Downing—his passenger, who had been allowed to take command, *pro tempore*, of the vessel.

"Up, you boys," said he, after an instant's pause, during which he resigned the wheel to the master, and awaited the result of a mad plunge into a deep and hollow wave, that appeared to shake the very masts out of her; "up, boys, and furl the top-gallant sails! You Edwards, stow the flying-jib and fore-topmast staysail. Up, my lads, and close reef the topsails! Bear a hand, or we shall have them blown away. Holloa! you doctor!" addressing the cook, who was busily engaged about the galley, doing nothing; "clear away the thwart halliards and peak halliards. Cut that enchanted yarn. We must have out the close-reefed, boom mainsail, Mr. Frontin, to keep her up, and thus clear the land, though I scarcely think she will live close-hauled. It is of no use heaving her to; we should drift on shore in no time with this sea on. Haul out well there to leeward, you on the main-topsail yard! By George! it pipes a trifle," added he, as a heavy puff, forcing up a huge sea, they simultaneously struck the vessel, which, broaching to, almost lay over on her beam ends, to the great inconvenience and danger of the men on the yard.

"You, cook, and you, Mr. Simcox," addressing the mate, "come here and let us haul taut this weather clew-garnet, the mainsail is shaking to pieces. Furl the mainsail!" continued he, in a loud and authoritative voice, addressing those who, having concluded their share of the work aloft, were coming down the rigging.

In about twenty minutes from the commencement of the storm everything was all "right and straight," as Brother Jonathan would express it. The top-gallant sails were snugly furled, as well as the courses; the flying-jib and staysail carefully stowed, the topsails close-reefed, when it was instantly decided to haul up close on a wind, with the larboard tacks aboard, and endeavour to gain the open sea, and thus avoid Aquadilla Point, into which they were now rushing, or, rather, into the very bay above alluded to. The whole surface of the heavens was now black with clouds; the sea, gaining strength every instant, had risen to a tremendous fury; the short, broken waves, combing up when thus near the land, were cast with almost irresistible fury over the brig's decks, rendering all the necessary manœuvres almost im-

possible. Often when snug on shore, reviewing in my mind the terrors of the wave, the prodigious force of the wind, and all the accompanying horrors of a storm, I can scarcely too much admire the skill and cool courage of the sailor, who, amidst all this, does his duty, and trusts in Providence and the goodness of his ship. The uproar—the wind howling like mad demons in the rigging, whistling through the trembling cord—the creaking of the strained timbers, as they are struck by heavy seas—the wild and scampering clouds aloft—the boiling and angry deep below—the bare, naked masts and yards—the ship itself flying through the fierce element,—all these things were present to our hero's mind, but though a young man, Downing was not braving the stormy ocean for the first time, and he did not hesitate more than an instant.

"Starboard sheets stand by to haul—larboard sheets let go—port a little, port—haul aft your starboard sheets—hard a-starboard your helm. I say, haul up your peak halliards—so! so!" And the gallant little brig flew, her one side bare to the wind, her other deep in the water, in the required direction. Aquadilla was soon neared, but it was instantly apparent that on this tack she would not fetch round. Downing was prepared, and though, with such a tremendous sea on, it was a highly dangerous experiment, yet knowing the good qualities of the craft, he determined to try her on the other tack, and then again return to her present course.

"Ready about!" he exclaimed, and the men were instantly at their various stations.

"Tacks and sheets!" and the little amount of sail to be managed was ready.

"Helm's a-lee!" he shouted, as Monsieur Frontin put his wheel hard down; the brig came up, the sails shook, she got stern-way in her, and contrary to the master's opinion, did not miss stays.

"Mainsails let go and haul! over with the trie-rail boom!" and the main-yards swung round, followed in an instant by the head-yards, but without the same success, as the fore-topmast cracked and went over the side, carrying with it the whole foresails and rigging.

All hope of keeping off a lee shore was now of course gone, and the brig, of necessity, under her close-reefed main-topsail, was put right before the wind, and steered headlong for the beach. The sky had cleared a trifle, though the storm raged with unabated fury, and as Captain Downing again took the wheel, having first told each man to look out for himself, he cast his eyes anxiously around to select the best spot for running the brig ashore. A party of negroes and one or two white persons were standing on the kind of lawn which sloped down from Don Mendoza's house, and Downing noticed with interest, even at that moment, an elegantly-habited female amongst them. The beach, near the spot where they stood, was evidently that best fitted to ensure their safety, at least, so thought our friend, and he strove, might and main, to steer for that place. The serf ran, it is true, tremendously high, but still there were many reasons which rendered it very far from doubtful that their life might be spared. The whole of the crew, including the master, stood near the forecastle hatch, anxiously preparing for the approaching struggle, and watching the character of the coast with intense anxiety. The beach was, luckily, somewhat bluff, as the bowsprit actually protruded over land, which, though not dry, was only wet by the surf dashing itself over it.

GERMANY AND ITALY.*

The widow of the poet, yet not solely living under the shadow of his great name, revisiting the country where she left the mortal remains of those most beloved—husband and children—is a picture full of sad reminiscences, but enlivened in this case by the presence of a son, whose opening career of life just brightening the solitudes and struggles of the past into promises of happier days, made the intellect sensible that a new generation had sprung up since graves opened on the path of life, and aroused frequent and strong sympathies with the future.

Mrs. Shelley is a traveller by feeling, as well as by experience; for a real traveller can no more be made than a poet. It is a birthright, which gives to one person a little in many countries. The path followed may be one well-beaten, and often traversed, by people of all kinds of sentiment and persuasions, for so many men, so many opinions; but a traveller, worthy of that name, is indifferent to that *immutabilitas materiæ* which appals the crowd, and confers, by the power of originality, new forms and new features upon the most familiar objects, and renders what is a solitude to many, instinct with life and feeling.

It is a privilege to be allowed to emigrate in such good company. "I feel a good deal of the gipsy coming upon me," says the amiable author, "now that I am leaving Paris..... Among acquaintance, in the every-day scenes of life, want of means brings with it mortification, to embitter still more the perpetual necessity of self-denial. In society you are weighed with others according to your extrinsic possessions—your income, your connexions, your position, make all the weight—you yourself are a mere feather in the scale. But what are these to me now? My home is the readiest means of conveyance I can command, or the inn at which I shall remain at night; my only acquaintance, the companions of my wanderings; the single business of my life to enjoy the passing scene."

Very bitter, but very true. The ancients were not wrong when they asserted, that he spends his life most advantageously who, from the cradle to the grave, passes it in privacy. Not privacy from nature, for our author is full of sympathies with the external world. "God," she says, "has not reduced our dwelling-place, as puritans would his, to a bare meeting-house:" "the beauty of the creation makes us full of gratitude and love for the Creator."

The path followed by Mrs. Shelley and her companions is *now* a trodden one. It was not so much so in 1840. They attained the Rhine by the winding Moselle, whose sluggish waters were not then disturbed by the noisy paddles of steamboats; and a zest was then added to a voyage then unhackneyed by others, and hence accompanied by a dash of uncertainty and the sense of novelty.

The Rhine was ascended to Mayence; Baden-Baden was reached by Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Carlsruhe; the Hollenthal and the Swartzwald ("the Germans," says Mrs. Shelley, "know how to give the glory of spirit-stirring names to their valleys and their forests, very different from the Little Woman, a muddy creek of America") led the way to Schaffhausen; and the Alps, which are only looked upon by the author as "the barriers to Italy," are crossed by the Splugen, till the lake of Como is gained, and there the party rest awhile.

On such a journey it was almost impossible to discover anything new. The ruined castles and their ramparts were as extensive and as majestic as ever; and the antique spires and Gothic abbeys spoke of the same princely clergy; ravines were shadowy, precipices beetling, hills tower-crowned, and ruins picturesque; but where every name is the title of a volume of romance, there was no possibility of dragging from some hitherto unexplored nook, even a fragment which had novelty to boast of; equally impossible was it to invent a new term for Heidelberg; or not to find *rouge et noir* at Baden-Baden; or to

* Rambles in Germany and Italy, in 1840, 1842, and 1843. By Mrs. Shelley. 2 vols. 8vo. E. Moxon, London.

people the Black Forest with shadows more grim or fearful than has already been done by the mystic mind that dwells within its own savageness. But in exchange there is a tone and feeling, a manner in which old and familiar objects are viewed, which lends to them new interest and freshness. "What lives," says the author, "did the ancient inhabitants of those crumbling ruins lead! The occupation of the men was war; that of the women, to hope, to fear, to pray, and to embroider. Very often, not having enough of the first in the usual course of their existence, they contrived a little more, which led to an extra quantity of the second and third ingredients of their lives, and in the end to many a grievous tragedy. Wayward human nature will rebel against mental sloth. We must act, suffer, or enjoy; or the worst of all torments is ours—such restless agony as old poets figured as befalling a living soul imprisoned in the bark of a tree. We are not born cabbages. The lady waiting at home for her husband, either quaked for fear, or relieved the tedium of protracted absence as she best might, too happy if death or a dungeon were not the result."

The residence on the shores of the lake of Como, otherwise a mingled scene of reminiscences and pleasurable enjoyments, was rendered somewhat distressing by a curious circumstance. Young Shelley and his collegiate friends had selected this spot wherein to pursue their studies, on account of their passion for water. All the lakes in the southern slopes of the Alps, from that of Como to Lago di Garda,

"te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et frerintu Assurgens, Benaæ, Marino?"

have a sad renown from mediæval and more remote times for wreck and danger. It is not surprising that after the irreparable loss which Mrs. Shelley once sustained from a similar cause, that she should on this occasion have re-experienced many apprehensions. "One whose life," she says, "has been stained by tragedy, can never regain a healthy tone of mind—if it be healthy, that is, consonant to the laws of human life—not to fear for those we love." The light skiff selected by young Shelley became a blot upon the surface of the otherwise beauteous lake, which at once took away more than half its charms. The first night of her arrival, the author writes, "It is night; the sky is dark; the waves lash the shore. I pray that no ruin arising from that fatal element may befal me here." The evening the boat arrived was one of pain and shuddering. She is, however, as usual on such occasions, scolded for her apprehensions, gets into the boat herself, and is twice nearly upset, till at length her heart is rejoiced by the boat being taken away a little before their departure, happily leaving them all scatheless. *Nocet empta dolore voluptas*: "Pleasures bought at the expense of pain are not worth the purchase."

Pleasure is an abstract feeling, made up of so many little ministering causes, that it is not surprising if Mrs. Shelley's feelings were strongly pre-engaged in favour of Italy and of the Italians. After the ascent up the bleak, bare, northern Swiss side of an Alp, the descent into vernal Italy is compared to the opening of the eyes of a saint, after dreary old age and the sickness of death, in Paradise; and in the ascent (returning) of the Simplon she could find no relish for the scenery, because "the horses' heads were turned the wrong way." "Surely, on earth," she exclaims, "there is no pleasure (excepting that derived from moral good) so great as lingering, during the soft shades of an Italian evening, surrounded by all the beauty of an Italian landscape, sheltered by the pure radiance of an Italian sky!" Nor is her enthusiasm in favour of the Italians themselves much less fervent, although tempered by just and true views of their actual, moral, intellectual, and political condition. "I love the Italians!" she exclaims, in the warmth of her heart. "It is impossible to live among them and not love them. Their faults are many—the faults of the oppressed—love of pleasure, disregard of truth, indolence, and violence of temper." And elsewhere she says, "I have spoken in praise of the Italians; but you must not imagine that I would exalt them to an unreal height—that were to shew that misrule and a misguiding religion were no evils. It is when I see what these people are—and from their intelligence,

their sensitive organization, and native grace, I gather what they might be—that I mourn over man's lost state in this country."

On the occasion of the subsequent visit made to Italy, in 1842 and '43, the literature and present condition of the country are entered upon with more detail, and fill several entertaining and instructive chapters of the second volume.

The latter peregrination is penned in a very different tone to the first. The joyousness derived from the companionship of youth, and even from the promises of the future, appears to be altogether damped by sickness and nervous despondency, and there is much greater fastidiousness in regard to the creature comforts. But this last journey is by far the most comprehensive, and is, in many parts, more maturely and more carefully brought out. It comprises Bavaria and its watering places, Weimar and its poets' graves, Berlin and its galleries, Dresden and its collections, Prague and its wild legends, Lintz and Saltzburg—in our ideas, imperfectly understood—the Tyrol, and reminiscences of the immortal Hofer, Venice, Florence, and Rome.

Deep as is our author's love of nature, the great creations of art enshrined in the cities here mentioned are the inexhaustible wells from whence she draws for long and happily descriptive materials. Mrs. Shelley disclaims pretensions to connoisseurship; nor yet does she lay claim to that untaught instinct which says, "I do not know what is called good; but I know what pleases me." She believes good taste, in matters of art, to result from natural powers, joined to familiarity with the best productions; and she has an opinion of her own, venturing to differ with Sir Joshua Reynolds in the question of colour *v.* drawing; and still more especially does she love to dwell with the rapt poetry of those religious paintings which, in the Romish church, concentrate, vivify, and exalt the faith of intellectual worshippers, whatever they may do to the uneducated image-adorers.

Mrs. Shelley's admiration is raised to its highest by the contemplation of the fresco of Leonardo di Vinci. "How vain," she exclaims, "are copies! Not in one, nor in any print, did I ever see the slightest approach to the expressions in our Saviour's face, such as it is in the original. Majesty and love—these are the words that would describe it—joined to an absence of all guile, that expresses the divine nature more visibly than I ever saw it in any other picture." We participate partly in these high encomiums of a now fading fresco; and we know that, in the Crista Della Moneta, of Titian, in the Dresden gallery, that nothing is wanting in the expression of gentleness, resignation, love, and suffering; but still we are much inclined to think that we possess in the cartoons of Raphael one of the most perfect representations of our Saviour which piety, aided by genius, ever achieved. No doubt, no fear, no care, no anxiety, no reproof, is in that face, but the music inspired by the certainty of the triumphs which the scheme of divine benevolence is to effect through the dauntless exertions of the lovely little band before him, breathes with unalloyed sublimity from an almost faultless countenance and gently-opened lips.

Our notice of this work, embracing so many different subjects, is necessarily brief—a touchstone notice, rather than a real analysis—but we feel persuaded that it is sufficient to induce those who have already travelled the same path as Mrs. Shelley to retrace their steps in such sensible and agreeable company, and that those who have not yet visited the same realms of intellectual enjoyment will be allured away by these sweetly-reflective pages.

The Land of Promise. A Tale. Written in aid of the Saint Ann's Society. By the Baroness de Calabrella. 8vo. pp. 92.—A labour of love—clad, not in the sober-coloured garments of charity, but in sumptuous clothing of blue and gold—places itself evidently beyond the pale of ordinary criticism. The "Land of Promise" is an abstract idea of what this world could be rendered, supposing every action to be regulated in anticipation of that rapid and final review of all past transactions, which is supposed to flit before the mind previous to dissolution. The reader is ingeniously seduced to contemplate ordinary life under such a philosophical aspect, by a pleasing and simple tale, woven, with the accomplished authoress's customary skill, into the moral which she designs to convey.

THE GIPSIES' TRAGEDY.

A TALE OF WELSH HAMLET HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES.

PART I.—THE TRIALS OF LYDIA COOMBE.

WERE we to imagine certain spots of country to be aboriginally designed as coverts for the world's wanderers, commonly called gipsies, there is one wild and savage-featured valley in South Wales which might seem expressly adapted to their wants, as the rock recess to the eagle's eyrie, it is called *Cwm Cothey*—a beautiful winding dale embosoming the pastoral river Cothey, Carmarthenshire. And it so happens, that a young beauty of that wandering tribe (becoming tragically famous in our rustic annals) has taken a name from this Alpine dell, and in return bestowed a local celebrity on its solitude. Lydia Coombe is the Anglicised name of this unfortunate gipsy heroine, derived from the word *Cwm* (a valley), pronounced Coom—whence the more common proper name Coombe, by which she is known, she having been born in this vale.

The father of this girl was known by the name of the "gipsy giant," and long made his haunt of this sequestered neighbourhood. He was a man of great personal strength and beauty, and possessed a mind perhaps of natural powers almost equal to his bodily; but evil passions had driven him from out the pale of society at first, and the wild liberty of houseless life congenial to his nature, had permanently attached him to its habits. He was accompanied by a wretched, faded, but still beautiful woman, evidently not of the tawny fraternity, for she was fair in spite of sun and storm; and it was whispered, had "rushed madly from her sphere," (one of no mean order,) charmed by the glozing tongue and noble form of her gipsy seducer. However this was, she soon expiated her frailty (for she had forsaken a husband) by death; Samson, as he was called, striking her a fatal blow in an ungovernable passion. Prior to this, a dark rumour had run among the cottagers that he had murdered a child with which she had presented him, before the period that rendered *his* paternity certain. In the doubt of this, her savage seducer had conceived a hatred of the innocent infant, as *possibly* the offspring of the husband she had forsaken; and this hatred it appeared he had gratified by its destruction. Some threat on her part, of denouncing him to justice, it was believed, led to the murderous act. Standing, tearless, over the corpse of the unhappy woman, lying at the tent's mouth, after submitting himself to the legal power, while the infant Lydia (the second and undoubted fruit of their guilty union) lay crying within, the savage father thus addressed his farewell to a boy about thirteen years old, who was trying, amidst all his grief and terror, to pacify the motherless little one—his half-sister:—

"Boy, if I escape the gibbet for this, (for it can't be wilful murder—it was all passion,) I shall come back to you yet, after some seven or fourteen years. For this helpless little wretch do your best to keep her alive; and if you *cannot*, knock her on the head, or plunge her into one of the dark pools here. Don't let me find her, if I *should*

return, eating workhouse bread, or drudging like a slave for bread as bitter—the wages of her slavery. Bring her up a gipsy, or let her die. You are a good boy, and clever. Go on basket-making, and stick to the spots where the osiers are plenty, and the great rushes that we make tapers of; you can beg the household grease, and these Cothey herdsmen have soft hearts enough, and will not be niggard of milk and meal for the poor baby, (you must always talk of her to the *wives*.) Shun the cursed city, and hard-hearted townfolk, and make your home of this fine greensward and river bank. Though that wretched woman," pointing to the dead, "was the cause of this bad turn, by her sulky misery, that maddened me, and by her taunting me about the child we lost—curse her white face, and the hour I first saw it! I say, whatever you may *feel* towards her—*seem* to pity her, and however you may pity me, sent over the seas for one blow too hard, *seem* to hate me."

The selfish savage forgot himself for one minute in parting from the boy—his favourite child, as being the offspring of his first and only real passion. The mother had died in giving him birth. Dashing off one tear that gathered in his eye, while the boy hung on his fettered hand, the felon forsook the tent and vale for the gaol, there to await judgment and retribution for his crime. His doom was transportation for life.

The young boy Gilbert fulfilled the part of both parents to the desolate orphan of the tent and solitary dale. While he pursued those simple trades which these singular people practise, this most lonely child of that lonely region—the forsaken Lydia, lay listening in the still noon-day for her half-brother's step, would crawl when of strength sufficient, to the tent's mouth, to gather the cowslips or harebells that spring profusely in the shelter of the lofty walls of rocks, there tapestried with many-coloured mosses, and affording growth to overhanging trees. Every echo of a herdsman's voice high up in the green chasms, calling across to some shepherd or cabin, made her small heart palpitate with expectation of that only human being she heard or saw, by night or day, unless when some curious cottager would steal to the tent, kiss and pity the little infant-hermit, who only wept with disappointment at the strange face and unwelcome arms. Such visitors often brought her milk, and the finer oaten cake, and left wool for her softer bedding at night.

The fond and faithful brother, as she grew older, was often seen bearing her at his back to distant spots where materials for his trade were to be sought, that he might enjoy her society, and she his. Her earliest efforts at speech were taught by him; to him addressed, while he sat plaiting rushes or osiers by the romantic river. The simple housewives of the lofty white cottage farmhouses, dotting the green precipices all about, became fondly attached to this remarkable boy, at once father, mother, and fondest brother to this most forlorn, otherwise, of infants. She grew more and more striking for beauty, and obtained the name of "the beauty of the *cwm*."

That beauty, after some sixteen years, attracted the eyes of a youth belonging to a tribe of gipsies located on the other side of the vast bank, forming one barrier of her native valley; and Lydia, for the first time, learned to look with anxious longing for another form than that of her life's companion—her heart's brother—her childhood's nurse.

The time came, when looking up at those heights, about twilight, she watched an object more welcome to her young eyes than the sparkle of the evening star, there first seen in the pale blue of a fading day of summer—the figure of her beloved new visitor, in her brother's absence, the gipsy boy Zephaniah, in lofty distance appearing over the rock ridge, and meditating his steep descent to the beloved tent.

The passions of those little subjected to conventional forms, like these self-outlawed people, brook not long delay. The youth pressed her to name a day for their marriage; nor did her heart lag behind his in wishes, except from her reluctance to admit another there, who might seem to lessen the exclusive hold her dear brother had possessed on its whole affections so long. While she coyly dallied with his impatience, rather than resisted it, a terrible trial awaited her. One evening he mysteriously informed her that he had been "in danger, but escaped;" and his arch eyes asked sympathy in this his good fortune, which however involved some fearful secret. He had entered the small farmhouse of an old couple, reputed rich, to obtain gold, "to make merry," as he said, "on their wedding-day."

The farmer, it appeared, was waking when the robber believed him asleep, and raised an outcry, which he, in the wild cruelty of fear—on that first occasion of peril of life, from discovery—suppressed by violent blows. A light burning in the chamber revealed his features to the aged wife, and he "missed the gold at last," he said. And whence his escape? Through the apprehension and committal for trial of another gipsy, to whose identity both sufferers swore. And it was in *this* cruel exultation that the ruffian dared to ask the sympathy of the yet innocent girl. But she had been bred in the life, without the lawless habits of the common gipsy, companioning with inanimate and innocent things—with flowers, and birds, and lambs—and shrunk from the embrace of those inhuman arms, lately raised against feeble age and innocence.

"Would to God I had died before this day!" she sobbed, in the agony of her heart's revolted feelings, recoiling from him she so fondly loved, and *had* esteemed; "died, and never known—never dreamed that you *could* have done this!"

"And *this* is your love for *me!*" he exclaimed. "You would rather *I* should suffer than another—a stranger? I have trusted my life in your hands, and you will betray me if I don't prevent you. Now, by my soul, I'll never see you more! To be safe, I must forsake such a——"

"Oh, stop!—oh, no!" she cried, wringing her hands. "Though you seem no longer the same you were, nor I to myself, but a wretched and a wicked girl, knowing this shocking thing; yet, as my betraying you could not undo the wrong you have done to those poor old souls, nor save that poor creature mistaken for you, (for I being but a poor gipsy girl, who would believe me?) though I would have died to save them—to save your soul alive; yet now, I promise——"

Laughing by an effort, he denied the truth of his tale, and restored peace to the poor girl's heart, in that moment of its deadly sinking. Clasping him passionately, she playfully brought over her beautiful neck the arm she had instinctively thrown off, on the dreadful announcement of his crime, and fondlingly replacing herself within the fold of his embrace, as a bird resuming the covert of its nest, she ex-

pressed all the rapture she felt at again feeling him her "own," as she said, "her own *innocent!*" and vowed that had the sad tale been true, never could she have been aiding in bringing him to justice, even although her silence had connived at the unjust death of an innocent man. A fatal vow, the rashness of which was to be proved on the morrow.

On that morrow, news of the crime, and of the death of the beaten man, and capture of a gipsy found near the premises, reached the hamlet *Cynwil Caio*, near the Cothey Vale; and ere long, she ascertained that this unfortunate person, who so strikingly resembled her lover, the real culprit, that two persons swore to his identity as the offender, was no other than her dear father-brother, her life's companion and protector, Gilbert!

A fearful trial for the bosom of passionate, tender, inexperienced sixteen! A brother or a lover was to be sacrificed for the other's sake, and by her formal act!—her information before a justice in the distant country town, of the confession of the murderer—a confession made in trusting love to her and her alone! Young as he was, that lover was a character of deep guile, one well versed in the female heart, and instinctively learned in all the sophistry which self-love and love combined can weave like a net for the perdition of a soul. He avowed his resolution to save her brother, by surrendering himself to justice; he "would release her brother," he said, "and send *him* to to be her comforter, if, indeed, she needed comforting under *his* fate—a welcomer companion of her future days that brother than he, her lover."—And these words he knew would be torture to her heart, terrible to her imagination—the self-sacrifice he promised, of itself almost expiating his fault, to her fond fancy, and rendering the loss of him still more insupportable.

Meanwhile days followed days; cut off by mountains from the converse of others, she learned the time of the dreaded assize from her lover's information only, and still just setting out on her dismal travel, still delayed its commencement, still reproaching herself for leaving her brother—and such a brother—to die!—oh, no, not to *die*—such thought never found entrance, if it were ever whispered by some fiend to her unhappy heart—but to languish a day, an hour, in prison, and she, knowing his innocence, yet deferring to testify thereto! She set forth at last. Could she refuse to him—her lover—who had so few days to live—who was about to devote his life to the salvation of another's—could she in mercy refuse her society to him during that journey?

They approached the town. It was Sunday; and the gaily-attired townspeople, walking out for air in a golden evening, formed a striking contrast to the dusty, wayworn appearance of this singular pair. In a lonely lane of the outskirts, he suddenly stopped, and turned on hers a face pale with fury, and malignantly triumphing in the melancholy expression of hers. Pointing to a distant dead wall, made visible by the long level beams of the setting sun—"Do you see that high building?" he inquired—"*that* is the gaol, my *love!*—the shambles where you are lovingly leading me as a lamb to the slaughter! *My* Lydia will grieve to learn that I am yet to live a little longer—that the assizes finished *yesterday!* Find what barn or hollow tree thou likest best, for a night's lodging, love, and to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet again." So saying, he vanished.

Stunned in mind, and worn out with fatigue, the unhappy girl, stretched under a lonely oak all night, at last fell asleep. Astonished at the deathlike sleep she could hardly shake off, and at the late hour to which it had been prolonged, on waking, she saw the sun, like a great fire-globe, glaring through a dense fog, and heard the buzz of many people crossing the top of the green lane where she had been lying. She followed, half conscious of some impending horror, and found herself soon before a scaffold, erected against the prison-wall, in the midst of a dumb, awe-stricken crowd, gazing up at a convict, in grave-clothes, that moment come forth to die. No sooner had the sufferer cast his eye on the orb which he was never to see set again, than he exclaimed, stretching both arms towards its magnified disk, as if it had been the very eye of that God to whom he appealed from Man—

"Innocent, by God! By the God who sees me die, I die innocent!" And a female voice, terrible from the agony its tones betrayed, re-echoed his cry—"Innocent, innocent!" and in a moment, the exquisite figure of the gipsy girl, whose beauty and symmetry not all the wild desperation of gestures and looks could destroy, was seen struggling through the crowd, to reach the foot of the scaffold; and all the while, her eyes being riveted on her brother, the priest, and the executioner, she continued to exclaim, as the burial-service proceeded—"Stop that dreadful man in black!—stop his mouth!—snatch his book! Will they bury him alive? Help me, some dear Christian soul, to climb to him! Murder, murder!" she shrieked, as the executioner drew down the dreadful cap (sad mockery of comfort associated with ideas of repose and the night that will *pass away!*), and placed in the dying man's hand something which he might throw down, as a signal of his readiness to depart—it was a *flower!*—(still sadder desecration of gentle sympathies and pleasant associations of thought!) Then, having tried to climb by one pole of the scaffolding, and being gently drawn back by the bystanders, who whispered, "The poor wretch's sweetheart!" she cried out—"A curse upon the souls of all who hinder me! A crown in heaven for him who helps me save him—my brother!—my dear, my innocent!" And, by an astonishing effort, in a minute more, she had clambered, with the agility of a wild cat or tigress, above the reach of those below, and presented her pathetic face, white even to the lips, and still sweet in all that ghastliness of horror, just above the scaffold-floor, startling the functionaries present, and, as it were, recalling to the world he had already parted from in soul, the unhappy victim of a fatal personal likeness and rash witnesses. Roused by the unusual commotion, he slowly, and like one, unwillingly resisting, wished-for sleep, pushed up the cap from his eyes, and saw his sister—his *guilty*, ungrateful sister!—such to his thoughts, for obscure rumours had reached him in prison, that she was revelling in guilty pleasures with the very man for whose crime he was to die the death of a felon. Their eyes met for the first time.

"Stop, but to curse me! Stop, till I prove your innocence to these horrid men!" she cried, nearly exhausted.

"To *kiss* thee?" he inquired, with a hollow, horrid voice, half hearing what she said.

"Oh, no! oh, no!" she answered, "I did not—dared not, ask *that!* Yet would you be so merciful, Gilbert, to *hear* me—but *hear* me—hear me swear I never thought——"

The wretched brother, either in indignant impatience of what he thought her mock-penitence, or only wishful to end a dreadful scene that was fast forcing him back into the vortex of life's passions and regrets, fixed one stern, yet most heart-broken look upon the half fainting girl, then, with his pinioned arm, imperfectly drawing the cap over his eyes, threw down desperately the flower—his death signal. The wretched Lydia, whose sight swam in darkness, the next moment saw only the veil which he had drawn between them for ever and for ever!

KING ERIC.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[Eric III., King of Denmark, who died at the beginning of the 12th century, was the *beau ideal* of a monarch of the middle ages. He was so strong that he could throw a lance, sitting, further than any one else could throw one, standing. He could take a rope in each hand, and let two strong men, one holding each of the other ends, pull at them without stirring him from his seat; nay, if they did not let the ropes go, he would draw them close to him. He was victorious over the Sclavonians, who were addicted to piracy, and was esteemed a wise and just ruler. On one occasion, according to Saxo-Grammaticus, he distrusted a musician, who told him that he could inspire anger by his art, and bade him try the experiment on himself. The attempt was but too successful; for not only did the music rouse him to the most boisterous passion, but he killed several soldiers who came to restore order. Recovering his senses, he was so deeply stricken with remorse, that he vowed he would make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to atone for his crime. He actually began the journey, but died at the Isle of Cyprus, before he reached Palestine.]

"Nay, prate not of thy puny art, I tell thee once again,
Thou proud and foolish harper, all thy boastings are in vain;
There may, perchance, be feeble hearts, thy music can control—
Thou know'st not of what stubborn stuff is made King Eric's soul.

"I listen to thy harp-strings, when the wine-cup passes round,
And oft I feel soft pleasure, when mine ears have drunk the sound;
But when thou say'st thy harp can make my breast with anger swell,
Thou speakest vain and idle words; indeed, thou know'st it well.

"Go, fetch me here the strongest man in all my fatherland,
And, planting firm his sturdy feet, before me let him stand,
And let him throw a massive lance as far as e'er he can—
I'll keep my seat, and hurl that lance still further than that man.

"Go, fetch me the two strongest men in all my fatherland,
And bring a pair of stubborn ropes, I'll hold one in each hand;
The men shall take the other ends, while here I sit alone,
And let them pull with all their might—I'll drag them to my throne.

"There's none so strong as Eric, man—of iron is his frame;
And, know, the soul that dwells within is fashion'd of the same.
Believ'st thou that thy feeble harp to stir me has the power?
No; sooner shall the evening breeze o'erthrow the strongest tower.

"My heart is not a heart to leap at sound of tinkling chords,
And I can listen calmly to the poet's artful words;
The battle-crash—the shriek of dying men that round me roll—
That—that's the only music that can rouse King Eric's soul!

"I see thou smilest proudly; come then, try, if 'tis thy will,
Thou'lt find that thou hast set thyself a task beyond thy skill;
Try, if thou canst make Eric's heart start from his breast with ire,
Strike, strike the chords—begin, begin—awake thy notes of fire!"

Now lightly o'er the tuneful strings the harper's fingers sweep,
The notes are soft, and tenderly upon the ear they creep;
King Eric lists intently, for he feels his senses bound,
As though he were enchanted by the magic of that sound.

Now louder, and now louder still, the wondrous music grows,
And deeper and now deeper still the cheek of Eric glows;
His eye has caught new earnestness—how wildly heaves his breast!
Oh, Holy Virgin Mary, is our noble king possess'd?

That harper—surely he is mad—what awful sounds awake!
With all a tempest's rapid force upon the ear they break.
His features are unearthly, o'er the strings his fingers fly,
As though a spirit of the storm shot through a stormy sky.

The king can rest no longer, he has started from his throne—
He feels as if another soul is waken'd in his own;
That marv'lous hurricane of sound King Eric must obey,
As billows of th' eternal sea must own the wild wind's sway.

The harper and the royal hall have vanish'd from his eyes,
The horrors of the battle-field before his fancy rise;
He thinks his gallant Danes are by Sclavonic hordes oppress'd!
What fury shakes that iron frame—what wrath inflames that breast!

The guards are rushing in, they must restrain their raging king,
His fury must be check'd, or awful mischief it will bring;
His sight is dimm'd, his blood is hot, his men he cannot know,
He dreams that round him thickens the fierce army of the foe.

The first draws near—he cuts him down; the second, now the third,
And still above their dying groans King Eric's voice is heard—
"On—on, my gallant hearts, the Danish raven triumphs yet!"
But as he shouts the royal hall with Danish blood is wet.

The harp—oh will it never cease?—still sings its fearful song,
And on the waves of music Eric's soul is borne along;
His valiant men before him fall—nought can their strength avail;—
No; sooner could the autumn-leaf resist the autumn-gale.

The harper's fingers pause at last—hush'd is that magic sound—
King Eric from his dream awakes, confused he looks around;
He sees the blood his sword has shed, he knows the corses all,
And from his eyes, and down his beard, the tears in torrents fall.

"Oh, harper—ruthless harper! I must ever curse the hour,
When, trusting to my earthly might, I dared to test thy pow'r.
Away, I cannot bear thy face—the vict'ry thou hast gain'd,
The royal hand of Eric with his subjects' blood is stain'd!

"Lord, I will leave my fatherland, and seek a foreign clime,
At Jesus' tomb in Palestine, to expiate my crime;
The red cross I will wear, and win thy pardon, if I can,
Then, Lord, have mercy on my soul, for I'm a sinful man!"*

* In this ballad I have so far modified the historical legend, that I have made King Eric defy the harper from a notion of his own strength, whereas the legend makes him doubt the power of music to raise fury generally.—J. O.

WANTED A GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

WANTED A GOVERNESS, to take the entire management of five little boys. She must be accustomed to Tuition, of agreeable manners, industrious habits, cheerful disposition, and have no objection to make herself generally useful. Apply by letter, *post paid*, to, &c.

Such were the terms of an advertisement that met my inquiring glance, as I turned over the closely-printed columns of that inventory of human wants, the *Times*. I read it aloud; and then looked round to observe its effect. I had been months out of a situation—the result of my own imprudence.

Women, brought up with the sentiments natural to the privacy and refinement of home, when circumstances occur to force them over its threshold, would do well to throw *heart* overboard—it is an incumbrance that must be got rid of, if the helpless bark would ride easily on the strange and bitter waters she must henceforth navigate.

As I was saying, I looked round to perceive its effect. There were four of us girls at home, dependent on our father's limited income, and I was the eldest. Poverty, of that most painful description, that, retaining the delicacy of past affluence, maintains a decent exterior at the expense of privations and trials, which the world knows not of, was already affecting the hearts, and narrowing the affections of our little household; and as my eyes turned from one to another, no deprecatory remark followed.

"There appears to be nothing difficult in that," one observed. "You are accustomed to tuition; and the children must be too young to be very troublesome."

"At all events, even if you do not succeed, there can be no harm in trying," rejoined my mother.

Well, I read over the advertisement again—"five little boys." That in itself, though probably a trifle to the uninitiated, was a consideration to "give us pause;" but the recollection of my self-induced dependence, of the additional burden I made at home, and the sight, at the moment, of a very attenuated-looking half sovereign, the last bit of gold in my possession, peeping out of an exceedingly-elongated purse, decided me.

Instantly possessing myself of pen and paper, I wrote a reply. It was despatched without any particular hope of success. I had written fifty such, during the few months I had been at home, to as many advertisements, without having elicited a single answer; and at this time, the penny postage was not so much as "dreamt of in our philosophy," though, according to poor Power, this only made it the greater luxury to write. When, therefore, two days afterwards, I received the following reply, I was almost surprised at the fortunate termination it appeared to promise me. The note read thus:—

"Mrs. Roberts will be glad to see Miss Browne, on the subject of her (Mrs. R.'s) advertisement, to-morrow, at half past four o'clock. No. —, Park Crescent, Regent's Park."

The morrow was, of course, the day on which I received it; for our village was on the Essex coast, some sixteen miles from London, with a cross-country post, and only one delivery per day. But this was all the better—there was no time to fret myself with speculations on the issue of my undertaking. One thing only was unsatisfactory: Mrs. Roberts knew my distance from town, yet she had named an hour for our interview, that would preclude the possibility of my returning home the same night, for it was winter, and "The last Gravesend steamer leaves London Bridge Wharf at four o'clock P.M." was duly notified on wall-side placards and the daily papers.

At another time, perhaps, I might not have so easily discovered the want of consideration evidenced in this arrangement, but I was suffering from a soreness of mind that made me keenly alive to the action of trifles; and it gave me a misgiving of Mrs. Roberts' thoughtfulness and unselfishness of character that did not add to the cheerfulness of disposition just then so necessary to me. My mother, however, in the unschooled simplicity of her Mrs. Primrose-like conceptions, drew a favourable augury therefrom, and assured me it was in itself a proof that I was already the predetermined governess of the "five little boys."

My journey to town was as uninteresting, and as rapidly performed as journeys by the Gravesend packets usually are; and very painful and subduing were my sensations, as I found myself for the first time in the crowded streets of the metropolis, without the protection or support of either my father or brother's arm. It is a lonely thing to make one in a crowd; and there was a degree of helplessness in my own case that made my situation appear exceedingly forlorn. It was, beside, my first attempt at seeking a situation, for my previous engagements had, in both instances, been forced on me—the first, with a kind delicacy that, compassionating my situation, took this means of alleviating it, without humiliating me, and the other, with an affectation of the same principle—loud in condolence, and coarse in expressing it, in order to exhibit how poor gentility must succumb to vulgar wealth. I was, also, very young—very timid, with quantities of poetry, but not an atom of practical worldly sense in my composition. Need I say I felt myself making a very sorry figure in the staring, elbowing, bustling throng, whose contrary currents one moment accelerated my onward movement, and the next drove me a pace or two backwards in their anxious pursuit after business or pleasure.

Unhappily ignorant of the etiquette observed in walking in London, I had taken the wrong side of the street — a circumstance that I have since discovered accounted for all the crushing and collision that beset me, and which I really mistook for intentional rudeness; and as I felt my face flushing, and my little close bonnet assuming an indescribable shape, I had great difficulty to keep myself from crying. I, however, put an end to my pedestrianism and its unpleasantness, by getting into an omnibus.

I was set down opposite the iron gates that lead into Park Crescent, and in a few minutes found myself at No —, with scarcely nerve enough to raise the massive knocker of the important-looking portal. Two or three footmen, in handsome liveries, were in attendance in the hall; and on giving my card, I was ushered

into a small apartment, that, from the quantity of priceless antiquities and classic treasures collected there, looked like a nook of Strawberry Hill—a something between a museum and a picture-gallery. Minutes—half an hour passed anxiously away, and no Mrs. Roberts made her appearance, so that I had abundance of time to notice the luxurious splendour that surrounded me.

Accustomed as I was to the elegance of wealthy refinement, I was surprised by the profusion of gorgeous ornament scattered, rather than arranged, that everywhere presented itself. The room looked small, more from its immense loftiness than from a want of dimension; and from the ceiling to the floor, the walls were hung with paintings of the most valuable description, many of them originals of the old masters, with names attached, that gave them a currency for thousands; exquisite specimens of rare sculpture threw the cold light of their chiselled beauty on frowning bronzes and recumbent armour; then there were tables covered in the same rich profusion, with scarce, and hardly to be purchased articles of *virtù;* grotesque and time-stained carvings in ivory, rare bits of bronze, old missals, curious medallions, specimens of superb Sévres porcelain, Indian jars, Etruscan vases—in short, innumerable and priceless gems of art everywhere met the bewildered but delighted gaze; and at either end of the room, magnificent mirrors reflected in each other the pictures, sculpture, and collected *bijoutèrie* with fairy-land effect.

But amidst all this gorgeous display, my prevailing sensation was one of unmitigated cold—there was no fire in the low, elaborately-ornamented grate—so that though my feet sank into the softest Persian carpet, and the lounge on which I had bestowed myself was most luxuriously cushioned, I was chilled to my very heart.

How I puzzled myself to think what sort of person the feminine shareholder in all these treasures could be! And what a mocking commentary seemed all the riches that surrounded me, on my own situation, just separated from absolute necessity! I felt tears gathering in my eyes, not of envy, but of ridiculous, useless sensibility, that forced me to contrast my position and circumstances with those of this favoured individual, whoever she might be, and to recur, regretfully enough, to the prospects of my early years, as they opposed themselves to those by which I was surrounded.

I was roused from these reflections by the opening of the door, and an elderly person, whose proprietous grey silk dress, and look of mild humility, conveyed the idea of a distant relative—an inmate on sufferance—rather than an established upper servant, requested me to follow her. She led the way into another apartment, where, in a superb *fauteuil*, beside a glowing fire, sat Mrs. Roberts. She was apparently dressed for dinner, in a robe of the darkest green velvet, her arms and throat encircled with gold ornaments, massive enough for the dowry of an Eastern princess. She made some motion to me as I entered, but did not rise; neither did she ask me to sit down; but with all the state of a queen, kept her seat, and proceeded to question me.

For a moment, the blood rose to my cheek; but I remembered my poverty, and her abounding wealth, and quelled the unsafe thoughts and feelings that were struggling within me. Besides, I began to be

rather amused, for there is a lurking comedy in my nature that will sometimes pervade my feelings, however melancholy they may be, and give piquancy to the bitterest draughts. I had left lovely pictures in the other room, but amongst them all, none that appeared to me so beautiful as the living face before me. She was dark as an Andalusian, with that remarkably clear, smooth, olive complexion so seldom met with but in the sunny regions of the South, with a warm, rich colour in her cheeks, and small, handsome features, lit up by large, black, luminous eyes, that made me forget, in my admiration of them, the petty state she was affecting, and the half hour's trial by cold to which I had been subjected; such a silkiness, such picture-like perfection there was about her piquant-looking features and rich apparel.

"Let me see," she said, looking over some dozen notes, in as many different handwritings that lay on the table beside her. "Oh, you are the young person from Essex. I am sorry to have detained you so long; but I have had to see so many persons. I had no idea, when I advertised, of the number of applicants I should have. These," she said, pointing to the heap of caligraphic specimens, "are only the answers I reserved to choose from amongst."

Alas! for my mother's theory, and my own reasoning from the surface of things—for having stated in my note every particular relative to age, qualifications, &c.—I really thought I had nothing to do but to make the final arrangement relative to salary, produce my credentials, and enter on the duties of my new situation; fancy, then, finding myself paraded for the satisfaction of this wilful piece of prettiness, and brought sixteen miles from home, to make one at the levée of unhappy expectants she had brought to her abode, doubtless, with as much indifference for their personal inconvenience as she had exhibited for mine. But where was I?

"These," she continued, "are only the answers I reserved to choose from amongst—but I think I had thirty-six in all, hadn't I, Mrs. Percy?" and she turned to the individual in grey, who remained standing near her chair; but before this quiet-looking person had summed up in her recollection their exact number, Mrs. Roberts rejoined—"at all events, I was quite astonished. I didn't really think so many persons could have been in want of situations."

She was looking in my face as she spoke, and her ignorance of the rest of the world's wants seemed so real, so unaffected, that you scarcely knew whether to admire, or be angry at her happy unconsciousness of individual strait and suffering. To me, early initiated into the usages of adversity, there was a freshness about it very delightful to fancy, but very painful to be brought in collision with, because you felt that the sympathy from whence springs all the charities of human nature could have no place in a heart so unwitting of its daily trials—so wanting in that species of mental omniscience, that is only gained by the study of humanity in all its phases.

"I am afraid," she continued, "that you are too young for what I require. I ought to have stated age in my advertisement; some one about thirty would be best, as I want the entire management of the children taken off my hands—they begin to be very troublesome, and I have so many engagements; but you don't look as if you could com-

mand them sufficiently—that is, you don't look resolute enough to make them mind you."

I ventured to remark, "that as I had been accustomed to children, if entrusted with their charge, I hoped to be able to give satisfaction."

She smilingly gave me a view of a very fine set of teeth, and went on to inquire of the duties of my last situation. She then wished it had been in town, that she might have obtained a reference at once; upon which I placed in her hands the kind and complimentary letters of one who *was*—what Mrs. Roberts appeared only playing—*a lady.*

Oh! the incertitude—the trembling anxiety with which I waited during the few minutes passed by her in unscrupulously reading through my letters, with no better object, as it presently appeared, than to satisfy curiosity; for although it was very evident that in Mrs. Roberts' establishment, a governess was (literally speaking) on a very different footing from what she usually occupies in any other, yet my philosophy, which was that of despair, made me determine to put up with anything rather than continue a burden at home; and though I found this cup of forced humility exceedingly distasteful, I tasked myself to drink it to the dregs.

"Of course," she said, lifting her eyes from my letter, "you would not object to remaining entirely in the school-room?"

Having no choice, I bowed my acquiescence.

"Nor to make yourself generally useful?"

I had an idea of answering in newspaper parlance. But I thought I would let things take their own course, and besides, my heart was so full, that I had not the power of speaking, and another assenting nod was my reply.

She then went on to stipulate something about wardrobes, and children's dresses, which latter clause rather startled me, as the situation seemed fast merging into that of needlewoman, and I knew about as much of making garments as Mother Eve; but necessity has no law—I promised to make myself as useful as possible, forgetting in my anxiety to eat the bread of independence, the very acute advice of an old friend who used to say, that in making an engagement of this nature, it was necessary to be as exacting as the principal—and whatever your real sentiments, to affect to set an inordinate value on yourself and your attainments. "Quackery, my dear girl," she would say, "is sure to be regarded, where modest merit is lost sight of." And many times through life have I observed the truth, of (what then appeared to me) a heartless aphorism.

Having thus voluntarily humbled myself, and depressed my position for the pleasure of taking home the news of an engagement, my vexation and disappointment was considerable, when, just as we seemed thoroughly to understand one another, I noticed an awkward wavering manner in Mrs. Roberts's address; and she handed me my letters with, "I am very sorry I did not know all this before, as I am sure I should have liked you; but the truth is, one of the persons whom I saw this morning, has been seven years in a similar situation to mine, and if the reference she has given me is satisfactory, I have engaged her; but if not, I will write to you. I have your address—Kensington, isn't it?"

I had scarcely sufficient command of myself to put her right on this head, with an unbroken voice, and bowing to the quiet lady in grey, I

was about to curtsey myself out of the room, when the former intercepted me to ask, "How far my residence was from town?"

I told her, and Mrs. Roberts interposed with an inquiry, as to whether the coach started from any place in the vicinity? She seemed rather unpleasantly illuminated, when I told her my only conveyance was by steam; and that as the last boat had long since left, I had no choice but to remain in town all night.

"I suppose you have some friends here," said the gentle-looking woman beside her, in whose thoughtful countenance I could read concern, and kindly feeling, not unmingled with generous indignation, that evinced itself in her lessening timidity; and in the tone of absolute reproach with which, on my answering with much naïveté, "that indeed I had not," she remarked to Mrs. Roberts, "What a pity to have brought her so far! I would advise you," she said, addressing me, "to go to some respectable inn; it is an awkward thing for so young a person as yourself to be alone in this city, but at an hotel you will be quite safe."

I looked my thanks, for I am sure heartfelt kindness dictated this suggestion, as, however commonplace the remark may appear on paper, her look and voice evidenced no ordinary degree of interest; but I found it impossible to answer her orally. The reaction of excited feeling and overthrown hope, only wanted this lady's evident sympathy, to make me think myself even more sorrowfully situated than I really was. I had scarcely patience to listen to Mrs. Roberts' parting exordium, as, holding the embroidered bell-rope in her hand, she suspended its movement to exclaim—

"Oh, yes; by all means go to an hotel, and if this other person does not suit, I will be sure and write to you—only you don't look old enough. Good morning to you. Some family hotel will be the best!"

I curtseyed myself silently out of the room, and was very civilly shewn the outside the house, by one of the "party-coloured varlets" in waiting.

Need I say, I never after heard *from* Mrs. Roberts, but I did *of* her, and solved the mysterious incongruity of that apartment, filled with precious things, into which I had been ushered.

Of course, I have not used her real name—that would be scarcely fair, to one who had apparently so many years to acquire those delicate and subtle instincts of our nature, that teach us to be as careful and far-sighted for another as if ourselves were concerned.

At this distance of time, the incident which then appeared a trial to me, has assumed an almost comic complexion; and the contrast my real situation offered to that of the pretty (and surely petted) Mrs. Roberts, a mere illuminated page in my book of life—a picture, illustrative of "silver spoons and wooden ladles," with a dash of Hogarth's satire, in the working out. With all her happy inexperience of worldly exigence, I, too, had been born in affluence—my wants as carefully attended to—my education as refined—my feelings equally sensitive; but for all this, her feet rested on the raised *dais* of luxury, while mine had trodden the red-hot ploughshares of penury and trial.

Surely, all who run may read the moral of our meeting, and learn from their own acute sensibilities (where self is concerned) the necessity of consideration on behalf of another.

GERALDINE.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

As some sweet dead from her sepulchral rest
At that fix'd day shall meet all mankind blest,
When the deform'd and fair together rise,
To reign one brotherhood along the skies,
So, as I stood to watch the first grey streak
Of morn, on Konigstuhl's* aspiring peak,
Fair GERALDINE from forth her casement's height,
Angelic burst into her kindred light!
Thus as I noticed the Teutonic maid,
In flaky whiteness, airily array'd,
Blending as much of earthly beauty's share,
As pure divinity would stoop to wear,
I gazed, like Joshua, on the orb of day,
And prayed her still to linger on her way.
Ah! soft illusion, unassailed by throes,
For adoration ever is repose;
I gazed again, and tremulously, while
I fancied something mortal in the smile,
So like the smile I almost could declare
The sweetest woman of our earth would wear;
Yet as divine I fain would still adore,
Nor by believing less have felt the more.
In all that's heavenly, all that's peaceful lies,
Except that heaven which beams in woman's eyes,
There mortal promptings smouldering lurk within,
And heavenly semblance ministers to sin;
For calm my breast whilst adoration warm'd,
Ere woman smiled and earthly throes alarm'd,
I knew no envy, no impatience felt,
But undisturb'd, discern'd how others knelt;
Such was my peace, whilst yet belief display'd
A heavenly seraph in the earthly maid.
But happier now, though banished to that land,
Where ocean washes on a Libyan strand,
Whose task-doom'd sons relentless nature chides,
And where the burning ray directly strides;
Or milder chance, what though condemn'd alone,
The torpid wanderer of the rigid zone,
Where no kind soil responds to human might,
And the coy sun protracts the polar night;
And so by fate irrevocably crost,
To hope most hopelessly for ever lost,
Than daily thus in agony to view
The fairest image nature ever drew,
Awakening tumult but to feed despair—
Condemn'd to know but never blest to share.
Ah! wherefore is it, false tyrannic love,
That form'st the joy of all on earth that move,
In human bosoms dost thyself disown,
And mak'st the misery of man alone?
For where is he, so mighty in control,
Who can direct this rebel of his soul,
Like the proud Persian king its course divide,
As 'twere the Ganges, in a various tide?
Thus 'scaped my piety to realms above,
And left me all the turbulence of love!

* A lofty elevation near Heidelberg. Travellers frequently resort hither to see the sun rising.

THE TERMINATION OF THE TRANSPORT.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The city of Antioch.—Its present condition.—Its antiquities, sculptures, walls, and towers.—Its reverses.—The station at Murád Páshá.—A few facts in Natural History.—The station at Jindarís.—History of Dervish 'Alí.—Plains of North Syria.—Arrive at Port William.—Termination of the Transport.

Before quitting Antioch, and after a residence there, on and off, of upwards of six months, I may be allowed to say a few words as to its present condition, and its remaining monuments of antiquity.

The modern Antákíyeh is but a small town, covering only a very inconsiderable part of the site of ancient Antioch, the remainder being for the most part occupied by mulberry groves, vineyards, and fruit and vegetable gardens.

The population, according to a census taken in Ibráhím Páshá's time, did not exceed 5600 souls, of whom a large proportion were Syrians of the Greek church; and the town contains a church of that persuasion, a synagogue for the Jews, fourteen mosques, a Mohammedan college, and several khans and public baths. None of these edifices are, however, conspicuous by their loftiness, or by any pretensions to architectural beauty.

The houses are Turkish as to plan, usually of stone, but sometimes consisting of a wooden frame filled up with sun-dried bricks, and having a pent roof covered with red tiles. In some, exterior staircases lead from the courts to corridors and balconies; in others, the staircase is in the interior. Many of the courts are pleasantly shaded by orange and pomegranate trees, and the doors and windows of the buildings generally face the west, for the sake of the cool breezes coming from that quarter during the greater part of summer. The streets are narrow and dirty, being but partially cleansed by a gutter in the centre.

The bazaars are poor, the principal products being confined to fruits, silk, cotton, leather, goats'-hair, and the ordinary supplies of food. Near to the river side are several tan-yards, and in the same neighbourhood are the offal-houses, the thresholds of which are frequented by the white vulture. Ibráhím Páshá adorned the town by erecting to the westward a seraï, or palace, which afterwards became an hospital, and beyond it extensive barracks; but unfortunately these were constructed out of the materials of the western portion of the wall.

The river is crossed by a bridge, some of the foundations of which have the aspect of antiquity, and which is approached by a covered way and gate, called Báb Hadíd, or the Iron Gate. Beyond this gate was a military school and a burial-ground, with gardens in the rear; and the river is diversified by several large wheels, some of which are nearly sixty feet in diameter, and which make a monotonous noise. Their power in working corn-mills is increased by dams of interlaced reeds and stakes, and other light materials, which raise the water, and at the same time serve the purpose of productive fish-weirs.

Besides the "Iron Gate," there are also the Báb Gineïn, or the Gate of the Gardens, the Báb Ládíkíyeh, or of Lattaquia, and sepa-

rated from the modern town by a mile of tree and shrub-clad ruins, but within the ancient walls, is the gate known as the Báb Baulus, or of Saint Paul's. It is a light and handsome structure, with a circular arch resting on lofty upright pilasters, the intervening spaces between which are filled up with solid stone masonry. Close by is a plane of gigantic size, overshadowing an open court, from whence coffee is distributed to the traveller. It is a beautiful spot, the walls commencing from this point to climb the rugged hills beyond, and the tall towers skirting the ramparts like guardian giants. It is a locality also suggestive of reflections of no ordinary interest; for under this very gate it is by no means improbable, that Paul, and Barnabas, and Simeon, that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, and a host of other apostles and fathers of the church, may have passed. In this respect it is the most interesting remnant of Antioch, for there are now few other relics of the times of early Christianity.

The antiquities of Antioch are, indeed, most advantageously considered in relation to the epochs which they illustrate. It appears that there existed a previous city near the site of Antioch, which had been a repair of Antigonus, and was called after his name, and that Seleucus Nicator removed the inhabitants of this Antigonia to the first quarter of the new city; the inhabitants themselves built a second quarter, Seleucus Callinicus built a third, and Antiochus Epiphanes a fourth. While the flatterer Libanius, and the old chronicler Malela, would have us believe that the city was founded by Alexander himself, Julian in his Misopogon, gave the credit of its origin to Antiochus, son of Seleucus, for some satirical reason, the point of which is lost in the obscurity of the past.

Nothing now, probably, remains of this Tetrapolis of the Antiochidæ, nor of the city described by Pliny as existing on the other side of the river; and excepting the coins which have been occasionally found, and the traces of the temple of Daphne, there are few remains in the present day of this early period in the history of Antioch. In the vicinity of the excavated churches of Saint James and Saint Paul, there are found the traces of a colossal head, apparently of a sphynx, and also a full length Egyptian figure, both in bold relief, cut in the solid rock, evidently at a very remote period. From the intimate connexion which existed between the dynasties of the Ptolemys and the Antiochidæ, there is every reason to believe that these sculptures belong to that epoch; and it is not improbable that the neighbouring grottoes were the tombs of some of the Egyptian princesses, who were wedded to the kings of Antioch, before they became Christian chapels.

During the several centuries of Roman prefectureship of Syria, Antioch continued its importance as the capital of that great province, of which the land of Judea was but a dependent procuratorship. It was still the seat of pleasure, and the centre of a most extensive commerce. It is to this period that the walls of Antioch—the most remarkable, perhaps, of all the Syrian monuments—belong, although afterwards repaired by Mohammedans and Christian crusaders.

These walls have a circumference of upwards of four miles, and form an irregular parallelogram, with one of its longer sides touching the Orontes, and the other crowning the summits of a rocky range, which bounds the city to the south east. For the defence of the lower part of the city, no particular effort of skill was necessary; but in the

higher, the greatest ingenuity was exercised by securing the weak points at the opposite extremity of its rugged contour. Walls and circular turrets of different ages occupy the northern extremity of the range, at the head of the ravine from whence the castellated building, once the Acropolis, commands an extensive prospect.

By a bold effort of genius, a wall has been carried from the eastern side of the castle down the almost vertical face of the cliff, and again from thence across the deep valley beneath, beyond which, in a no less extraordinary manner, it is made to ascend the opposite steep hill in a zig-zag direction, and it is again carried in the same daring manner down the opposite hill-side, till it joins the eastern walls near Saint Paul's gate.

But it was in overcoming the defects of the ground at the southern extremity of the city, that the skill of the Romans is conspicuous. Owing to the steepness of the declivity, the ordinary platform surmounting the wall, here becomes a succession of steps between the towers, which are close to one another, and have a story rising above the wall to protect the intervening portions from the commanding ground outside. These towers are of uniform construction, about thirty feet square, and they project each way, so as to defend the interior side as well as the exterior face of the wall, the latter is from fifty to sixty feet high, and eight or ten feet broad at top, which is covered with cut stones terminating in a cornice.

The towers are perfectly upright, and have interior staircases, and three loop-holed stages resting on brick arches—the uppermost having a stone platform, and a small cistern beneath. Low doors, or rather posterns, afford a passage along the parapets, so that to use an expression of Colonel Chesney's, to whose frequent conversations I am solely indebted for the discrimination of many of the above described peculiarities, these structures may be regarded as a chain of small castles connected by a curtain, rather than simple towers.

It was by the betrayal of one of these towers—called that of the two sisters, but afterwards designated as the tower of Saint George—by the Christian Pyrrhus, that the Crusaders were enabled to obtain possession of their first Syrian principality. And on another there still exists the fragments of a Greek inscription in iambic trimeter verse, of which only the following words can be deciphered:—

> "Sunk to ruin by time and tumult,
> * * * Medon had hastily built
> With haste and difficulty the army of the * * *
> The Tower."

Innumerable coins, belonging to the epoch of the Romans, are still found wherever excavations are carried on, and not unfrequently marble busts are also dug out, in which the familiar features of Aurelian, or of Trajan, are chiefly recognised.

The reverses of Antioch constitute, after its Christian eminence, the most remarkable feature in its history. Its kingly splendour—its pleasurable attractions—its commercial and industrial power—its learning and religious zeal, are all dimmed by the most fearful prostrations which dreadful earthquakes, and wars from without, and civil wars within, could combine to produce. Civil wars began under Seleucus Callinicus, and were continued under Antiochus the Great. Religious zeal attained its height under Antiochus Epiphanes, and ex-

cited the revolt of the Maccabees. Alexander Zebina plundered the temple of Jupiter, and the walls were overthrown on several occasions.

It is on this account that the seat of many kings, the Roman prefecturate of Syria, and the chief patriarchate of the East, whose numerous churches, ranked among the finest in the world, have, with the exception of its walls and towers, the strongest bulwarks of Roman Asia, shattered and destroyed by earthquakes more even than by all the fiercest ravages of war, so little to show of those once proud times.

In a retired spot, alone, towards the centre of the mountain ridge, are the remains of a circular structure, about ninety feet in diameter, partly excavated in the rock, and enclosed by a wall four feet high. This building is traditionally connected with the horrid and disgraceful pagan immolations to Jupiter.

It was in the epoch of the Romans that Antioch attained such distinction, as one of the earliest centres from whence Christianity was disseminated, as to afterwards entitle it to be called the "Eye of the Eastern Church." It was here that Barnabas and Saul were first separated from the other apostles, for the work unto which they had been called. It was, according to Josephus, the right of citizenship granted by Seleucus to the Jews in common with the Greeks, which rendered Antioch so desirable to Christians, who were at that time considered as a sect of Jews; and it was here that they were first called by the name of their Lord and Master (Acts, xi. 26); and the most ancient testimonies regarding the three orders of the church—bishops, priests, and deacons, are derived from Ignatius, whom the apostles had appointed Bishop of Antioch, (Chrysostom Hom. in Ignat. ii. 593,) and who wrote letters to other churches, only fifteen years after Saint John's death.

Saint Paul's gate, and the excavated churches in the rock, are the only reminiscences that now exist of these early dawnings of Christianity. One traveller, Pococke, saw some pieces of marble of a Mosaic pavement, which he supposed might indicate the site of the patriarchal church; and he conjectured that the patriarchal palace stood on the top of a hill in its vicinity. Such is the end of the Apostolic See! "A vague conjecture," says Dr. Keith, "is the only homage that can now be paid to the departed glory of the throne which exercised supremacy over two hundred and forty bishoprics."

Antioch was embellished by Justinian in A.D. 529, and called by him Theopolis, "the city of God;" but the Persian host under Chosroes (Keï Kobad) took the city by storm nineteen years afterwards, and burnt it to the ground. Retaken by Belisarius, Justinian rebuilt it in 562, to fall again in 574. The Saracens, under the brave but humane Obeïdah, reduced it in the year 637 or 638.

The Arabs busied themselves in repairing the walls, and added additional towers to the castle. Among the ruins which cover the sides of the hills westward, are still to be noticed a building with a square basement containing four Saracenic arched entrances; but this building is surmounted by a round tower, which appears to be Norman, and to have belonged to the times of the Crusaders, and which rises about thirty feet higher.

Edrisi describes the buildings of Antioch as being at the time of the Arab dominion "magnificent, its markets flourishing, its industry and resources great, and its manufactures and commerce prosperous."

The city was retaken in 966, by Nicephoras Phocas, and in 970,

an army of ten thousand Saracens besieged it without success, but a short time afterwards effected its subjection. In the year 1097, the Crusaders appeared before the walls, but it was not till June 3, 1098, that the city was carried by stratagem. In 1187, the fall of 'Azáz, and the capture of the Iron Bridge on the Orontes, by the Arabs under Saláhu-d-dín, caused the inhabitants to purchase their safety. Bibars, the Mamluk Sultan of Egypt, carried the unfortunate city by storm, May 29, 1268; and it remained under the Mamluk and Circassian soldiery till 1517, when Selim I. overthrew that strange and straggling power, called Alaï Doulet, by the oriental writers, and Syria became absorbed in the Osmanli empire.

During the long succession of Osmanli princes, Antioch has been often governed by independent Beys who have set the Sultan at defiance. This was the case in the time of Burckhardt (1812). After the fall of Aleppo, it yielded without a blow to the Egyptians under Ibráhím Páshá, a chieftain who, for a time, dreamt of reviving the monarchy of Syria in its ancient capital, and who first began to demolish the walls which so many centuries of wars and earthquakes had spared; it is to be supposed in anticipation of those days, when, as Dr. Keith prophesies, the cities of restored Israel shall be built, without walls, from those which anciently were raised for their defence.

In 1840, by the operations of the allies on the coast of Syria, Antioch returned peacefully under Osmanli dominion. Strange contrast to the time of the Crusades, when Christian nations were seen combating for the restoration of Turkish over Egyptian tyranny and misrule, without scarcely affording a friendly protection to the prostrate Christian aborigines of the country!

There is something in the innumerable reverses of fortune, and the evils to which this ancient city and its inhabitants have been thus exposed, which cannot but be suggestive of melancholy contemplation; but in which the more painful considerations are soothed by comparison with what has happened to those cities which have arisen upon modern civilization. The history of the congregated dwellings of mankind present us pretty nearly everywhere with similar records of fatal events brought about by the wilfulness of man. The rise of new opinions, the promulgation of corrupt doctrines, the restlessness of the age, followed by revolution and anarchy, and these, by unflinching tyrannies, imposed upon a would-be administrative populace, are personated as faithfully in the history of the west, as in that of a Licinus or Gallus at Antioch.

It was the jarring interests of principles of belief, and even of forms of prayer—the ambitioning of each to point out to the other the path to heaven—and the abhorrence of all other modes of worship than their own, which even at these early times cursed mankind with fatal feuds; and the hostility of Antiochus to the Maccabees, the apostasy of Julian, and the propitiation of Arianism by Valentinian, were as fertile in persecutions as Paganism opposed to Christianity, and Christianity to Mohammedanism. Nor was cruelty confined to any one party. Antiochus and Vespasian at Jerusalem, and Pompey, Justinian, and the Crusaders at Antioch, rival, in their sanguinary exploits, Sapor and Omar at the one, and Chosroes and Bibars at the other.

An almost ineffable wonder arises on contemplating such fragmentary histories of reverses, not peculiar to one spot, but common to the whole family of man; to think how long the experience of the past shall be

withheld from the councils of mankind, and policy continue to disregard, in the lessons of history, the inherited axioms of moderation? What are the benefits that have accrued to mankind from war and hostility of opinion or principle, compared to the triumphs of wisdom! Look at the mighty remains left to us by imperishable genius, by the toil of civilization in the rear of discovery, the more than human power which has been obtained by the progress of invention, and turn to the grey walls of grief-worn aspect—Antioch, no longer in lonely and in widowed pride, as when Heraclius bade her a last farewell—the humbled and mourning daughter of the city of the Holy of Holies, but Antioch fallen and in ruins! The third city of the Roman empire, which raised three Cæsars to the Imperial purple, now little better than a village; the patriarchal see—nay, the very tombs of the mighty dead, gone from the surface of the earth! Think that religion and learning dawned—that the lyre awoke to songs of praise and joy—that the full light of a religion of meekness, humility, and self-sacrifice, glowed over this spot, and that all has been lost by the rivalry of power, the opposition of creeds, and the pride of patriarchs, and the heart bleeds with sorrow for the follies of mankind.

Ever the centre of a fiercely debated supremacy, the "entrance into Hamath the great," and the prophesied boundary of the promised land, there now only remains at the same spot, the past for the Mohammedan, the present for the Christian, and the future for the Jew. Haughty contempt and deep-felt scorn and hatred characterize the followers of a warrior prophet; an unspiritual and unenlightened belief, not unmingled with bitter pride, belong to those who know that the Redeemer suffered for them; while a silent hope, and the prostrate stillness of a dependent faith, is still the stamp characteristic of the sons of Jacob.

On the 14th of October, I finally left Antioch, travelling by the river and lake to the station at Murád Páshá, which I reached the ensuing day. There had been much sickness at this, the most unhealthy of any of the stations in which the expedition was located, and among others, the malaria of the country was complicated in the case of a young artillery-man with a galloping consumption, the result of long previous infirmities, and which, not yielding to the most active treatment, he was the first, and yet amidst all this sickness, the only individual left behind us at this baneful spot. No European stopped here for a day and night without suffering from malaria; and although it was easily removed by a little aperient medicine, followed by quinine, it always returned in a few days. From this frequent recurrence, many of the cases were already complicated with enlargement of the spleen and liver, and in others carelessness in diet induced gastro-enteric affections; but generally speaking, the fever was not so severe as to keep the officers and men from their work.

The temperature at this season of the year was agreeable, the thermometer averaging 76° in the shade; and the quantity of animal, more especially of reptile and insect life, was truly remarkable. The number and great size of the snakes has been already alluded to, and immediately on my arrival the boatswain brought a bottle full of centipedes, many of considerable size, which had been collected in the men's tents, and the sight of which conveyed anything but pleasing anticipations of what was to be expected in one's own dormitory.

Every evening after sunset, the interior of the marquee in which

the officers messed, was filled with running, crawling, and jumping things. The first that began to creep up the canvass walls were a species of black cricket, two-eighths of an inch in length, with yellow spots on the upper part of the wings, and like the *Gryllus campestris* of Latreille, with two red spots at the origin of the thighs. It differed, however, from that insect, in the under wings being folded into a spiral appendage, which protruded beyond the body; and it differed from the Indian species (*G. monstruosus*) in size and colour, and in the freedom of the wings; but still it was a marked transition from the European to the Indian species.

With this black and ill-favoured looking insect there came another of the same tribe, in which the wings and elytræ were merely rudimentary, being only one-eighth of an inch in length, and the dorsal aspect of the abdomen thus left naked, was divided longitudinally by three distinct lines, in addition to the lateral segments; and it was further adorned with two lateral setaceous appendages (ovipositors), about an eighth of an inch in length.*

These were followed by frogs, which clambered in numbers up by the side of the tent-poles, and thus in a short time, between them and the crickets, the canvass was pretty well covered. At the same time, innumerable little *Scutigeræ*, from four-eighths to four-sixths of an inch in length, were running about the table, pursuing moths and other insects, which they pierced with their poisonous mandibles, killing them instantaneously. This insect had eight large segments above, besides two smaller central ones, and fifteen segments with an equal number of pairs of legs below, the last five of which were much longer than the others, and the last pair of all thrown behind, so as to resemble a tail.

Next in abundance were the centipedes, which also clambered after dark, upon the chairs and tables in search of prey. The bodies of these were divided into twenty-one segments above and below, and they had forty-two yellowish feet, armed with hook-like appendages.† I examined a great many eyes of these myriapods, as some writers describe them as arranged rhomboidally, and I found them to vary in number, there being sometimes four, and occasionally a fifth. They were disposed two and two, and when there was a fifth, it was always placed inwardly, or towards the articulation of the jaw. These centi-

* There certainly appears sufficient to justify the tribe of *Gryllides*, thus distinguished, by rudimentary elytræ and wings, being united into a separate genus, whose appropriate name, derived from that very peculiarity, would be *Apterita*; and which would contain, besides this Syrian species, the *Gryllus Sylvestris* of Latreille, and the *G. Burdigalensis*, of the same author; the Syrian species being distinguished from the former, by the brevity of the ovipositor, the absence of the striæ in the elytræ, and by its peculiar dark forehead; and from the *G. Burdigalensis*, by the latter having no wings at all, and an ovipositor as long as the body.

† Some naturalists have arranged the animals of these, and the neighbouring genera, according to the number of feet, and the comparative length of these; thus viewing them as æquipedal, or inequipedal; but the structure of the body is by far the most important consideration in a class of animals which form a link between the crustacea, on the one hand, and the hexapod insects on the other. The Syrian *Scutigera*, above described, belongs to that section of the *Chilopoda*, in which the body is partitioned into eight plates above, and fifteen hemi-annular segments below; while the centipedes belong to that division, in which the abdominal aspect is divided, in the same way as the dorsal; and this is not the only primary distinction between the two—in the one, the eyes are distinct and compound, in the other, they are granulated; in the one, the head is covered with a smooth scutellum, or shield-like plate, in the other, there are occipital tuberosities.

pedes, when thus aroused, and in the pursuit of prey, were very active, and not always easily avoided. One evening while sitting at our meals, Eden alarmed us by declaring that one had got up his sleeve; his coat was cautiously taken off, and a large centipede secured, luckily without biting him.

But the most troublesome of all insects, being day visitors, were the large amazonian, or legionary ants, which penetrated everywhere, and destroyed not only our food, but all collections of natural history. This ant belonged to the genus *Polyergus* of Latreille, having the antennæ inserted near the mouth. The female was half an inch in length, the neuter only three-eighths of an inch. The abdomen was of a jet-black colour; and the wings of the male and female had a black spot on the outer extreme. It differed, in these respects, from the common *P. rufescens*. These insects sometimes occupied large spaces to themselves, and formed pathways of such a size as to appear as if made by man, or some large animal. Their homes were generally encircled by a high pile of straw, from which they had cut, and carried away the grain. The females took flight towards the end of October, at which time the neuters wandered round the nest in a state of great anxiety, and whenever they caught a female, they deprived her of her wings, and hurried her into the nest.

There was, also, a still larger species of ant, but which was not processionary or legionary. There were, also, only two individuals of this kind—a winged male, and an apterous female. The legs, in this species, were very long, and the insect was quick and lively in its movements, issuing from its hole when approached, erecting its tail, and opening its jaws, in hostile attitude. The common mining ant, *Formica cunicularis*, and the *F. fusca*, were also frequent.

Every evening, after sunset, the jackals of the plain of 'Umk were also in the habit of coming to water at this spot. The lake, surrounded by almost inaccessible marshes, and the rivers dragging their lazy way through a similar dense vegetation, did not offer any points so favourable for slaking their thirst as the ford which had arisen close by the bridge of Murád Páshá, from the dilapidated condition of the latter. To this point, then, they came, as soon as the obscurity of evening favoured their progress, yelling and barking in troops at the very doors of our tents, and yet so quick and wily, that, although we attempted to get a shot at them on many occasions, we were very seldom successful.

The river of Murád Páshá, like all the rivers of North Syria, abounded in fish; among which were the common roach, a species of barbel, apparently the sacred fish of the ancient Syrians, a kind of eel (*Ophidium masbacambolus*), the shad, the round-tailed chub (*Cyprinus cephalus*); and the lake contained carp, and the *Muræna anguilla*. But the most common fish was the celebrated black fish, esteemed so great a luxury by the Romans, as to be exported from Syria to the imperial city. This fish, the *Macropteronotus niger* of naturalists, abounded in the deep waters immediately below the bridge, and at first astonished our anglers, by carrying away their tackle most unceremoniously. The Syrians came, on several occasions, to catch this fish, which they effected, by the very primitive means of drawing a pole, with a sharp hook at the extremity, by sudden jerks across the bed of the stream, when, so numerous were the fish, that they seldom

failed to hook one through the body, and they thus soon got a boat load. Upon trial, we thought them luscious; but the prejudice against their appearance was so great, that they never became popular; the sailors also called them cat-fish, and would have nothing to do with them.

Notwithstanding the ague, Charlewood and myself went out frequently shooting in the marshes, where snipes were very abundant. Among other birds, which we shot in these watery places, was a small plover, which appeared to form a link between the little collared plover and the *Charardrius Egyptus* of Hasselquist. It was distinguished from the former, by having a grey band on the brow, and a white terminal band on the upper wing coverts. All the remiges were also black, with a white band, and the side tail feathers were also white, and it differed from the Egyptian plover, in having yellow feet. The beautiful Aleppo plover, with a spur on its wing, was very common. It was curious, on these occasions, to see with what strange looks of surprise and indignation the shaggy buffaloes would view our noisy intrusion into their watery domain; nor was it at all safe to startle them by the sudden discharge of a gun in too close proximity, on which occasions we found they invariably made a charge at the offender.

It may be well to mention, in this place, the bird called Taïr el Rá'úf, or "the magnificent," with which I am personally unacquainted, but which Mr. Vincent Germain, of Aleppo, assured Colonel Chesney assembled in large flocks at the shallow part of the rivers in North Syria, and placing themselves side by side in several ranks, with their tails spread, so as to form a temporary dam, thus expose the fish below, and the birds, then rushing upon their prey, they secure an abundant meal, before the stream can resume its previous state.

On the 31st of October, I quitted Murád Páshá, with the sick, for the more healthy station of Jindarís. We passed a night at the hot baths, previously described, and which the sick apparently enjoyed, and the next day, reached the site of the old Acropolis of Cyrrhestica. Here we found Mr. Elliot, commonly called Dervísh Alí, whose services as an interpreter had been obtained since our arrival in the country, and who had provided two empty houses for our use, one of which was converted into an hospital, and the other kept for the officers, Fitzjames and Bell being at the time among the invalids.

This Mr. Elliot was a very remarkable character. He had received a good education, was a tolerable classical scholar, and had been a medical student at one of the London hospitals, but having come to the East, his passion for wandering became so great, as to lead him to sacrifice everything in order to gratify it. In order to facilitate his movements, he perfected himself in the Arabic language, and assumed the garb and appearance of a Dervish, by which means he was enabled to visit in safety all parts of the country. He was employed for some time by Colonel Taylor, the resident at Baghdad, on exploratory missions, one of which was to trace the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. On this occasion, a native damsel was given to him as a spouse, in return for his having cured her of ophthalmia; but he afterwards exchanged her for a donkey, the latter being more useful in following the footsteps of the Greeks. There was great difficulty in getting him to put the result of his researches on paper, and he required constant superintendence—at one moment, the chair was too high; at another,

the pen was bad—in fact, the irksomeness of writing was quite inconsistent with his acquired habits of desultoriness. The MS. however exists, and is, with many others, in Colonel Taylor's possession. Mr. J. Baillie Fraser was permitted access to it, with the colonel's usual liberality; and he says, in his work on Mesopotamia (p. 304), that, as Mr. Elliot possessed means of obtaining information which fell to the lot of few, the notes which he left are of immense value, more especially as they respect the manners and domestic habits of the people.

Mr. Elliot had, at this time, just returned from a mission, composed of the two Messrs. Lynch and Mr. Staunton, which had been sent to the Arabs, on the Euphrates. They had visited the tribes of Wáldíyá, Gízeh, Bú Sipáhí, and others of the 'Anezeh. Their reception was generally very favourable, but as they were bearers of presents to the different sheïkhs, one of the Bedwín tribes, the Bú Lílchí by name, conceived the intelligent project of appropriating the whole to themselves; and they followed the party for some days with these amiable intentions, which they carried so far, as to wound one of the servants; but as this was explained away as a playful accident, and Captain Lynch's intimate acquaintance with the character of the people enabled him to exhibit great forbearance on the occasion, a collision was avoided, and the sheïkh was afterwards anxious to compromise the matter by presents, which were not accepted.

Mr. Elliot still wore the Dervish dress; and hence he always went by the name of Dervísh 'Alí. His manners were extremely flighty, and never, for a moment, to be depended upon. At one time he was praying and dancing with the villagers, at another he would get up a quarrel with them. Having, one day, indulged a little, he became unwell; upon which, although a dark night, he put a candle into a paper-lantern, which he hung by the bow of his saddle, and took himself off, across the stony and deserted mountain districts, to Aleppo. He was, however, notwithstanding his peculiarities, of great use to the expedition; and after it broke up, was employed by Captain Lynch. His end was melancholy — having perished on the desert, between Damascus and Baghdad.

While we were at Jindaris, the transport was going on with great activity, notwithstanding the difficulties which were still put in the way of obtaining beasts of draught by the Turkoman chieftains, Ahmed Bey, of 'Umk, and Mohammed Bey, of Kílís. Ibráhím Páshá, however, sent some of his officers to assist; and they exerted themselves, on one occasion, with so much earnestness, as to carry away the ear of an unfortunate bullock, as a trophy of their exploits. A native youth was also killed in the road, having accidentally fallen from his horse, when the wheels of the wagon went over his head before it could be stopped. At this time, also, a sailor, who had recovered from several attacks of ague at Murád Páshá, having had a relapse, had been dosed with quinine, till he fell into a state of typhoid stupor, from which he could not be roused, and of which he ultimately died at Port William. They were not, also, without their mortality at the latter place. One of the Liverpool mechanics, who had obtained leave, from constant illness, to return to his country, perished on the road. A bombardier, of the royal-artillery, and one or two others, also fell victims to the severity of the climate, or the fatigue and exposure of the transport.

Fitzjames and myself took the opportunity, while at Jindarís, to make an excursion into a rocky, dreary tract, on the north-west shoulder of Sheïkh Bárákát; and about two-thirds of the way to its summit, where we found the principal part of the convent of Saint Simon Stylites, situated near a handsome church with Tuscan windows. The convent itself was a quadrangular building, and had aisles, with double arches, along two of the sides, and the remains of a handsome but small chapel inside. The usual cisterns were hewn out of the rock in the neighbourhood. It is at this convent, and not at the ruins of Bín Kílísá, "the thousand churches," of Antioch, that tradition has placed the scene of those pious exhibitions of the Syrian zealot, which could only approximate, a then young religion, to the fanatic performances of the Hindoo yogues, or fakirs.

Nearly a mile and a half to the northward, were other ecclesiastical ruins of the same kind; and also, two miles southward, was another pile of similar buildings, like the others, constructed out of the same grey limestones as the cisterns are hewn out of, and of which these hilly districts are mainly composed.

At Jindarís, the mean temperature of the month of November was, in the first fortnight, 64°; in the third week, 60°. The rainy season was now fast approaching; the transport was expected to be soon over; and preparations were in consequence made to remove the sick to Port William, from whence Doctor Staunton arrived on the 20th, with a covered wagon, in which the beds were disposed in succession, so as to make a tolerably comfortable *ambulance*. We started on the 23rd, the doctor and myself walking by the side of the vehicle. The first night we got our sick bivouacked in a Kurdish tent, on the 'Afrín; and the second day we reached 'Azáz, from whence I started with the interpreter, Yúsúf Sa'adá, to Kílís. On returning to 'Azáz, on the 27th, I found that the sick had gone on; and I overtook them the same evening, at the village of Máh-wúrt. Charlewood and Fitzjames were leaving, the same day, with a heavy weight.

From 'Azáz, we advanced upon the great plain of Northern Syria, which, at a mean elevation of 1300 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, has been incorrectly described as a desert, but which is, in reality, everywhere fertile and cultivated, like the remainder of the pashalik of Aleppo, by a mixed population of Kurds, Turkomans, Arabs, and Syrians, whose numerous villages are scattered in every direction, generally marked by the presence of a tel, or mound, and some of which were much better off than others. Perhaps the best belonged to the Syrians, as at 'Ak Deyarín, and other villages in the district of 'Aïlán, "the powerful," north of Aleppo. The next in order belonged to the Turkomans, and have been previously described; and the third, to the Kurds and Arabs, among whom a permanent dwelling holds a middle place between a house and a tent. One large apartment serves for every purpose, a part is fitted up as a stable, another accommodates the cattle, a third serves as a store for the provender, and the fourth is appropriated to the family. The houses in the villages vary from fifteen to forty in each. Tents are pitched during the warm season. Unlike the vale of Antioch, so productive in mulberry, vine, olive, bay, laurel, and myrtle, these higher plains, except when cultivated, are void of trees and shrubs, except near Kílís, where there are extensive olive-groves, much wheat, and barley;

sesame and cotton is however grown, the latter especially, between 'Azáz and Kílís. For two months in the year—viz., October and November—there is positively no vegetation on these open and exposed tracts; but the moment the Nile clouds bring the customary rains, the brown and fallow colour changes, and grasses begin to spread and increase, notwithstanding the snow and frosts of winter. At this time, a few messengers of spring, an occasional tulip, a colchicum, an arum, and an ixea, also make their appearance. The spring-flowers, which follow, are, in these countries, more abundant than any others. They mostly belong to the families of *amarylloideæ*, *asphodelæ*, *liliaceæ*, *melanthaceæ*, and *orchideæ*, all of which have succulent roots, nodes, or bulbs, which preserve their life throughout the aridity of autumn; and hence it is that there is in these countries a nearly continued succession of sleeping and waking plants. The summer-plants are distinguished by being woolly, thorny, prickly, and aculeated. The *compositeæ*, or thistle tribe, are the most numerous, both in species and in individuals. The most frequent genera, are *cnicus*, *carduus*, *centaureæ*, and *calcitrapæ*, which often cover whole plains, to the exclusion of other plants. *Papilionaceæ* are also frequent, as *thymus*, *sideritis*, *saturega*, and *stachys*, but their small forms render them less distinct. The most troublesome weeds, in cultivated lands, are the common liquorice-plant, the little acacia, called *mimosa agrestis*, a species of *ononis*, and an *euphorbia*.

On the second day of our advance over the plain, we crossed the Koweïk, by a bridge, and at a point where it was narrow, not being above fifty feet in width, and very deep. This river has its sources in the elevated ground southward of 'Aïn-táb, and is formed by the junction of two streams, the larger of which, coming from north-west, is called the Balóklú Sú, or fish river. The united streams take an easterly course; and, soon after entering the plains, their waters are augmented by a portion of the waters of the Sájúr, brought by a canal constructed for that purpose, by Vincent Germain, of Aleppo.

The Koweïk then winds southwards, by the district of 'Aïlan, forty miles, to the gardens on the western side of Aleppo, thence it follows a tortuous course twenty miles, to whence it passes the town and castle of Kinnisrín, the ancient Chalcis ad Belum. It then sweeps eastward, along the foot of Jebel el Sís, beyond which it is lost in the marshes and lake of El Melak, which receives other minor streams of fresh water, and in winter exceeds fifty miles in circumference, but is shallow in summer, when it affords plenty of salt by evaporation.

The Koweïk has been identified with the Chalus of Xenophon, and which is described by the Athenian historian as being one hundred feet broad, and full of tame fish. The distances agree; and from the depth of the water, in a channel of fifty feet, it would be impossible to ford it, where it was less than double that amount in width. The hypercriticism of commentators suggested a difficulty, for it was found that the old traveller Rauwolf had reported that there was a scarcity of fish at Aleppo, "as the inhabitants did not esteem them."—(Forster in Geographical Dissertation, in Spelman's Xenophon, p. 206.) This difficulty would have been got over, had the detailed work of Russell, on Aleppo, been consulted. The fact is, that the river abounds in fish; and we have seen that its main tributary was found to be actually called from that abundance, the "Fish River."

We stopped the night at El Beylí, or the Bey's village; and the next day, at Hájí Wully; and the 30th, we reached 'Azús el 'Arab, on the Sájúr. This river rises in the hilly region, between 'Aïn-táb and Rúm-Kal'eh, receives a branch from 'Arúl, flows past Tel Khalíd, receives a westerly affluent, called the Keraskat, another coming south-east from Tel 'Izán, passes 'Azús, and flows into Euphrates, near the village of Sárisat, the ancient Ceciliana, forming five short branches and four islands. Viscount Pollington ascertained that this river was also full of fish; but he properly doubted its identity with the Chalus.

The following day, we reached Kútchúk Koï, or the little village; and the 2nd of December, we passed the Kerzín, by a dilapidated bridge. This rivulet is formed by the junction of two streams, one of which flows from the hills above Nizár, the other from those above Nizíb. These unite on the plain, to flow into Euphrates, a few miles to the south of where we crossed the stream.

We reached Port William the same afternoon, where our reception was rather lugubrious. The men did not appear to relish the rather melancholy appearance of our convoy, and which had often on the road excited the curiosity of the natives.

The sick were, however, soon disposed of. The Messrs. Staunton had converted all the substantantial buildings, within the precincts of the station, with the exception of the mess-room, into hospitals, and a habitation for themselves, which was, however, found to be so commodious, that Colonel Estcourt afterwards got a corner in it. All who were well, were left to manage for themselves; and a motley scene it was: some living in tents, others under temporary sheds; and a party of tars had made a house, by turning a raft upside down. Murphy had taken up his abode in the observatory; and Colonel Chesney had sought refuge on board the steamer "Euphrates," where I was happy to join him. The colonel had been very ill; over-fatigue and exertion, added to the vexation of spirit, induced by the delays in the transport, and the sickness of those around him, made the fever of the country determine itself more particularly to the brain, and his life had been for some time despaired of.

On the 16th, there was a sharp frost; and after that, the weather alternated between rain, snow, and frost. The interior of the port was converted into a mass of mud, through which it was necessary to wade, to go from one place to another. Ague became, under these circumstances, still more rife than ever; and to the scientific party, who had to take it night about, to count the vibrations of the tedious pendulum, the weather and employment became very trying indeed.

Boiler after boiler, sections of steamers, and other heavy weights had, however, gradually been coming in; there did not now remain much in the rear of the expedition; and with the necessity for renewed exertions, the spirits of the officers seemed to have received a new impetus. The heavy weights began, however, to stick in the mud; and the wagons were sometimes obliged to be propelled by hand-jacks, at the rate of about a hundred yards a day. This was truly trying to the patience, with fifty or sixty miles of road before them. Under this emergency, the system of bringing on a number of the heavy weights at the same time, with bullocks, was given up; and one was brought on at a time, with our own horses, assisted by all the available hands.

At Murád Páshá, the country was now inundated; and where the station had formerly been, was like a portion of the lake. The boilers of the Tigris had to be warped out of the waters by manual labour. Mr. Hector only found the diving-bell by feeling for it with a long pole; and it was perseveringly rolled under water for nearly half a mile before it could be lifted into a carriage. Not to mention the number of bullocks, eight hundred and forty-one camels, and one hundred and sixty mules were employed at one time in the arduous labour, and the commander had at length the satisfaction of seeing the last heavy weight arrive. This was a day of great rejoicing at Port William. The British ensign floated from its mud-portals, and banners were displayed from its still more muddy intrenchments; but as the long train of horses, and the gallant band of persevering men and officers arrived within its precincts, and with many a halloo and shout of encouragement, the ponderous wagon creaked through the narrow gateway,—a hearty cheer hailed this happy termination to a most difficult and trying undertaking, which stands, at present, without a parallel in the history of exploratory expeditions.

THE LADY LUCILLE AND HER WEDDING BROOCH.

HOW SHE WON IT, AND HOW SHE WORE IT: A STORY OF MODERN TIMES.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

THE Lady Lucille was blue-eyed and fair,
With charming figure, and graceful air,
And shining curls of golden hair;
But, alas! to confess she was only heir-
(*ess*, to be feminine, but for the rhyme,
Pardon the slip of the gender this time)
To the gold, that gleam'd in her tresses rare.
Her papa was an Earl, but extremely poor—
For his station, that is;
But there's no doubt of this,
That a captain on half-pay,
Or major, I dare say,
Or curate, on small pay,
Would have thought himself bless'd,
Instead of distress'd,
At having to live, on the thousands clear,
Which my lord could claim at the end of the year.
But as every one owns that the "gentleman" poor
Knows the worst kind of poverty folks can endure,
So by mental arithmetic, easy and sure,
We discover without any prophet or seer,
How much worse the poverty is of "a peer."

The Lady Lucille was somewhere between
Full blown twenty and budding eighteen;
But just at that age, for the tale-teller's page,
A year or two matters but little, I ween.
Yet hold, gentle reader, if you are precise,
Just look in the Peerage, and there in a trice,
You will find she is book'd, to the month, and the day;
And here let us pause for a moment to say,
That "woman should never be dated," 'tis hinted,
And therefore 'tis monstrous her age should be printed.

So we think there should be
A law and decree—
Curiosity storm'd, a society form'd—
For suppressing such dull biographical details;
Though while yet in her teens, it is seldom she rails
At the old-fashion'd trick, to which some people stick,
Of keeping my young lady's birthday;
But when half a half-century's pass'd quite away,
The "happy returns," she from many lips learns,
Are quite *autre chose*,
As she very well knows,
And far more like those
Which are usually called Black Monday!
And while we are speaking
Of present rules breaking,
And vengeance would wreak
On all who should seek
To blot their dull page
With a fair lady's age,
I would, I confess,
In addition suppress
All the very astonishing memories,
Which are *mal-à-propos*,
As experience must shew,
Like practice opposed to pet theories;
For I still will aver, 'spite of register books,
That "a lady is only the age that she looks."

Well, the Lady Lucille was the next week to wed,
So the newspapers said, and those oracles dread,
Of course, never make the slightest mistake;
'Twas an excellent match, (the spiteful said, "catch;")
But her lover was handsome—had sense and *esprit*—
Was just twenty-five;—so why it must be,
That, because he was rich, and a duke in degree,
It was only "a catch," I can't very well see!

'Twas in London—September, when nobodies meet,
And the grass grows high in Saint James's Street;
But the Lady Lucille had come up to town,
For only three days, in excuse be it known,
To speedily buy, and the quality try,
Of gloves and perfumes, that a lady consumes;
And satins and silks, and bonnets and caps,
And velvets and laces, and other such traps,
Which a bride must command,
When she gives her fair hand.
She'd been shopping all day—(how the money had flown!)
And now with mamma,
And "dear kind papa,"
In excellent humour they sat at dessert,
For jest or for story, alive and alert.
There was also another,
A tall, handsome brother,
Who, with face sun-burn'd,
Had just return'd,
With his regiment "crack,"
Though of rupees no "lac,"
From the gorgeous land where the Ganges rolls,
And—the vertical sun all comfort controls.

Now of tiger and elephant hunting he told them,
And of "Griffins" so "green," how the "Old Hands" sold them;
The Lady Lucille shew'd her beautiful ring,
And they talk'd of the Duke, and they talk'd of the wedding,
And the many et ceteras, such topics bring.

"Lucille, some more wine?" "Not a drop more for me;
But I'll take a few filberts before you I see;
Nay, plenty—believe me, I only meant three."
"The crackers not here!—why don't they appear?"
"Oh, papa, never mind, if no crackers we find—
So don't make a rout;
For without any doubt,
The plate's not put out,
In this moving about:
'Tis a wonder they found
The forks to go round."
So talking and laughing, the fair bride elect,
A very fine filbert prepared to select;
Then her dear little mouth, as wide as 'twould go
She open'd, until it look'd round as an O;
And the filbert popp'd in, and while holding her chin,
Expected to win the kernel within,
In that primitive way, which folks to this day
Who haven't got crackers, are fain to essay.

"Good gracious! Oh, shocking!—oh, what shall I do!
Oh, dearest mamma, I know not—do you?
And Walter, 'twill vex him—I know that it will."
(The Duke was call'd Walter, by Lady Lucille.)
All started upright
That dreadful night;
And in anger and fright
At the shocking sight,
The old earl mutter'd
A word not utter'd
In hearing polite.
But after her first words of horror and grief,
The Lady Lucille in tears found relief;
While the mother she fretted, the brother he petted
His dear little sister,
And once or twice kiss'd her.
"But hark! there's a knock!"
'Twas a terrible shock
To the woe-begone flock,
Which made up that party *carré*.
"'Tis the Duke!" said the earl, with a terrible moan;
"Not in town!" cried the countess, and yet with a groan;
"Yes he is," said Lucille—"let me see him alone;
They're not in the hall yet, are they?"

But the countess caught
A sudden thought;
Her plan she wrought—
The footman sought,
Just as he pass'd the doorway.
"Not at home—not in town—
That is, we are flown
To ——. How dull you are grown!—
I mean, my good Brown,
Let no one be shewn
Either up-stairs or down."

"Mamma, you are wrong——"
"My dear, hold your tongue;
And dry those red eyes,
That is, if you're wise,
And good looks you prize;
In the glass take a peep,
And you'll soon cease to weep,
If from tears you can keep;

For howe'er poets talk of their 'flowers bathed in dew,'
Believe me, Lucille, tears don't become you,
For they wash away beauty, and delve wrinkles, too.
So give over crying,
And moping and sighing—
We'd better be trying
To find out the best thing to do."

Well, the next morning came,
And our party the same,
(Lucille in her bonnet, she'd reason to don it,)
At breakfast were found; but the carriage came round—
Steps fell to the ground, as if call'd by the sound
Of the very first clock striking ten;
When the Lady Lucille, so light and agile,
Stepp'd into the carriage—and then
Came also her brother, and not any other,
So the steps they were roll'd up again!
The time pass'd away—it might be eleven,
When the Duke walk'd in, with pace uneven;
His cheek was pale, and sunk his eye,
Although was heard no sob nor sigh;
It seem'd he trembled, nor dissembled,
But complain'd—the cause explain'd,
Of all his tribulation.
"No chair I'll take, I'd rather stand;
Madam, I cannot grasp your hand,
I hate dissimulation.
But hear me now, and wiser grow,—
When next denied,
From fear or pride,
It were as well you should not dwell
With curtains open'd wide;
Nor is it meet, that from the street,
Each passer by, should quite descry,
Your daughter taking kisses.
Nay, do not hint, there's nothing in't,
Or dream of mine that this is;
I saw e'en now, with smiling brow,
The same mustachoed fellow;
He dares to ride,
Just side by side,
My promised bride,
In your own carriage yellow."

The Countess smiled—a radiant smile;
The Duke, he wonder'd more the while;
And then she spoke—a short pause broke,—
"Harry but landed yesterday,
Your jealous feelings smother;
Surely, dear duke, I need not say,
Lucille is with her brother!"

The duke sank in the vacant chair—
They oped the window wide for air;
But though he felt his anguish melt,
'Twixt you and me, he did not see,
Why it should be, that even he
Was not the night before admitted;
Yet willingly he now submitted,
Nor doubts of Lucille's faith permitted.

She with her brother soon returns,
But what their errand, no one learns;
Awhile they chatted, till at last,
A certain look the Countess cast—

It was a meaning one;
The hint was ta'en, nor ask'd again,
Mamma and son, they both were gone—
The lovers were alone.

'Tis often thus folks make a fuss
And gentle agitation,
Or raise up strife, the storms of life,
With trifling preparation;
But find it not, an easy lot,
To quell their perturbation;
So, when dismay'd, and half afraid,
They leave to some relation
Or passing friend, to make an end
Of any such sensation.
But though the Countess wish'd her daughter
To pour the oil on troubled water,
She little knew the plan that caught her.

"Lucille, you've been fretting—I'm sure you have wept;
For myself, I must own, not a wink have I slept."
"If I tell you a secret, will you keep it quite?
And whether it be of sadness or glee,
Will you love me as well as you loved me last night?"
So said Lady Lucille; and I think she was right
To make such a bargain, for proofs we might bring
That a secret is often a saleable thing.
What the Duke said, I know not—
Biographers shew not—
It can only be guess'd, or, by context express'd.

"Mamma means for the best,
But, oh! I can't rest,
Till Walter, I tell you, indeed the whole truth—
That in cracking a filbert, I broke my front tooth!
And this morning I went—or rather was sent,
With the hope and desire it might not transpire.
See! a new one is here—so there's nothing to fear."

"Dear Lucille," said the Duke, "what a terrible thing!
Does it hurt you, my love?—can you eat, can you sing?
Let me look at it nearer—I will, I declare—
Now don't be so foolish, but hold back your hair;
And come to the window—I'll pull up the blind.
You must tell which it is, on my word I can't find."

So continued the Duke, after careful inspection,
And expressing belief he'd succeed in detection.
Now was this a fib? To speak to the letter,
I'll own to leave doubtful the answer is better.
But, oh! if a fib, 'twas a white little thing,
Such as often from kind hearts are known to take wing,
When they happen to catch
The hint of a scratch,
On that delicate texture, the mind's epidermis,
(If at all understandable any such term is;)
And I sometimes could dream, that the angels on high,
Who keep mundane accounts, beyond the blue sky,
Such very white fibs not only efface,
But change them from debtor's to creditor's place!
Yet how strange a part
Is the human heart!
For while fibbing himself in this very white way,
The duke with a feeling,
Beyond his concealing,

Declared for her candour, he loved her that day
Far beyond all the power of his words to convey!
So 'tis clear that no hardship at least he had found
In keeping the promise by which he was bound.

But before this long story we draw to a close,
One other brief incident we must disclose:
'Twas a fair autumn morning, the sun struggled through
His mantle of cloud;—but we've nothing to do
Except with Lucille,
Who sat thoughtful and still—
'Twas her wedding hour!
While her maid, she unfurls
The bride's golden curls,
To enwreath them with pearls
And the orange flower.
But as dross were the pearls in her golden hair,
Or all pretty things that the bride might wear,
To the costly jewel,
(For envy fuel,)
That gleam'd on her bosom fair—
A FILBERT, ("proper," I believe,
The term is, heralds would receive,)
'Twas studded o'er with emeralds green,
And rubies richest ever seen,
While from the point there hung a gem,
Fit for a regal diadem.
What was *this* worth? It might have bought
Some hapless younger son
A brave commission—glory fraught,
And so a silly heiress caught;
Or—if such naughty things are done—
A seat in parliament have won;
But not by the worldling's poor measure of gold,
Was the worth to Lucille of her WEDDING BROOCH told;
For these words neatly chased,
Within it were traced,—
"As the DIAMOND excels every jewel we find,
So TRUTH is the one peerless gem of the Mind!"

EVERY MAN HAS HIS DR. JOHNSON.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

One of the worst faults of human nature is that hostility, or, in gentler bosoms, that indifference, to the excellences of others, by which we selfishly seek either to obtain a preference for our own, or to avenge our want of them. In some, the defect arises from insensibility to every kind of good in which they have no share; in others, it is conscious jealousy and sullen mortification at witnessing a superiority they deem unattainable. In either form, it constitutes one of the serious ills of life.

The habit of detraction is fortunately a costly one to its cultivators. A man cannot toss his dinner out of window, and enjoy it too. What he is always finding fault with, he cannot profess to take pleasure in. The music he censures as execrable, can fill him with no ecstatic emotions. The wit whom he pronounces to be a dull dog, he must in consistency avoid, and leave the gay company to their roars of laughter.

The good thing of which he chooses to affect dislike, is to him a thing lost. The claret he thinks corked, he must pass—that is his look out. The pleasant people whom he esteems it a point of grandeur to look coldly upon or despise, are confessedly not those in whose society he can be allowed to seek the social luxuries. Thus, the man whose disposition is to disparage, is sure to be a loser, and very often the full extent of his depreciation is the exact measure of his loss.

It is a consciousness of this result, perhaps, that prompts in some minds the establishment of a sort of rallying-point for justice and generosity—a barrier, to prevent one-sided prejudice from wholly destroying the balance. Thus, amidst a dead-level waste of disparagement, they raise a temple to flattery. To appease the giants they depreciate, they extol to the skies some dull, dwarfish pretender. Having abused and run down the whole world, they are to atone for injustice and ill-humour, and perform prodigies of impartiality by crying up a worm wriggling on the world's surface. They concur in no popular judgments of great men; but they have always a little one of their own, with whose greatness you are one day to be astounded. Whatever "is," they either trample upon or pass by without notice; but their own paragon which is "to be," they expect you to admit as a reality and a wonder without further question.

Assuredly, if there be a tendency to disparage, there is an equal tendency to admire and exalt, in the humanity that moves about us continually. The ordinary world is full of extraordinary humours. The enemy of idol-worship likes to keep a little pet god or pocket divinity of his own. If we must have something to vent our spleen upon, we must also have something to puff and venerate. Hero-worship is everywhere. It is a vital principle in the religion of social life. There is no such thing as a consistent leveller. Every man has his Dr. Johnson—we were all born Boswells, and we deny our destiny in vain.

When the rejoicing James talked about the land being Johnsonized, he was only exulting in a very ancient fact, which he esteemed to be fresh-born. Men have "talked Johnson" from the beginning, and other men have Boswellized them.

The cases are by no means few, in which Mock Doctors—Sham, not Sam, Johnsons, that never had an existence—in short, regular *Mr.* Harris's, are brought out and paraded before the eye of imagination in deceptive shew. It is a fact perfectly well known to most discerning people, that in private life authorities are continually cited, which are purely imaginary. Scores of persons are in the habit of thus dramatizing their own dissertations upon the most common-place topics; and in place of their plain ideas on a subject in politics or fashion, medicine or morals, they will produce you impersonations of their opinions, in the shape of "people they have heard of," or "somebody they knew," or a "distant relation of a friend of theirs."

But it is with the substantial, not the shadowy, that we have here to do; with the real false idols whom people set up for gratuitous reverence and worship, to excuse their own inveterate antipathy to others with a better claim.

These idols take all shapes, and bear many names. Sometimes they are brought into notice in the form of very young men of very peculiar genius; sometimes they come to light in the likeness of old

women. On other occasions, they are grey-headed philosophers. Now, they are quite untaught—a phenomenon dug out of a coal-mine, or turned up by the plough; presently, the prodigy is a creature who has traversed the globe, and risen through infinite stages of earthly experience into a heaven of intelligence; by and by, it takes the unpicturable form of some mysterious and portentous person, not to be more particularly alluded to. In short, the shape varies with the subject; the prodigy is, for the most part, equally an authority on every point that can be started.

Thus, when you are closeted with the proprietor of a pet prodigy, and your talk is of ship-building, he tells you that Lucas, the parish doctor, though he never was off shore in his life, has such an astonishing turn that way, that the Lords of the Admiralty would give him anything if he would but set to work in his own miraculous manner; and of course, all your arguments, as to the condition of our naval force, are at once beaten down with—"Ay, ay, but Lucas says—and well he may say, for he is clearly of opinion, and he must know; well, Lucas, though he was never on board ship, confidently says——"

And when, on the morrow, your discourse is of archery, the string of your bow is snapped at once by the announcement—"You see, I happen to be acquainted with the very man who knows more about this subject than any other person in Europe. Lucas, our parish doctor, though he is not a practical Robin Hood, yet he declares, and nobody, I fancy, would like to dispute his authority ;—well, now, Lucas says——"

Or suppose the conversation to take any other turn, the assertion made would be in the same confident tone :—"This is a point that must be left to Lucas; nobody understands it like him; Lucas says——"

As nobody knows anything of him, nobody can say anything against him, and the assertion of his superiority is thus sure to be uncontradicted. Hint your belief that he is an impostor, and you are threatened with van-loads of irrefragable testimony, which it is respectfully hoped you will consider yourself bound in honour to read through. Venture but a word of doubt or denial, and you will never hear the last of the prodigy. But if you would escape persecution and trouble, join in patronising him! It is always to be observed, that if you dispute the pretensions of the unknown, you establish them on a stronger basis than ever; but when you concur in prolonging the flourish of the trumpet, you have a chance of blowing him to atoms.

Directly the possessor of a pet genius, of the class peculiar to private life, and warranted unknown, discovers that you have taken a deep interest in the fate of the wonderful being, he himself gives him up. Only renew your inquiries about him frequently—devise a plan for bringing his vast neglected talents into the foreground—double your admiration instead of allowing it to diminish, generously protesting that he shall no longer pine in obscurity if he can help it—and then make your mind easy for the future, for you will hear no more of him. His first patron stops where you begin. He has no notion of a half-and-half system. His deity can have but one worshipper at a time. Two voices praising it at once, and proclaiming aloud its claim to support, involves a degree of public notice which is fatal to a genius intended specially for privacy. If he cannot keep his wonder of the world for his own use, he quietly drops him as being no wonder at all.

This is a rule that has scarcely an exception, and the fact is a very useful one to know.

For, granting that a man, when he sets up a Doctor Johnson for his own personal ends, in the fashion adverted to, is really elevating some kind of merit, and sounding praises which deserve to be pretty loudly sung, still it is odious and intolerable to hear even of merit at all hours; to be seized upon, waylaid, stunned, choked, deafened, and made dumb by merit. But there is rarely any such thing in the case. The figure set up has commonly as much resemblance to a wit, scholar, or sage, as an English November Guy Fawkes bears of likeness to the appalling and devoted Spaniard.

The hunters after such curiosities pick up a pig-driver with a poetic turn, and call him an Apollo. That done, there is no getting on with the conversation, or the work in hand, whatever it may be. He stops the way in every direction.

Mention the new work by the great author of the day, and—"Well, it is curious—quite an interesting coincidence; they have only that morning seen a new work—so new, that it has never been printed; and talking of the great author of the day, they do venture to predict——"

You then shift the ground, and talk of your own affairs, modestly hinting, as a matter that might interest your friendly hearers, that your overture is finished—that you think some difficulties have been surmounted, and that as for the effects——At this point, one of the company is sure to be reminded of a most astonishing but unknown genius, whose compositions are not at all below Handel's. He has not yet been prevailed upon to do anything—that is to say, he has never finished a piece fairly off—he wont—nobody can persuade him—genius is so self-willed; but his touches are tremendous hits, and his little bits are truly gigantic.

Should some kind soul, in tenderness to your damped hope and crest-fallen vanity, slip in a word here, referring back to the overture, the allusion only serves as a second reminder.

"Oh, as for an overture, it is the very work in which he so wonderfully excels everybody; but you will never get him to do one—no, not he—he is so vastly clever."

The assumption of these people is not sheer rudeness, nor do they, by their open falsehoods, often intend anything so ill-natured as an offence to your understanding or your feelings. The habit is traceable principally to vanity. They cannot with decency take the Johnsonian chair themselves; breaking in upon a philosophical discussion with the announcement that they propose to supersede a profound theory, or eclipse a great practical wonder, like gas or steam, by undreamed-of discoveries; but they can tell you, with a solemn visage, that they have a friend who does! It is quite impossible—although they are not bashful—to introduce themselves all of a sudden as actual spirits of the age; but the next desirable thing to this impossibility is singularly easy; and that is, the insinuation that they possess one as an article of personal property—a spirit bottled up, whose existence is a secret, but whose influence is to overspread the earth hereafter.

This is taking credit for something, and this is really being somebody. They are great, as the discoverers, the patrons, the keepers of greatness—which is to exhibit itself one day if it likes. They do *so* wish you could only see this extraordinary friend of theirs!—they are

sure you will be surprised!—oh! very much indeed!—and they *must* introduce you.

But they take care never to do that!

"Assuredly," said one of these discoverers, the other morning, (when he was perfectly sober and meditative,) "the three greatest men of whom my reason can take any measurement, or my imagination form any idea, are Aristotle, Lord Bacon, and Sniggins. If Sniggins be the greatest of the three—which I do not undertake to deny—it is only that, living in our own day, he has the advantage of the labours of his two predecessors. In natural power he is but their equal."

But you can't get him to introduce you to Sniggins: that philosopher is his private property. The mighty mystery lodges somewhere about London, perhaps, and reads "Chambers's Information for the People;" or possibly he angles for ever by "some nameless stream's untrodden banks," just breathing away his life; but, sun-dried or smoke-dried, one never can meet with him. He might as well be where Aristotle, his renowned equal, is. Sniggins is nowhere to be seen. And this is the way with all the discoverers; they keep their Snigginses entirely to themselves, while they insist, in the same breath, that they were "meant for mankind."

Mankind, in fact, they look upon as man—that is to say, *one* man!—their *own* Dr. Johnson! All the world is to be tributary to him. The famous engineer and canal-maker, Brindley, being asked, when speaking contemptuously of rivers as means of internal navigation, for what he conceived them to be made, replied, with a noble simplicity, "To feed canals." So with the persons pointed at; they would have us suppose that all great men were born to pay homage to their very little one; who is extremely narrow, but not very deep, and much given to run underground; whom they keep close shut in, lock upon lock.

Attempt to argue the point with one of these champions of the illustrious unknown, and you are brought directly to that dead-lock, which the conflicting Absolutes, father and son, arrived at:

"Captain. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of.

Sir Anthony. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you, to object to a lady you know nothing of."

We may decide that in numerous cases the master motive is vanity: vanity, the weakness that creeps windingly to its object, through a greater number of channels, and assumes more shapes and attitudes in the attempt to disguise itself, than perhaps any other that sours the temper, or enfeebles the mind. There is no end to its tricks and vagaries. It attains the same goal by the most opposite roads. Sometimes it will affect to be a huge monster of conceit, in order to hide the small measure it is really conscious of containing, and is desirous of gratifying; while, at other times, it will just confess to a very little, the better to divert awakened suspicion from its enormous excess. These are among the manœuvres of vanity. But of the forms in which it delights, one of the especial favourites is patronage—patronage exclusively enjoyed! The exclusiveness, be it observed, is a *sine qua non*. No enjoyment there without monopoly. Vanity must figure before all eyes in the handsome part of Generosity raising Desert from the dust, or Desert may remain down. If not always this, yet the good work is frequently abandoned the moment assistance

comes; pride can admit no fellowship. Many will recollect, perhaps—with gratitude alloyed and saddened by disappointment and pain—how the early voices that exultingly cheered them on in life when there were few or none to help, became feeble when that help arrived, still lowering in tone as the prosperous alliances which those voices had predicted and encouraged were actually accomplished, and at length lapsing into a perverse and settled silence in the day of success! Indifferent to its brilliancy, almost resentful of its attainment.

Yet we may forgive the generous spirit that starts well in the pursuit of good for another, but cannot hold out, and is careless and weary when the stake is won; seeing how men so often pursue their own dearest objects in life in exactly the same way—flying eagerly to their accomplishment, flagging as the chase promises to end its pains and struggles successfully and in honour, and then receiving the once-desired prize, weary, thankless, and unenjoying.

As an affair of conscience, moreover, there is something naturally agreeable to natures of a certain order (as we at first hinted) in this noble patronage of unconscious ability in the back-ground, and goodness so undiscovered, that it never even found out its own excellence. By celebrating virtue that is unknown, some atonement seems made for neglecting merit that is known; and while there is nothing to be gained by praising talent which everybody rejoices to admire, it has a handsome look to lavish praises upon talent in obscurity, when its eulogists know perfectly well that it can never rise up to mortify them by its success.

While their celebration of these qualities proves the liberality of their disposition, the happy discovery of them establishes their claim to sagacity. The glory of what they were the first to find out is reflected upon the finder; and though the thing itself be invisible, its reputation dazzles the eye. They have discerned what the rest of the world failed to see, and take rank with great discoverers:—with a Halley, who has a comet of his own, which he found one night; and with an Elgin, whose name is inseparably connected with imperishable marbles, which he is supposed by some to have chiselled—though, in fact, he only chiselled the real owners.

But to take a kindlier, because a more universal view of this principle of idol-worship in social intercourse, and to vindicate the assertion that "Every man has his Dr. Johnson!" Is it not true that every one has, in some shape or other, an object of reverence, before which all the multitudinous individual interests of the world bow! Is it not true that, certainly at one, perhaps at every successive period of his life, he has some darling and cherished creature beside him, about him, or at least alive with him upon earth, superior, incomparably, immeasurably superior in interest and beauty, to all that earth can survey, produce, or glory in! A being brighter in his eyes than sun, moon, or stars—deeper and richer in hidden wonders than the ever-accumulating ocean. This has every man living, or had, to whom natural affections have not been utterly denied.

Why, the proud, fond, young mother possesses such an object in her only child. Love and rapture are in her caresses, but there is a sacred sentiment awakened within, which no tender caress, no passionate look, no honied breathing of affection, can ever express. It is too subtle to be embodied even in such glances, kisses, and sweet words. The senses are shallow and clumsy expedients for disclosing

what passes in her soul. She idolizes rather than loves. There is no hero-worship like hers, none.

The boy sets up the Johnsonic principle at school. Of the half-dozen good fellows he likes, there is always one for whom he entertains a deeper feeling of regard, to whom he looks up more admiringly and earnestly, and of whose heart he craves a share. This early preference—this choice of the one youth whose disposition, temper, and manners, supply the desired model, and win the boyish homage—may often continue, and ripen into permanence in after-life. But, should it terminate, as it often does, with the youthful period in which it began, and which it made a time of emulation, social confidence, and delight, from the waking to the sleeping hours, still it is sure to be renewed in later years, in a sympathy just as ardent and exclusive.

For the schoolboy preference again asserts itself then, in the selection of a friend, who, as before, supplies a standard by which to try the worth of all feelings and opinions; an authority to which the judgment is ever inclined to defer, but which the heart, as though instinctively, leaps to recognise and obey. And even in latest age, when a choice is perhaps denied, when clear grounds of preference are no longer to be discerned, and new friendships are not to be found for the short, dim future, the mind, still true to its habits of partiality, will shoot back into the past, and fix reverentially upon some model of old, some example of superiority it once witnessed, which it may admire and venerate to the last. It has its Dr. Johnson always, and swears by him while it can articulate.

And if it be a prejudice and a weakness that begets this hero-worship, if it be a blind and erring feeling that leads us to the altar, let it not be forgotten that it inculcates and demands the repose of an unfeigned affection, and an unquestioning faith, in at least *one* of our countless fellow-creatures—which is something to link us closer to life, than he can be, who locks such love and confidence from all. Even for the sake of this small something, it is as well to have one's Dr. Johnson. Hero-worship may have its uses, and therefore its pardon, if it but teach those who are without veneration of any kind, to fasten themselves enthusiastically upon some hero or other, however diminutive—General Tom Thumb!

SONNET.

TO * * *

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

THEY know thee not, thou solitary one!
The world and the world's hopes are not with thee;
Far from its presence thou art fond to flee,
And wrap thee in the thoughts of seasons gone;
But when great Nature puts her terrors on—
Calls in the mountain thunder, and the sea,
And wakes in storms her wintry revelry,—
Then dost thou live—glad in thyself alone!
For at her awful voice, swift burst in twain
The bonds of Earth, and the freed spirit soars,
And claims a part of all around her! Vain—
Vain is her triumph!—earthward soon she lowers,
The heavy heart—the burning of the brain
Recal the bitter tears she ceaseless pours.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.—THE ENCOUNTER.

Away, away, away,* with almost lightning speed, flew Manesty, while Oglethorpe, another constable, and Hibblethwaite, rushed on his track as if they were hunting some foul beast of prey. At starting from Wavertree, the merchant was about a hundred yards a-head of his pursuers—an advantage which his white mare, Prue, was not long in increasing. Whether Manesty had any specific object to attain in the course he took will presently appear; but certain it is, he avoided the banks of the Mersey, and struck eastward across the country. Words of encouragement to his mare were mingled with sharp strokes of the spur, and Prue, being in good condition, kept up the advance she had gained.

Still, the man-hunters were not far behind. Manesty could plainly distinguish between the shouts of Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, and even heard the rapid trampling of their horses. He, nevertheless, would not suffer any distrust, however slight, to cross his mind, but fully relied on the known fleetness, blood, and constancy of his mare.

"Well done, Prue," said he, patting her neck; "thou only canst save thy master. Keep up, old lass; we shall have a hard run. I know thou canst do it, Prue. Keep up."

Thus encouraged, the good steed, as if she had understood her master's words, strained her limbs, and in a few minutes the sound of the pursuers, though still heard, grew more and more faint; and Manesty, having already reached Knotty Ash, a distance of four miles, took the road towards Prescot, hoping, in the next four miles, to get further from those who were chasing him; and intending, as he approached the town, to avoid it by diverging from the highway, with a view to baffle Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, who he thought would be likely to lose time in the streets by making fruitless inquiries after him.

Prue still kept gallantly a-head. In a little time the lights of

* The exploit, described in this chapter, may possibly recal to some of our readers certain passages in the Ride to York, recorded in Rookwood. The resemblance is rather striking, it must be owned, and at first we seemed to recognise some old acquaintances; but, on nearer inspection, Manesty's mare proved to be white, while Turpin's was black—if it had been *grey*, it might have proved the better horse—to say nothing of the pursuers being called Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, instead of Coates and Paterson. The scenery and machinery are, we admit, pretty much the same, except that as the road here lies between Liverpool and Manchester, the names of places required, of necessity, alteration. All this is very gratifying, and we should have been well content with the compliment paid us by such unintentional imitation, had we not feared that we, ourselves, might be suspected of having some share in the new equestrian performance. This, we beg to say, is not the case.—Ed.

Prescot were visible. Manesty glanced rapidly behind him; but, though the moon was bright, he could discern nothing of the pursuing party, neither did any noise indicate their approach.

"Bravo, Prue!" exclaimed he. "I knew thou wouldst try their mettle. But the race is not won yet, my lass. On—on!"

Putting in practice his plan of making a circuit outside the town, in order, according to hunting phraseology, to "balk the scent," Manesty turned into a by-lane, and his mare having leaped a clumsy gate, the horse and rider were soon in open fields. Hedges and ditches were no impediment to their headlong speed. About two miles were thus traversed, when the fugitive thought it best once more to take the road, which he soon regained. Here he had the mortification to find that his manœuvre had failed, and that, by doubling the distance in his circuit, he had given great advantage to Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, whom he now heard close in the rear. The race became more desperate than ever; but seeing that his mare was still in good wind, Manesty uttered a few coaxing words, gave her a taste of the spur, and the poor animal, once more making a tremendous effort, seemed rather to fly than to run. It was now getting rather late; and as Manesty dashed through Rainhill, he perceived that the houses were all closed. Bold and Sankey were soon left behind; and on crossing Sankey Bridge, the fugitive had the gratification to find that his pursuers were again at a considerable distance from him. A few minutes more brought him into the main street of Warrington.

"Poor Prue!" said Manesty, "thou hast done this eighteen miles gloriously. Ah! thou dartest a sidelong glance at that inn; but we mustn't stop here, my lass. Away—away!"

Arriving at Martin's Croft Green, Manesty perceived the first formidable obstacle he had yet encountered—namely, a turnpike. Both the gate and lodge were closed. His very life hung upon the few moments that must be lost by rousing the gate-keeper. Prue shewed a little sign of distress; but, hit or miss, she must take the leap. Manesty knew how to humour her. Making a tremendous exertion, the noble creature sprang into the air, and both man and horse descended safely on the other side the gate.

"Well done, Prue," said Manesty. "Oglethorpe and his follower will never be able to manage *that*. Dick might, perhaps; but the others *must* be left behind. Even if Dick comes up with me, it will be only man to man; and I don't mind that, though it won't do to provoke an encounter, as the other fellows will still be in the rear.

Oglethorpe, his follower, and Hibblethwaite, soon came in view of the gate. "Confound it!" ejaculated Dick, "Manesty has leaped that 'pike. We shall lose him unless we do the same."

"I wouldn't attempt it for a hundred pound," gasped Oglethorpe, who was already pretty nearly exhausted. "Besides, I don't know how. I should be smashed to atoms; I'm sure I should."

"You're a fool, Oliver," returned Dick. "*I'm* not going to be foiled in this way. We're near the gate now. My mare *must* take it, at all hazards. You will follow as well as you can. Here goes!"

If Hibblethwaite's mare was not so thorough-bred as Manesty's, yet, as Dick was a much lighter man than the merchant, the leap was pretty well accomplished.

Oglethorpe now thumped at the door of the lodge. It was no easy matter to wake the inmate, but at last he appeared; and, amidst a torrent of maledictions from the constable, opened the gate.

"We'll do our best, Tom," said Oglethorpe to his companion, as they spurred on again. "We're obligated to do that, you know, as officers, to say nothing of the blood-money. It's lucky, however, that we've got rid of Mr. Hibblethwaite. He kept us too tight at it. I'm blest if both I and my horse arn't thoroughly blown. John Manesty rides like the devil. We won't give in just yet, though there's no manner of use in following him. Come on, Tom; but we'll take it a little more easy this time."

Manesty was now considerably in advance, even of Hibblethwaite. On—on, at full speed passed he through Bixton and Cadishead Green. Arriving at Irlam, and perceiving that poor Prue seemed much exhausted, he was tempted to stop and bait at the Nag's Head, from the bar of which a cheering light threw its beams across the road. Alas, he must not pause! If his mare could hold on eight miles more he should be in Manchester, in the intricacy of whose bye-streets he might refresh himself and horse without much danger of being traced by Hibblethwaite.

Prue was now covered with foam, out of wind, and labouring terribly. Knowing that Dick's horse could not fail to be equally distressed, Manesty allowed the poor creature to take her own pace, which, though not so fleet as before, got over the ground rapidly. On—on! Peel Green, Eccles, and Pendleton were soon left behind; and having crossed Salford Bridge, the fugitive soon found himself in the thick of Manchester.

It was now between twelve and one at night, yet Manesty succeeded in gaining admission to an obscure inn, situated in a squalid part of the town; and having consigned Prue to the care of the ostler, with all manner of tender injunctions, our fugitive recruited himself with a glass of brandy and water. Wonderful were his coolness and self-possession! How knew he whether a "hue and cry" was not raised against him over the whole county? His mare had evidently been ridden within an inch of her life; and his appearance in such a part of the town at such an hour was calculated to excite suspicion. In spite of all this, Manesty talked with the ostler as if nothing had happened; went to the stable to see that Prue had been well tended, and then sat down, with seeming unconcern, to a cold supper.

"I shall be in no hurry," said he to himself. "Prue must have some rest, poor thing! I could manage, I dare say, to get a fresh horse here in Manchester; but on no other than Prue can I place reliance. Dick Hibblethwaite must, by this time, be somewhere about the town. If he gets another horse, he'll shoot ahead of me; and, as he can't know the direction I'm going to take, he'll be confoundedly out in his reckoning. If he keeps to his own mare, why she'll need the stable as much as mine. As to Oglethorpe and the other fellow, I value them not a rush on the road. There's no hurry. I doubt if Prue will be fit for work again this morning; at all events, she must have as much rest as possible. If I can gain the point I seek, I may conceal myself there awhile, and baffle pursuit; after which, I must stretch across to Hull, disguised, and on foot—a weary way—and

bribe some skipper to take me afloat, and set sail. Dick Hibblethwaite! What in the devil's name can have induced that fellow to hunt me in this fashion? Is he so reduced as to have become a constable? Or can he have discovered —— Pshaw! I will not think of it. Landlord," continued he, making an effort to throw off dismal ruminations—" landlord, another glass of brandy-and-water—hot and strong."

Thus resting and recruiting his strength, he remained two hours. Often, and sorrowfully, his thoughts reverted to Hugh. " My son—my dear son!" he inwardly exclaimed, " bitterly wilt thou suffer for the crimes of thy father! How shall I convey to thee the documents it is necessary thou shouldst receive? I shall never see thee again, Hugh—never! Misery, misery!"

Rousing again from his grief, he prepared for a renewal of flight; ordered and deliberately settled his bill; and then accompanied the ostler to the stable. Prue was again saddled. As he patted her neck and smoothed her mane, the noble animal knew her master's hand, and neighed, as much as to say, she would try once more to carry him. Having mounted, Manesty took his course along Mosley Street, in the direction of the Oldham Road, by which he quitted Manchester.

To his great relief, the moon had now sunk: darkness would favour his progress; and above an hour must elapse before daybreak. He might yet gain the temporary refuge he sought. Newton Heath, Hollin Wood, and Oldham, were passed without any incident to excite the fugitive's apprehension; but he was a little startled at Green-Acres-Moor, on hearing, in the distance behind him, a sound as of a horse's galloping. This grew more and more distinct, and came nearer and nearer.

" H—ll and the devil!" exclaimed he, " I shall be overtaken, after all!"

Manesty now endeavoured to urge Prue to her former speed, and the poor animal did her best. Her heart was good, but her limbs were stiff; for, excepting her rest at Manchester, she had been hard at work since the preceding forenoon. A few words from her master, however, so animated her that she sprang forward gallantly. But the temporary excitement soon flagged: she relapsed into weariness, thus enabling the horseman in pursuit to come up.

" I have you now, John Manesty," roared Hibblethwaite. " Yield! or, by Heaven, I'll shoot you as I would a mad dog! Surrender, murderer!"

One of the most critical moments of Manesty's life now arrived. He met it as he had met the others, with entire presence of mind. Some of the most valuable attributes of man are often possessed by villains; and so it was in the present instance. The purest and most lofty-minded hero could not be more resolute and firm than Manesty shewed himself, under the weight of all his atrocities, and with destruction staring him in the face.

" Get thee back, Richard Hibblethwaite," said he, taking a pistol from the holster, and cocking it. " Get thee back! I would not willingly do thee harm. Why dost thou thirst for my blood?"

" Blood!" repeated Hibblethwaite, grinding his teeth as he spoke,

and keeping close to the merchant. "I marvel, John Manesty, that you can utter that word. I am here to revenge my father's death!"

On hearing these words, Manesty shook in his saddle. Though not prepared for such knowledge on the part of his pursuer, he, nevertheless, soon recovered his self-possession.

"No more parley," continued Hibblethwaite. "Yield, or meet your end!"

"I do not see the necessity for one or the other," retorted the merchant, coolly. "Man to man—blood for blood!"

So saying, he presented his pistol full at Hibblethwaite, and fired. The latter was even with him, and discharged *his* pistol at the same instant. Manesty tumbled from his horse, and fell a senseless and bloody heap on the ground. Hibblethwaite, too, was hit, having received the ball in his bridle arm.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARTY AT WOLSTERHOLME.—THE OLD CABINET.—MRS. YARINGTON'S RECITAL.—A SURPRISE.

Hibblethwaite's left arm hung uselessly by his side. The horse he rode was strange to him, having been hired at Manchester, where he left Jessy thoroughly blown, and unable to go on. His present steed was a mettlesome beast, and, being unfamiliar with its rider, did not seem to comprehend the transfer of the bridle to the right hand. Jessy would have known better. But though the horse shyed and reared, and though Dick was writhing with pain, he contrived, nevertheless, being a thorough equestrian, to convince his steed that its caprices were altogether erroneous and absurd; and having forced the animal to adopt a more decent and befitting line of conduct, drew close to Manesty, and contemplated him (as well as starlight would permit) as he lay bleeding on the ground. Prue stood without motion by her master's side, looking piteously down on him, and rubbing her face against his.

"He's dead!" ruminated Hibblethwaite. "There he lies, with a huge mountain of iniquities over him. God help us all! I slew him in self-defence; and that is the law of nature. A casuist might ask why I hunted him so unrelentingly. I would answer, 'Revenge for a father's murder!' Nevertheless, it is, perhaps, fortunate for my soul that I killed him in personal conflict. This, however, rests on my unsupported testimony. How will it fare with me, if I am found here by the body? I must retreat to Manchester, get my wound dressed, and let things take their course."

Thus saying, Hibblethwaite turned his horse's head and left the spot.

Though he would hardly admit it to himself, Dick, for some years, had been studying in the school of adversity. True, he had carried things with a high hand—maintained a gay exterior—laughed and joked, and drank and frolicked, and betted and lost, as if nothing more was necessary than to cry, "Presto! and let the world pass." But after all, this is the mere fever of desperation. Thought, ever and anon, would force its way; and then the consciousness of time misspent—of money recklessly wasted—of character lost—of health in-

jured—of miserable identity with vagabond gamblers—of criminal connivance, and the consequent forfeiture of self-respect, occasioned a fearful re-action, which, in its turn, created a necessity for new and more intense dissipation—a remedy worse than the disease.

Hibblethwaite latterly, however, was sobered. As one of a reckless set of gamesters, who had robbed Lord Silverstick on the highway, the halter hung over his head, and he knew it was prevented from falling only by the earl's pride and paternal feeling, which could not suffer the appearance of his son (Lord Randy) as *particeps criminis*. Then Hibblethwaite had witnessed the shedding of Sir Theobald Chillingworth's blood, and had been compelled to lurk in holes and corners to avoid the pursuit of the law.

From the stupor brought about by all this, he was roused only by the insight he had obtained into Manesty's foul and deadly practices. A spirit of vengeance, thus excited, took possession of his soul, and drove him to break into what Shakspeare calls "the bloody house of life." No wonder Dick learned the art of melancholy rumination and self-reproach.

Oglethorpe and his man, unable to keep up the chase further than Irlam, had yielded to the fascinations of "The Nag's head," in that place; and after swallowing pretty considerable potations of mixed liquor, rendered more captivating by the stout landlady, who prepared it, returned to Liverpool, there to "hide their diminished heads," and await the course of events.

Early next day (for ghastly news flies quickly), the encounter between Hibblethwaite and Manesty was bruited about the town; and though Dick was not forthcoming, Manesty's death was proclaimed. The dismal intelligence, of course, reached Manesty's office in Pool Lane, the house of Ozias Rheinenberger, and the mansion of Sir Hildebrand Stanley.

Robin Shuckleborough was so bewildered at the misdeeds and danger of his master, that, during the last day, he scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. The poor fellow did nothing but walk about the counting-house, crying like a child, and refusing to be comforted. The present doleful news froze the very blood in his veins.

"What will become of me now?" he kept saying to himself. "What is the use of all these ledgers and day-books? How is the trade of Liverpool to go on, now that John Manesty is slain? I wish I was dead with him. Oh, my unfortunate master!"

But who shall paint the agony of Hugh? His father's crimes were all forgotten in the knowledge of his dreadful end.

Nor did Mrs. Yarington feel it less keenly. She had seen the approach of the catastrophe; but now it had come to pass, she dared not contemplate it. Still she had a duty to perform to Hugh and Mary, and this she resolved not to delay. From what she had privately heard from the old gardener, who had charge of the manor-house at Wolsterholme, Mrs. Yarington knew that Manesty had deposited many documents under lock and key in the garden-room of that mansion, and she doubted not that other evidences capable of corroborating her story would there be found. She would not therefore divulge what she knew, till surrounded by testimonials of her veracity.

An urgent summons was sent to Hugh, who soon appeared at Eaglemont. A carriage was at the door, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the three friends started for Wolsterholme. Their journey was a melancholy and silent one; but with frequent and quick change of horses, it was so speedily accomplished, that they reached the venerable manor-house at four in the afternoon. Like one familiar with the spot, Mrs. Yarington at once found her way to the garden-room, where a humble repast was placed before our travellers by the gardener, who, after they were refreshed, placed in Hugh's hands a sealed packet, directed to him, to be opened only in case of the merchant's death. This had been deposited with the gardener just previously to Manesty's last voyage to the West Indies. It contained a key of the old cabinet, which stood in the room where the party were assembled. This was the key which Manesty had given to Hugh when he sailed for Antigua, in 1760, but which he had re-claimed on his return to Liverpool.

The cabinet was found to contain the title-deeds of Wolsterholme Castle, or Manor-House, together with other parchments, proving the purchase by Manesty of all the lands and tenements originally belonging to the estate. By the merchant's will, also enclosed in the old cabinet, the entire property, as well as that of the concern in Liverpool, was bequeathed to his "dear son, Hugh Manesty." Of the legacies, the principal was a bequest of four thousand pounds to "his diligent and faithful clerk, Robin Shuckleborough." Tied up with the will, was a letter addressed to Hugh, (dated on his first departure to the West Indies,) which ran as follows:—

"My dear Hugh,—It will not be prudent to encounter the perils inseparable from a sea-voyage without 'putting my house in order,' in case any fatal accident should happen to me. I have spoken to you of the old oak cabinet in the garden-room at Wolsterholme, and given you the key. In it are deposited my will, and other papers, wherein you at least will take a tender interest.

"By successive purchases, the whole of the estate of Wolsterholme is mine; and I have become its master with the sole motive of endowing you with it, as the only remaining representative of the family. You believe yourself to be a Wolsterholme, and so, in one sense, you are, being the son of a lady of that name who was married to me. You are, therefore, *my* son, dear Hugh; and not, as you have imagined, the offspring of Cornet Wolsterholme, whose child died in America.

"Among the papers in the oak cabinet, you will find many letters from your mother, addressed to me—letters which I have read again and again, with streaming eyes, in my solitary visits to the manor-house. Bertha Manesty (formerly Miss Wolsterholme, the only daughter of her house) has been many years lost to me. She died abroad; and with her died also what little happiness remained to me in this life.

"If I perish at sea, do not be too curious in inquiring into the several passages of my life; and, above all, destroy, without examination, whatever documents may be found in the late Mr. Hibblethwaite's room, in my corn-store at Liverpool. Circumstances may occur to

alter my decision in this respect; but this is my present wish. Obey it.

"And now, my dear son, farewell! Preserve the pure and lofty character you have hitherto maintained. My blessing on you!

"Your loving father,

"JOHN MANESTY."

"Pool Lane, Liverpool, 12th of June, 1760."

This letter (written four years previously to the present time) being read aloud by Hugh, was heard with overpowering emotion by Mrs. Yarington. For some time her tears overmastered her; her frame was convulsed, and she could not speak. Mary and Hugh tried affectionately to comfort her.

At length, the paroxysm having abated, Mrs. Yarington produced a book she had brought with her from Eaglemont, and placed it in Hugh's hand.

"Read the letters to which John Manesty alludes," said she, "and then refer to that book wherein I copied them previously to their being dispatched."

"You!" exclaimed young Manesty, in surprise.

"Yes!" returned she, in a broken voice, "I am John Manesty's widow.

"Mother—mother!" gasped Hugh, throwing his arms about her neck.

"Dear!—precious!—beloved!" were all she could articulate as, almost fainting, she fondly returned his embrace.

It was a trying moment to Mrs. Manesty, and she struggled hard to sustain it; but her voice was again gone, and she sobbed violently.

After a pause, but still not without an effort, she said, "Dear Mary and dear Hugh, I am going to recount the only action of my life on which I look back with pain—an action of deceit. But listen, and you shall judge how grievously I was tempted. Kiss me once again, Hugh. There! Now you shall learn how far I have forfeited your love."

There was another pause, during which the widow, with a visage of constrained firmness, seemed summoning strength to support her during the utterance of what she was about to disclose. Assuming a calmness which she did not feel, she said, in measured tones—

"I am *not* your mother, Hugh; neither is John Manesty your father."

"For the love of Heaven, do not torture me with suspense! Explain yourself!" ejaculated Hugh.

"You shall know all," responded she. "When my brother, Wilford Wolsterholme, eloped with Hannah Manesty, John Manesty, unsuspected by his father, paid his addresses to me. This room was the scene of our stolen meetings—the witness of many pure and blessed moments. His earnestness and devotion won my heart, and when he was sent to America in pursuit of his sister, I accompanied him, having first been privately married. We were away from England two years; but even in that short space of time, my husband frequently absented himself from me, I knew not where, nor on what business; and even when we were together, our harmony was often

disturbed by his furious expressions of hatred against my brother, who, he said, had grossly insulted him. Our meetings, however, were few, and at long intervals. During one of his absences from me, which lasted three months, I gave birth to a female child. You shall hear more, presently; let me pause a little."

There was silence for awhile. Hugh and Mary waited with eager anxiety for the continuation of the narrative, but with entire deference to their friend.

"At this time," resumed the widow, "and while John Manesty was away, news came to me that my brother had been killed in an obscure skirmish. It was not in any military affair; but in some private affray. If I was almost heart-broken at the news, Wilford's widow was nearly mad with grief. She expected, poor thing! to be soon confined; but the agony of her sorrow brought on premature labour. A son was born to her, and she died. As my sister-in-law (a solitary widow) perished in a far and foreign land, destitute of friends, it was incumbent on me to take charge of the infant. I did so; and it shared with my own baby the nurture of my breast and the affection of my heart. I christened it 'Hugh,' after one of my own ancestors."

"Let me still call you mother," said the young man. "You have earned a right to that sacred name. And am I then once more a Wolsterholme?"

"Yes; you are Sir Hugh Wolsterholme—a title you inherit from your unfortunate uncle, Sir Thomas. I have a baptismal register, and other proofs substantiating your claim."

"But is not the title lost by attainder?" inquired Hugh.

"No; only in the person of my poor brother, who has been dead many years."

Mary felt that all bar to her marriage with Hugh was now removed. A timid glance at the young baronet expressed her congratulation; but words of joy would have sounded discordantly at a time so laden with melancholy interest. Mary, therefore, dared not trust herself to speak.

"I almost fear to ask what became of your daughter," said Hugh to Mrs. Manesty; "how it happened that the merchant believed me to be his son; and why you took the name of Yarington?"

"I will tell you all," replied she. "My infant died soon after I took you—my brother Wilford's child—to my bosom. Manesty was still absent. On his return to me, I told him that his sister and her child had both died, and shewed you as his own offspring. His paternal pride was pleased at beholding a son. A strong objection to the name by which you had been christened, united with an absence of suspicion that such a deceit had been practised on him, as the passing off his sister's child as his own, prevented (so I conceive) his asking for the baptismal register. The very day after I perpetrated this fraud, I bitterly repented it; but it was too late to avow the truth, and I dreaded the fury of his reproaches. I have been miserable ever since; so long and so unrelenting is the punishment of falsehood."

Here the widow again paused in her narration. At length Hugh inquired why Manesty believed she was dead.

"Another of my contrivances," responded she; "but you will regard this more charitably, considering my extreme provocation.

Manesty again left me, on his unexplained and inscrutable errands. I was not long, however, in understanding their object. I discovered that he was engaged in piratical practices of the worst and most cruel description, and that, under the name of Captain Hoskins, he commanded a notorious vessel, called 'The Bloody Juno.' This was told me by one of his sailors, in revenge for some terrible punishment he had received on board; and from the same man I also heard that Manesty—in rage at a supposed affront—had waylaid and killed my brother; thus, by a natural consequence, causing his own sister's death."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Hugh. "Thank Heaven that that man is not my father! And yet how kind and affectionate has he been to me! I may mourn over his crimes, but can never hate him."

"As he has paid the dreadful forfeiture," returned the widow, "let us remember him in our prayers.—But I hasten to conclude my story. Having been acquainted with his monstrous deeds, of which, when once my eyes were opened, fresh proofs poured in on me every day, you will not wonder that I resolved never again to receive such a man as my husband. A message had been sent me announcing his return on a certain day, on the eve of which I departed from home, leaving a letter stating the horrible discoveries I had made, and adding that in grief and shame for him, and horror at being his wife, I should destroy myself. Such, indeed, was my first intention; though, when I reflected on the sinfulness of suicide, I resolved to come to England, take a feigned name, and seek a livelihood. A heavy blow was thus inflicted on Manesty. He left his ship to be commanded by proxy, started with you to Liverpool, and addicted himself chiefly to commercial pursuits; still, however, receiving accessions of wealth from his man-stealing slave-ship. You now know all. I humbly hope that God will pardon my duplicity."

Twilight was coming on. A disclosure of secrets so long pent up in her breast, had greatly agitated Mrs. Manesty; and she walked out of the room to enjoy the soothing influence of the fragrant evening air in the garden—that quaint old quincuncial garden, among whose formal alleys the days of her youth had been passed. Mary and Hugh stayed within, that heart might speak to heart under the new prospects opening on them.

Short space, however, was allowed for their subdued felicitations. A piercing shriek suddenly burst on the stillness, followed by the words, "John Manesty!—John Manesty!"

Mrs. Manesty, who had screamed these words, rushed franticly into the house, and hid herself; and Hugh, darting to the window, beheld a horseman at a short distance, swaying to and fro on his saddle, like one in a drunken fit. As he drew nearer, the young man recognised his miserable uncle. The rider's face could be likened only to a marble bust, blank and fixed; his eyes were set; and from his nerveless hand the bridle had dropped. The white mare, poor Prue, seemed almost in as great extremity as her master. It was even as an incarnation of "Death on the Pale Horse."

But the beast knew her way; sprang into the garden, and then drew up. Manesty lifted himself uncouthly from the saddle, and dropped heavily on the earth. Hugh darted towards him. A grim

smile relaxed the features of the dying man, as he stared with a bewildered expression on him whom he deemed to be his son. But though speech was denied him, he had enough strength to tear open his waistcoat (as if appealing for help), when his shirt, red in every part with blood, was seen. Distracted by terror, Hugh fetched the only servant in the house—the old gardener, to the spot. Of what avail was anything they could do? Even had Manesty not been past all "skill in surgery," professional aid could not be procured in that remote place.

A reaction had now come over Mrs. Manesty; and her heart yearned once more to look upon the beloved of her youth. She approached the place where the gasping wretch lay. In the delusion of his dying moments, no doubt he took her for a vision. Reverently clasping the hand she held out to him, he pressed it to his lips, and then, looking fondly with his dim eyes at Hugh, drew a long breath, and expired.

Though mortally wounded by Hibblethwaite, the longing desire he had to reach Wolsterholme, under a belief that he could there secrete himself for a time, must have given him preternatural strength, and enabled him, after he had recovered the first effect of the wound, to climb on Prue's back, and crawl on to the bourne of his wishes. How he was sustained during the long day, can never be known.

CONCLUSION.

Six months had elapsed since the foregoing incident, and a change had taken place in the relative position of some of the parties concerned in this tale. Sir Hugh Wolsterholme, being now a wealthy baronet, had left the concern in Pool Lane to Robin Shuckleborough, who, for a consideration, had allowed Richard Hibblethwaite to become his partner. Having abjured his former associates, Dick proved a good man of business, and by handsome presents to Broken-nosed Bob, and Ebenezer Rowbotham, secured their silence as to his participation in the robbery of Lord Silverstick. Lawyer Varnham lost his expected five hundred pounds when the portmanteau was reclaimed by Hugh, in virtue of Manesty's order, owing to the exposure which Measly Mott had not failed to make. Lord Randy had disappeared on a tour to Germany; and his father, the Earl of Silverstick, was busy at court, propagating the proprieties of the Chesterfieldian code of morals, and trimming between Lord Bute and the first William Pitt. The good and pious Rheinenberger was often a welcome guest at the manor-house at Wolsterholme, now rendered habitable, and where Mrs. Manesty lived in seclusion. Finally, with a pompous ceremony befitting their rank, Sir Hugh Wolsterholme led to the altar his beloved Mary Stanley.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

The view taken in the last number of this magazine, of the probable course of events in the Mauritanian territory, has turned out correct. We will not now stop to consider the preliminary circumstances of the case—the right of the French, as conquerors, but not as original possessors, to claim the neutrality of Morocco; the disputed and embarrassed question, as to the mutual invasions of territory; and the impossible ultimatum proposed by France, of the overthrow and imprisonment, by the emperor, of the Algerine chieftain, whom they themselves had been unable to conquer after fourteen years warfare, amounting, by that very impossibility of fulfilment, to an actual declaration of war; and ably answered by the Moor, by a demand, in return, for the simultaneous recall of the invader of the Moorish territory, the Marshal Bugeaud.

We have now only to do with progressive events, and to contemplate the possible results which may flow from them. The English papers never dwelt upon the enormity—not to mention the absurdity—of seeking for satisfaction by bombarding a semi-European city, to which we called attention before the event took place—a city in which civilization had made such progress, that the resident Moors were as much afraid of its Arab defenders as of the French hollow-shot.* The guilty parties had nothing to lose by such a display of warlike ardour made against old bastions and crumbling citadels, while the hostility of the emperor and his people could only be further exasperated, and peaceful results rendered less easily attainable. Some of the French papers did notice this fact, and intimated that Tangiers would be spared, evidently without counting upon the well-known hastiness of their young admiral, whose vanity was concerned in bombarding a city of European celebrity, within the hearing of Gibraltar, and in sight of the vessels of many nations.

The result has, however, been very different from what was anticipated. It has served more than all the written pages of journalists or controversialists to assign a real value to the late haughty and warlike tone assumed by the French pamphleteers and press united. It has disabused the English mind, like a potent spell, of certain anxieties as to what tremendous preparations or gigantic resources all this belligerent eloquence was made to rest upon, and as to the prodigious and unexampled progress which Young France was supposed to have made in the art of naval warfare. It has done more—it has humbled them to an intense degree—it has made every officer and man in the British navy smile at their achievements; and while good sense and humanity would one day have placed in its proper light so gallant a display against a few mouldering and ill-served batteries, and a commercial unoffending town, it has anticipated these results, and filled the whole undertaking to bursting, like their own mortars, with ridicule. The

* The Moors are dwellers in towns; the Arabs live in encampments, and, in some few cases, in villages on the plains. Hence the latter are distinguished as the "tribes" Kabileh, which, in the plural, is Kabayil, and incorrectly written in the papers Kabyles.

French steamers in the rear of the neutral ships, the well-named Hen, although more dumpy than beautiful, engaging a battery out of reach of her guns; the Suffering, or Suffrèn, we are not sure which, honoured by twenty-one shot-holes; and the Triton of the Sea, taking its departure with a farewell shot from those batteries which she is reported, in the official bulletin, to have dismantled, must have presented a truly amusing spectacle to the hearts of oak, and the descendants of the Vikings of old, assembled in that harbour. The results of the much-extolled French ardour and skill has, it appears, been one gun dismantled, and seven or eight persons accidentally killed.

This injudicious and hasty recourse to arms at the wrong place has not only, apparently, satisfied those present on the occasion, of the vast disparity in every branch of naval efficiency between ourselves and the French, but it has also shewn, notwithstanding the perpetual cavilling upon the subject, that the present ministry, with one of the ablest warriors in the world in its councils, had, in the same neighbourhood, at the same time, a force ready, had circumstances demanded it, to engage with the French fleet.

It now remains to be seen what towns are next to be subjected to these sad visitations. Already reports have arrived, that Asila, a walled town on the beach, westward of Tangiers, and without a harbour, with a population of about a thousand souls, and a few guns for all defence, has been made a victim.

It has been said by the French press, that Larache is the point from whence the two imperial cities of Fez and Mequinez (properly Fas and Miknasah) will be threatened, or the advance of Marshal Bugeaud to those cities supported. This is not the case; the port of Sala, previously alluded to, as with its suburb of Rabat, the most populous on the coast—the stronghold of its rovers and pirates, and the actual dockyard and naval depot—is in that predicament; and on this account, as well as those previously detailed, would, by a well-informed and sensible admiral, have been made the first point of demonstration, and it still remains, the spot to which the fleet can alone direct itself to shake the confidence of the emperor, or to facilitate the submission of the above-mentioned imperial cities, and from whence peace can now most probably be alone proclaimed.

Mogador is, however, generally considered the point to which the fleet will next direct its hostile intentions. This is well known as the port of the capital itself, a place of considerable commerce, and with a population of 10,000 souls, but having an exposed harbour, too shallow for vessels of war, which must hence anchor off the long battery—a position not in all respects a very enviable one—but where the French may gain more glory and renown. By the advice of "a certain" Captain Bouet, who is intimate with the coast of Morocco, it appears that three small gun-brigs, La Vigie, L'Alouette, and La Tactique, with the tow-steamers, La Phoque, and the Fulton, have been sent out to do these especial services, and which there is no doubt they are best calculated to accomplish.

But to threaten Morocco from Mogador, without any disposable force ready to march upon the capital itself, and at a season when the sea, always rough on the open coasts, will, with the approaching equinox, be rendered quite untenable, is another bubble and cannon

kind of an affair, which can lead to no possible results, save destruction of life and property; and this leads us to notice an opinion, pretty generally abroad, that all the ports of the empire are to have their separate infliction. This is scarcely credible.

"Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appelant."

Not only will the punishment far transcend any real or imaginary offence that has been committed, but it will be a feat unexampled even in the "sea of darkness," in which neither regard to the useless destruction of life and property will have a place, nor will there be any sincere desire exhibited to bring the actual responsible gerents to a brief solution of the question at issue. Tangiers, Asafi, Mazighan, Azamor, Agadir, Dar el Beida, Fedalah, and Mehdiyah, which scarcely possess an Arab tenant, may indeed, one after another, receive the punishment due, if at all, to the kerchiefed rovers of the desert, without France or Morocco arriving one step nearer to a better understanding.

We come, then, to the moveable column under Marshal Bugeaud (9000 men), General Lamoriciere (5000 men), and General Dedeauhas (5000 men), making a total of 19,000 men, and which is properly considered as sufficient to subject the province of Fez, notwithstanding the apprehensions which the commander-in-chief appears to entertain of the clouds of Arab, Moorish, and Negro cavalry, which cover the plains, are congregating under Sidi Mohammed at Fez, or have approached the frontier under Mulai Mamu.* The royal treasury at Mequinez constitutes no bad magnet to the iron column, advancing across the so-called desert of Angad. There are, in fact, many towns, villages, and encampments on the road. Half way from Uchdah is Taza, a populous town capable of supplying the wants of a large army; and nine hours from Fez is the Ecbatana of Morocco—a glorious scramble, unless, perchance, the valuables are previously carried off to the unexplored regions of Tafilelt.

There are just two solutions to the events now in progress;—the French, humbled by the ridicule which attends upon this bombardment of inoffensive towns, may make serious overtures of peace with the emperor, the negotiation of which may be hastened by the movement which has no doubt already taken place, of the Algerine army;—or, they may continue to act on the offensive, when the whole Mohammedan population will be roused to a holy war, and a war of desperation, the limits of which will not even be traced by the snowy outline of the Atlas.

* On the 14th of August, the French force, reduced by sickness and other causes to 17,000 strong, advanced to engage the Moorish cavalry, the numbers of which were increasing every day, and already amounted to about 24,000 men. The engagement took place on the Ysly, and after a conflict, in which both sides are said to have suffered severely, the Moors were worsted, and 1000 to 1200 tents, 11 pieces of artillery, and 16 stand of colours (each petty Arab tribe has its distinguishing flag), fell into the hands of the conquerors. This occurred after Marshal Bugeaud had been made aware of the operations of the French fleet; yet it does not appear that it was a battle fought with the intention of opening the road to Fez, so much as with the view to disperse the cavalry already collected, and which threatened to assemble in overwhelming numbers. The effect of the defeat of Mulai Mamu will probably be to bring Sidi Mohammed to the frontier, and the next battle the French may have to deliver, will not impossibly be against 40,000 Negro, Moorish, and Arab cavalry.

If offensive operations are continued, the fleet must, on the coming on of the equinoctial gales, either take possession of a point on the coast,* or return without having made a step towards bringing the war nearer to a conclusion, and not improbably with the loss of a vessel or two on a lee-shore. While the occupation of Fez and Mequinez by a French force, will only serve to increase the complications of France in Northern Africa. She will not permit the Sultan's fleet to assert its master's authority at Tunis, a rebel pashalic, now allied to Algeria —the alliance of the wolf and the lamb; and so delicate a question is this, that there is no telling the day when it may not lead to serious events.†

No fact can be more self-evident in the present day, that even a peace declared at Tangiers, Mogador, or Fez, could not be a permanent thing. It might produce a temporary lull, but there would be a certain revival of hostilities. The indefinite perpetuation of war in Northern Africa does not depend solely on the ambition of France, nor yet on the hostility of the Mussulmans, which might, to a certain extent, be restrained by mediation; but it arises from, and is entertained by the contact of civilization with barbarity, and does not result more from the facilities to encroachment offered to the one, than from the stationary and unimproving condition of the other; and which leaves no other futurity for these territories, than what belonged to them when the Romans were there; or what has happened to America, India, or any other country in which civilization and progress have been brought into neighbourhood with the pride, obstinacy, and fanaticism of an incapable religion, and a barbarian condition.

Abd-el-Khadr, "the evergreen," is in himself a multitude. He is the living representative of Mohammedanism in the west. Were he driven out of Morocco, the kingdom of Fezzan, or even of Tombuktu, are by Mussulman law, and by the sympathy of feeling, as open to him as ever Algeria itself was. Were he to be slain, his spirit would rise up, phœnix-like, at a hundred different points. The problematic abdication of Mehemet Ali would open the field to Ibrahim Pasha, looked upon from the Indus to the Atlantic, as the only man capable of reviving the ancient glories of Mohammedanism; and the occupation of Algeria, and the threatening complications with the neighbouring nations, must eventually lead to one of the greatest struggles of the Mussulman race, against a Christian enemy, that has occurred since the Moors were expelled from Spain and Portugal. What we have

* Since the above was written, the news has arrived in this country of the fall of Mogador, and that the French, after "destroying the town and its batteries," had taken possession of the port, as also of a little island in front thereof, and which they were busy in fortifying. Thus the fleet has secured itself a place of refuge from the evils here enumerated, and occupied a position from whence to carry on further operations. The position of the army and of the fleet, at nearly the two opposite extremities of the empire, would, had they any other enemy to deal with, lead to their certain destruction; but against a nation which places its whole reliance on cavalry, they will be able to hold what will be called a "temporary" position. It remains to be seen, if other nations will look on with indifference to this gradual conversion of Morocco into a French province, and the creation of a new maritime force at the pillars of Hercules.

† The French fleet at Tunis is very formidable. It consists of five ships of the line:—the Ocean, 120 guns, 1017 men; the Marengo, 82 guns, 679 men; the Inflexible, 90 guns, 853 men; the Neptune, 86 guns, 815 men; and the Alger, 82 guns, 683 men.

hitherto said applies only to the relation of the French and the Mohammedans. Christian nations have also a real and a practical interest in the question. France at present repudiates the intention of aggrandizement; but this we have seen will inevitably be forced upon her by the necessities of the case. Already a large proportion of her press advocates the measure—some solely with a view to the benefit to be derived from the conquest; others, to the effect it would have in an anticipated humiliation of Great Britain. The actual possession of so long a line of coast as would be comprised by Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, if not Tripoli, on the Mediterranean, would certainly very materially affect the existing balance of power, and would call the attention of other nations besides Great Britain. But we do not think that even the possession of these territories would give the command over that sea, of which we possess the keys, and wear the diadem. We do not even think that it would affect our occupation of Gibraltar, so seriously as some have opined; and it is generally admitted, that if necessary, the whole thing could be put an end to in precisely a similar manner to what the occupation of Egypt by the French was once overthrown.

But this is not at all a desirable termination to progressive events. The day ought to be gone by when civilization shall lend itself to support ignorance and barbarity against civilization. "The time has arrived," said Mr. Milnes, in his place in the British House of Commons, "when Christian civilization must extend itself to Morocco." Our merchants, men of fame and men of wisdom, have, it appears, taken fright at the anticipated loss of a commerce estimated at 40,000,000 of dollars annually, and of which one-half has hitherto been with England. Their interests, generally, go a very great way in such matters,

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites;"

but we fear they can no longer materially influence the question of Morocco. It has been found by experience, that the protective system adopted by the French in Algeria, has not answered. The natives will go to other markets, and other channels of commerce; and if France, in pursuance of the same system, were to march its armies against all neighbouring competition, it will have to follow, step by step, the British merchantmen round the whole terrestrial globe.

It is more consonant with the present state of opinions upon subjects of general policy, and of the relations of the different families of men with one another, for Great Britain to keep in mind, that, after superiority by sea, the overland route to India, and the countries connected therewith, are to her of primary importance, and most deserving of attention, than by any hurried or rash interferences to hasten that collision, which circumstances, not to be avoided, as the change of ministry, or the break up of a monarch's health (and we regret very much here to have to say, that it comes to us from quarters to whom accurate information is generally accessible, that the health of the King of the French is such as to excite the most serious apprehensions among his medical attendants) may bring upon us in a day, but with our existing ministry, not one, it is to be anticipated, which shall be marked out from the rest, by our being unprepared.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. IX.

PASTORALS OF WILLIAM BROWNE.—PASTORAL MEN:—CERVANTES—BOCCACCIO—CHAUCER—COWLEY—THOMSON—SHENSTONE, ETC.

THE only undramatic pastorals in the language worth mention are those of Browne, a young poet, who wrote in the beginning of the reign of James the First, received the praises of Drayton and Ben Jonson, and may remind the reader of some of the earlier poems of Keats. He was a real poet, with a great love of external nature, and much delicacy and generosity of sentiment; and, had his judgment been matured, would now have been as admired by the many as he is regarded by the few. His verses are of such unequal merit, that it is difficult to select any long passage, or scarcely, indeed, any short one, that does not contain matter unworthy of him; yet in all you may discern promise, in many sweetness and beauty, in some grandeur; and there is nobody who loves poets like Spenser, but will have a considerable bit of lurking affection, in the green places of his heart, for William Browne, and lament that he did not live to become famous. Much of his "Britannia's Pastorals," as he called them, was written before he was twenty. They were collected into a body of English verse, for the first time, by Anderson; but Davies published an edition in three volumes duodecimo; and the lover of poetry and field-walks, who is not always in a mood for higher stimulants, and can recognise beauty in a hedge-row elm as well as a mountain forest, may reckon himself lucky in being able to put one of them in his pocket. The pastorals consist of a story, with a number of episodes, none of which, or story either, can we ever remember; so we will say nothing more about them. The names of the persons hum in our ears, and we have some conception of two or three of the facts; but the scenes in which they take place, the landscapes, the pastoral images, the idealized country manners, these are what we are thinking of while the story is going on; just as a man should be hearing some local history while going over meadows and stiles, and glancing all the while about him instead of paying it attention. We shall, therefore, devote this article to passages marked with our pen; as the same man might go over the ground afterwards in other company, and say, "There is the church I spoke of, in the trees"—"Yonder is the passage I mentioned, into the wood"—"Here the ivy full of the singing-birds." We may, perhaps, over-rate Browne, out of affection for the things he likes to speak of; but sometimes his powers are not to be mistaken. He calls Cephalus, whom Aurora loved, him,

> "*Whose name was worn*
> *Within the bosom of the blushing morn.*"

Music is

> "The soul of art, *best loved when love is by.*"

Raleigh, spoken of under the character of a shepherd, is "a swain

> "*Whom all the Graces kissed;*"

and Pan, a god that,

> "With gentle nymphs in forests high
> *Kiss'd out the sweet time of his infancy.*"

That is very beautiful. Warton, in his "History of Poetry," has expressed his admiration of a "charm" in Browne's Inner Temple Masque, in which, down by the banks of Lethe, dew-drops are said to be for ever hanging

> "On the *limber grass*,
> Poppy and mandragoras;"—

And Lethe is described as flowing

> "Without coil,
> Softly, like a stream of oil."

And the fourth eclogue of his "Shepherd's Pipe" is thought, not improbably, to have been in the recollection of Milton, when he wrote Lycidas. Like that poem, it is an elegy on the death of a friend. The line marked in the following quatrain might have appeared in Lycidas, without any injury to it. It is, indeed, very Miltonic:—

> "In deepest passions of my grief-swoll'n breast,
> Sweet soul! this only comfort seizeth me,
> That so few years should make thee so much blest,
> *And give such wings to reach eternity.*"

In this poem is a description of autumn, in which the different metres are unfortunately but ill-assorted:—they look like bits of elegies begun on different plans; but the third line of the first quatrain is well felt; the fourth not unworthy of it; the watery meadows are capitally painted; and the closing stanza is like an affecting one taken out of some old English ballad:—

> "Autumn it was, when droop'd the sweetest flowers,
> And rivers, swollen with pride, o'erlook'd the banks;
> *Poor grew the day of summer's golden hours,*
> And void of sap stood Ida's cedar ranks.
>
> "The pleasant meadows *sadly lay*
> *In chill and cooling sweats*
> *By rising fountains*, or as they
> Fear'd winter's wasteful threats.
>
> "Against the broad-spread oak
> Each wind in fury bears;
> *Yet fell their leaves not half so fast,*
> *As did the shepherd's tears.*"

The feeling of analogy between the oak, with its scattered leaves, and the naturally strong man shedding fast tears for sorrow, is in the best imaginative taste. Had Browne written all thus, he would have found plenty of commentators. The "Shepherd's Pipe" was a somewhat later production than the other pastorals; and had he lived, he would probably have surpassed all that his youth produced. Unfortunately, his mind never appears to have outgrown a certain juvenile ambition of ingenious thoughts and conceits; and it is these that render it so difficult to make any long quotation from his works. The sixth line in the following is very obscure, perhaps corrupted. But the rest has great liveliness and nature:—

"Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his;
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And curseth time for so fast hastening to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteem'd true;
Then says he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind;
And whilst he stands *to look for 't in her eyes,*
This sad sweet glance so ties his faculties
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former strain,
To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, parts, and yet doth go,
Apt to retire, and loth to leave her so;—
Brave stream, so part I from thy flowery bank."

Browne is fond of drawing his similes from real, and even homely life, and often seems to introduce them for the purpose of giving that kind of variety to a pastoral, otherwise ideal; for though the title of his poem is British, and the scene also, it is in other respects Arcadian and Pagan. The effect is somewhat jarring; and yet it is impossible to quarrel with the particular descriptions:—

"As children on a play-day leave the schools,
And gladly run into the swimming pools;
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to despoil some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats for fish lade in a brook
Withouten pain; but when the morn doth look
Out of the eastern gates, a snail would faster
Glide to the schools, than they unto their master;
So when before I sung the songs of birds, &c."

The following is a complete picture:—

"— As a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert food,
Sits partly on a bough, his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till, with their crooks and bags, a sort of boys
To share with him, come with so great a noise,
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbour oak,
Thence to a beach, thence to a row of ashes,
Whilst through the quagmires and red water plashes
The boys run dabbling through thick and thin;
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin,
This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got to the briars; and that hath lost his shoe;
This dropt his band, that headlong falls for haste,
Another cries behind for being last;
With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
The little pool with no small sport they follow,
Whilst he from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray;
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up, &c."

Here is another picture, still homelier, but equally complete, and as robust in its full-grown strength as the other is light and boyish:—

"As when a smith and 's man (lame Vulcan's fellows)
Call'd from the anvil or the puffing bellows
To clap a well-wrought shoe, for more than pay,
Upon a stubborn nag of Galloway,

Or unback'd jennet, or a Flander's mare,
That at the forge stand snuffing of the air;
The swarthy smith spits in his buck-horn fist,
And bids his men bring out the five-fold twist,
His shackles, shacklocks, hampers, gyves, and chains,
His linkèd bolts; and with no little pains
These make him fast; and lest all these should faulter,
Unto a post, with some six-doubled halter,
He binds his head; yet all are of the least
To curb the fury of the headstrong beast;
When, if a carrier's jade be brought unto him,
His man can hold his foot, while he can shoe him,
Remorse was so enforced to bind him stronger."

This is a Dutch picture, or one that Mr. Crabbe might have admired. The following might have adorned the pages of Spenser himself. The ascension of the fogs and mists, and the cessation of all noise, are in a true—nay, a high spirit of grandeur; and the very delicacy of the conclusion adds to it. The sense of hushing solemnity is drawn to the finest point.

"Now great Hyperion left his golden throne,
That on the dancing waves in glory shone;
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore;
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns usherèd
All drowsy night: who in a car of jet,
By steeds of iron-grey (which mainly sweat
Moist drops on all the world) drawn through the sky,
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains;
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veins
Were conduit-pipes to many a crystal spring;
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs; each river, every rill,
Sent up their vapours to attend their will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and heaven,
And as night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curly streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the green leaf swept;
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisp'rings stirr'd,
As loth to waken any singing bird."

Browne was a Devonshire man, and is supposed to have died at Ottery St. Mary, the birth-place of Coleridge. He was not unworthy to have been the countryman of that exquisite observer of Nature, himself a pastoral man, though he wrote no pastorals; for Coleridge not only preferred a country to a town life, but his mind as well as his body (when it was not with Plato and the school-men) delighted to live in woody places, "enfolding," as he beautifully says,

"Sunny spots of greenery."

And how many other great and good men have there not been, with whom the humblest lover of Arcady may, in this respect, claim fellowship? Men, nevertheless, fond of town also, and of the most active and busy life, when it was their duty. The most universal genius must, indeed, of necessity include the green districts of the

world in his circle, otherwise he would not run it a third part round. Shakspeare himself, prosperous manager as he was, retired to his native place before he was old. Do we think that, with all his sociality, his chief companions there were such as a country town afforded? Depend upon it, they were the trees, and the fields, and his daughter Susanna; and that no gentleman of the place was seen so often pacing the banks of the Avon, sitting on the stiles in the meadows, looking with the thrush at the sunset, and finding

> ——— "books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Cervantes, the Shakspeare of Spain, (for if his poetry answered but to one small portion of him, his prose made up the rest,) proclaims his truly pastoral heart notwithstanding his satire, not only in his "Galatea," but in a hundred passages of "Don Quixote," particularly the episodes. He delighted equally in knowledge of the world and the most ideal poetic life. It is easy to see, by the stories of "Marcella" and "Leandra," that this great writer wanted little to have become almost a Quixote himself, in the Arcadian line! Nothing but the extremest good sense supplied him a proper balance in this respect for his extreme romance.

Boccacio was another of these great child-like minds, whose knowledge of the world is ignorantly confounded with a devotion to it. See, in his "Admetus," and "Theseid," and "Genealogia Deorum," &c., and in the "Decameron" itself, how he revels in groves and gardens; and how, when he begins making a list of trees, he cannot leave off. Doubtless, he had been of a more sensual temperament than Cervantes; but his faith remained unshaken in the highest things. His veins might have contained an excess of the genial; but so did his heart; and when the priest threatened him in advanced life with the displeasure of Heaven, he was shocked and alarmed, and obliged to go to Petrarch for comfort.

Chaucer was a courtier, and a companion of princes; nay, a reformer also, and a stirrer out in the world. He understood that world, too, thoroughly, in the ordinary sense of such understanding; yet, as he was a true great poet in everything, so in nothing more was he so than in loving the country, and the trees and fields. It is as hard to get him out of a grove as his friend Boccacio; and he tells us, that, in May, he would often go out into the meadows to "abide" there, solely in order to "look upon the daisy." Milton seems to have made a point of never living in a house that had not a garden to it.

A certain amount of trusting goodness, surviving twice the worldly knowledge possessed by those who take scorn for superiority, is the general characteristic of men of this stamp, whether of the highest order of that stamp or not. Cowley, Thomson, and Shenstone were such men. Shenstone was deficient in animal spirits, and condescended to be vexed when people did not come to see his retirement; but few men had an acuter discernment of the weak points of others, and the general mistakes of mankind, as anybody may see by his Essays; and yet in those Essays he tells us, that he never looked upon a town or village as he went by it, without regretting that he could not know some of the good people that lived there. Thomson's whole poetry may be said to be pastoral, and everybody knows what a good

fellow he was; how beloved by his friends; how social, and yet how sequestered; and how he preferred a house but a floor-high at Richmond (for that which is now shewn as his, was then a ground-floor only) to one of more imposing dimensions, amidst

> ——"the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
> Which men call *London*."

Cowley was a partizan, a courtier, a diplomatist; nay, a satirist, and an admirable one, too. See his "Cutter of Coleman Street," the gaiety and sharpness of which no one suspects who thinks of him only in the ordinary peacefulness of his reputation; though, doubtless, he would have been the first man to do a practical kindness to any of the puritans whom he laughed at. His friends the cavaliers thought he laughed at themselves, in this very comedy; so much more did he gird hypocrisy and pretension in general than in the particular; but Charles the Second said of him, after his death, that he had "not left a better man behind him in England." His partizanship, his politics, his clever satire, his once admired "metaphysical" poetry, as Johnson calls it, nobody any longer cares about; but still, as Pope said,

> "We love the language of his heart."

He has become a sort of poetical representative of all the love that existed of groves and gardens in those days—of parterres, and orchards, and stately old houses; but above all, of the cottage; a taste for which, as a gentleman's residence, seems to have originated with him, or at least been first avowed by him; for we can trace it no further back. "A small house and a large garden" was his aspiration; and he obtained it. Somebody, unfortunately, has got our Cowley's Essays—we don't reproach him, whoever he is, for it is a book to keep a good while; but they contain a delightful passage on this subject, which should have been quoted. Take, however, an extract or two from the verses belonging to those Essays. They will conclude this part of our subject well:—

> "Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
> Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
> Where the poetic birds rejoice,
> And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
> Pay with their grateful voice.
>
> "Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
> Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
> With all their wanton boughs dispute,
> And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
> Nor be myself, too, mute.
>
> "*Ah! wretched and too solitary he,*
> *Who loves not his own company!*
> *He'll feel the weight of it many a day,*
> *Unless he call in sin or vanity,*
> *To help to bear 't away.*
>
> * * * *
>
> "Where does the wisdom and the power divine
> In a more bright and sweet reflection shine—
> Where do we finer strokes and colours see
> *Of the Creator's real poetry,*
> Than when we with attention look
> Upon the third day's volume of the book?

If we could open and *intend* our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a bush, the radiant Deity.

* * * *

"Methinks I see great Diocleslan walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which, by his own imperial hands were made.
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
To entice him to a throne again.

"'If I, my friends,' said he, 'should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis, that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost a god.'"

A noble line that—long and stately as the triumph which it speaks of. Yet the Emperor and the Poet agreed in preferring a walk down an alley of roses. There was nothing so much calculated to rebuke or bewilder them there as in the faces of their fellow-creatures even after the "happiest fight."

RECENT POEMS.

1. *Walks in the Country.* By Lord Leigh.
2. *Poems.* By Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler.
3. *Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett. 2 vols.

If poems in these times, however impressive and beautiful in themselves, need the aid of names to attract to them the incredulous and objective reader, here are volumes which have at least this general advantage—each has a name associated with other efforts, and honoured so far in public estimation as to raise rather than repress expectation.

These country walks of Lord Leigh—rustic rambles with a good-natured muse—are just such contributions to the poetry of our own days as were made in times long past by the men of leisure and scholarship, the happy enjoyers of wealth, learning, often title, always taste—a love of elegant literature, and a desire for that distinction which a cultivation of letters confers upon every man, whatever be his other honours. It is long since this noble poet attained his rank in the Parnassian peerage, and he has re-asserted his claim in every instance with success. Few men who have written so often have furnished criticisers with such slender points of objection; and if the present offering contain an example in the contrary direction, it is only that some readers will protest loudly against those political allusions sparkling over the pages inscribed to May, 1843, which other readers will extol as the beauties of the book. There are several varieties of graceful verse in this new volume; and much energetic and pointed writing, giving effect to generous and exalted sentiment in the several poems, of which we may mention "What is sentiment?" as a specimen. And in the notes to these lays, Lord Leigh tastefully commends the results of his reading to the scholar and the man of reflection.

The poems of Mrs. Butler form a little volume, which it is impossible to read without various interest, sometimes for the subject's sake, and sometimes for the personal associations woven with it. Where the writer is in earnest, our emotions are never wanting; and where indifferent, there is often a graceful, off-hand turn, or a strain of playful, careless thought that denotes a

facility which interests, while we regret its indulgence, feeling how much more with the same materials study and earnestness would have effected. The lyrical pieces, with two or three marked exceptions, are the least successful; defects of rhythm, and other inaccuracies of versification, are more readily noticed by the ear in this kind of composition; and the deceptive rhyme, which is only one to the eye, is more objectionable where the effect is to depend upon the nicest observance of art, and carelessness cannot be afforded. In the pieces of a more descriptive character, there is frequently remarkable liveliness, distinctness, and force—pictures rapid and bold, vigorous in outline, and glowingly coloured—with a vein of reflective or passionate feeling which rarely fails to awaken a response. Among the few sonnets, though all are not constructed on the strictest principle, as perfect satisfaction with this poetical dainty requires that each should be, are several possessing an impressive and elevated power, breathing fine thought in solemn music. They end the volume worthily; one we are tempted to copy :—

SONNET.

"But to be still; oh, but to cease awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life,
The sights, the sounds, the struggle and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp, biting file
Of action, fretting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence;—all that is not pain
But utter weariness. Oh, to be free
But for a while from conscious entity!
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense, and let the soul abide
Darkly and stilly, for a little space,
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race.
Oh heavens! to rest a moment, but to rest
From this quick gasping life, were to be blest."

This is no minced measure; it is bold, nervous writing, shewing, as in the passage marked, how the Shaksperian studies have enriched and directed the mind, and suggesting, as several other pieces do, as well by the tone and turn of thought, as by a quaintness of manner, recollections of some of the best of our elder writers. Let us cite, as an example, the pleasant song, "Pass thy hand through my hair, love;" it recals agreeably Carew or Withers. We have enjoyed also a touch or two of rich humour, as in a fragment written when the thermometer stood at 98° in the shade! As some of the lyrical pieces are those that moved us least, we must select from them a little poem of a more perfect kind, touching in its sentiment, and graceful in its flow :—

SONG.

"Yet once again, but once, before we sever,
Fill we one brimming cup—it is the last!
And let those lips, now parting, and for ever,
Breathe o'er this pledge, 'the memory of the past.'

"Joy's fleeting sun is set; and no to-morrow
Smiles on the gloomy path we tread so fast;
Yet in the bitter cup, o'erfilled with sorrow,
Lives one sweet drop—the memory of the past.

"But one more look from those dear eyes, now shining
Through their warm tears, their loveliest and their last,
But one more strain of hands, in friendship twining—
Now farewell all, save memory of the past."

Had the volume contained nothing but the stanzas "On a Musical Box," it should be affectionately and admiringly welcomed by all lovers of ardent feeling, pleasant fancy, and quaint harmony. And the sonnet which precedes this—what a striking picture it contains of the fearful and discordant anomalies of life, ending with a fine line—

"So rush they down to the eternal night."

We re-open the lately read pages of Miss Barrett, with a feeling of admiration and respect too strong to be entrusted to such feeble and inadequate expressions of it as we could here employ. If these volumes do not place her (about which there may be some argument) in the highest class of our poets, most assuredly they do place her in the first rank of fine intellectual natures; of those who, now and then, in a great age, by their mental supremacy and universal sympathies, attain a station where admiration is not unmingled with reverence. If some of this poetry be not of the highest, it is so nearly allied to it, that the keenest sense of the exquisite essence in which the highest poetry consists, is requisite to detect and make palpable the distinction.

We merely profess to mention the appearance of this collection, and the feelings it awakens: to give the "why and because," would demand a long dissertation; the very subjects forbid us to touch lightly. The great poem, the "Drama of Exile," is the exile from Paradise, depicted in a form and with a power suited to the subject, grand and awful as it is. To discuss it adequately in a few sentences, is as impossible as the imaginative beauty and illustrative knowledge revealed in it is undoubted. The attempt to treat it so, remembering the sacredness of all the associations connected with it, would be "to do it wrong." We can simply state, that, in something of the Greek tragic shape, this lofty drama presents the "new and strange experience of the fallen humanity," as it went forth into the wilderness; and the subject is treated, in the author's words, "with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief, which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the Fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man." There was room, at least, it is remarked, "for lyrical emotion in those first steps into the wilderness." Truly; and the aim has been accomplished with such a truthfulness of power, working to its purpose, that every modest doubt, which so long held back the poem, (as we here learn,) must for ever be banished from the author's mind. The discourse of the Fallen Pair, under the reproaches of the spirits of the earth, animate and inanimate, are equally grand and pathetic. They excite tears, and they thrill us with awe, as the mournful, the compassionate, or the terrible predominates. Page after page would supply its proof; but all imperfectly, as this must necessarily do: it is Eve speaking:—

"———— For was I not
At that last sunset seen in paradise,
When all the westering clouds flashed out in throngs
Of sudden angel faces, face by face,
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God
Held them suspended—was I not that hour
The lady of the world, princess of life,
Mistress of feast and favour? Could I touch
A rose with my white hand, but it became
Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely
Along our swarded garden, but the grass
Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand aside
A moment underneath a cornel-tree,
But all the leaves did tremble, as alive,
With songs of fifty birds, who were made glad
Because I stood there? Could I turn to look
With these twain eyes of mine, now weeping fast,
Now good for only weeping—upon man,
Angel, or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced,
Because I looked on him? Alas, alas!
And is not this much woe, to cry 'alas!'
Speaking of joy?"

The minor poems in the collection are only so in form and subject; few of them are without some weight of object, or touch of beauty. All that we can complain of is, that too many words are sometimes used—large words, not so full of meaning as of sound—that there is too much of what is called "eloquence" in the work. The introductory pages are full of interest; all is womanly, delicate, and unaffected.

The Elixir of Long Life.

LONDON: JOHN MOVTEMBIC, ADELAIDE STREET. 1844.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Prologue.

1599.

THE ELIXIR OF LONG LIFE.

THE sixteenth century drew to a close. It was the last day of the last year, and two hours only were wanting to the birth of another year and of another century.

The night was solemn and beautiful. Myriads of stars paved the deep vault of heaven; the crescent moon hung like a silver lamp in the midst of them; a stream of rosy and quivering light issuing from the north traversed the sky, like the tail of some stupendous comet; while from its point of effluence broke forth, ever and anon, coruscations rivalling in splendour and variety of hue, the most brilliant discharge of fireworks.

A sharp frost prevailed; but the atmosphere was clear and dry, and neither wind nor snow aggravated the wholesome rigour of the season. The water lay in thick congealed masses around the conduits and wells, and the buckets were frozen on their stands. The thoroughfares were sheeted with ice, and dangerous to horsemen and vehicles; but the footways were firm and pleasant to the tread.

Here and there a fire was lighted in the streets, round which ragged urchins and mendicants were collected, roasting fragments of meat stuck upon iron prongs; or quaffing deep draughts of metheglin and ale, out of leathern cups. Crowds were collected in the open places, watching the wonders in the heavens, and drawing auguries from them, chiefly sinister, for most of the beholders thought the signs portended the speedy death of the queen, and the advent of a new monarch from the north—a safe and easy interpretation, considering the advanced age and declining health of the illustrious Elizabeth, together with the known appointment of her successor, James of Scotland.

Notwithstanding the early habits of the times, few persons had retired to rest, an universal wish prevailing among the citizens to see the new year in, and welcome the century accompanying it. Lights glimmered in most windows, revealing the holly-sprigs and laurel-leaves stuck thickly in their diamond panes; while, whenever a door was opened, a ruddy

gleam burst across the street; and a glance inside the dwelling shewed its inmates either gathered round the glowing hearth, occupied in mirthful sports—fox-i'th'-hole, blind-man's-buff, or shoe-the-mare—or seated at the ample board groaning with Christmas cheer.

Music and singing were heard at every corner, and bands of comely damsels, escorted by their sweethearts, went from house to house, bearing huge brown bowls dressed with ribbons and rosemary, and filled with a drink called "lamb's-wool," composed of sturdy ale, sweetened with sugar, spiced with nutmeg, and having toasts, and burnt crabs floating within it,—a draught from which seldom brought its pretty bearers less than a groat, and occasionally a more valuable coin.

Such was the vigil of the year Sixteen Hundred.

On this night, and at the tenth hour, a man of striking and venerable appearance was seen to emerge upon a small wooden balcony, projecting from a bay-window near the top of a picturesque structure situated at the southern extremity of London Bridge.

The old man's beard and hair were as white as snow—the former descending almost to his girdle—so were the thick overhanging brows that shaded his still piercing eyes. His forehead was high, bald, and ploughed by innumerable wrinkles. His countenance, despite its death-like paleness, had a noble and majestic cast, and his figure, though worn to the bone by a life of the severest study, and bent by the weight of years, must have been once lofty and commanding.

His dress consisted of a doublet and hose of sad-coloured cloth, over which he wore a loose gown of black silk. His head was covered by a square black cap, from beneath which his silver locks strayed over his shoulders.

This venerable personage was known by the name of Doctor Lamb, and being devoted to alchemical and philosophical pursuits, was esteemed by the vulgar as little better than a wizard. Strange tales were reported and believed of him. Amongst others, it was said he possessed a familiar, because he chanced to employ a deformed, crack-brained dwarf, who assisted him in his operations, and whom he appropriately enough styled Flapdragon.

The alchemist's gaze was fixed intently upon the heavens, and he seemed to be noting the position of the moon with reference to some particular star.

After remaining in this posture for a few minutes, the doctor was about to retire, when a loud crash arrested him, and he turned to see whence it proceeded.

Immediately before him stood the Southwark gateway—a square stone building, with a round, embattled turret at each corner, and a flat, leaden roof, planted with a forest of poles, fifteen or sixteen feet high, garnished with human heads. To

his surprise, the doctor perceived that two of these poles had just been pulled down by a tall man, who was in the act of stripping them of their grisly burthens.

Having accomplished his object, the mysterious plunderer thrust his spoil into a leathern bag with which he was provided, tied its mouth, and was about to take his departure by means of a rope-ladder attached to the battlements, when his retreat was suddenly cut off by the gatekeeper, armed with a halberd, and bearing a lantern, who issued from a door opening upon the leads.

The baffled marauder looked round, and remarking the open window at which Doctor Lamb was stationed, hurled the sack and its contents through it. He then tried to gain the ladder, but was intercepted by the gatekeeper, who dealt him a severe blow on the head with his halberd. The plunderer uttered a loud cry, and attempted to draw his sword; but before he could do so, he received a thrust in the side from his opponent. He then fell, and the gatekeeper would have repeated the blow, if the doctor had not called to him to desist.

"Do not kill him, good Baldred," he cried. "The attempt may not be so criminal as it appears. Doubtless, the mutilated remains, which the poor wretch has attempted to carry off, are those of his kindred, and horror at their exposure must have led him to commit the offence."

"It may be, doctor," replied Baldred; "and if so, I shall be sorry to have hurt him. But I am responsible for the safe custody of these heads, and it is as much as my own is worth to permit their removal."

"I know it," replied Doctor Lamb; "and you are fully justified in what you have done. It may throw some light upon the matter, to know whose miserable relics have been disturbed."

"They were the heads of two rank papists," replied Baldred, "who were decapitated on Tower Hill, on Saint Nicholas' day, three weeks ago, for conspiring against the queen."

"But their names?" demanded the doctor. "How were they styled?"

"They were father and son," replied Baldred;—"Sir Simon Darcy and Master Reginald Darcy. Perchance they were known to your worship?"

"Too well—too well!" replied Doctor Lamb, in a voice of anguish, that startled his hearer. "They were near kinsmen of mine own. What is he like who has made this strange attempt?"

"Of a verity, a fair youth," replied Baldred, holding down the lantern. "Heaven grant I have not wounded him to the death! No, his heart still beats. Ha! here are his tablets," he added, taking a small book from his doublet; "these may give the information you seek. You were right in your conjecture, doctor. The name herein inscribed is the same as that borne by the others—Auriol Darcy."

"I see it all," cried the doctor. "It was a pious and praiseworthy deed. Bring the unfortunate youth to my dwelling, Baldred, and you shall be well rewarded. Use dispatch—use dispatch!"

As the gatekeeper essayed to comply, the wounded man groaned deeply, as if in great pain.

"Fling me the weapon with which you smote him," cried Doctor Lamb, in accents of commiseration; "and I will anoint it with the powder of sympathy. His anguish will be speedily abated."

"I know your worship can accomplish wonders," cried Baldred, throwing the halberd into the balcony. "I will do my part as gently as I can."

And as the alchemist took up the weapon, and disappeared through the window, the gatekeeper lifted the wounded man by the shoulders, and conveyed him down a narrow winding staircase, contrived in one of the turrets, to a lower chamber. Though he proceeded as carefully as he could, the sufferer was evidently put to excruciating pain; and when Baldred placed him on a wooden bench, and held a lamp towards him, he perceived that his features were blackened and distorted.

"I fear it's all over with him," murmured the gatekeeper; "I shall have merely a dead body to take to Doctor Lamb. It would be a charity to knock him on the head, rather than to let him suffer thus. The doctor passes for a cunning man, but if he can cure this poor youth, without seeing him, by the help of his sympathetic ointment, I shall begin to believe, what some folks avouch, that he has dealings with the devil."

While Baldred was ruminating in this manner, a sudden and extraordinary change took place in the sufferer. As if by magic, the contraction of the muscles subsided; the features assumed a wholesome hue; and the respiration was no longer laborious. Baldred stared as if a miracle had been wrought.

Now that the countenance of the youth had regained its original expression, the gatekeeper could not help being struck by its extreme beauty. The face was a perfect oval, with regular and delicate features. A short silken moustache darkened the upper lip, which was short and proud, and a pointed beard terminated the chin. The hair was black, glossy, and cut short, so as to disclose a highly intellectual expanse of brow.

The figure of the youth was slight, but admirably proportioned. His attire consisted of a black satin doublet, slashed with white, hose of black silk, and a short velvet mantle. His eyes were still closed, and it was difficult to say what effect they might give to the face when they lighted it up; but notwithstanding its beauty, it was impossible not to admit that a strange, sinister, and almost demoniacal expression pervaded the countenance.

All at once, and with as much suddenness as his cure had

been effected, the young man started, uttered a piercing cry, and placed his hand to his side.

"Caitiff!" he cried, fixing his blazing eyes on the gatekeeper, "why do you torture me thus? Finish me at once—Oh!" And overcome by anguish, he sank back again.

"I have not touched you, sir," replied Baldred. "I brought you here to succour you. You will be easier anon. Doctor Lamb must have wiped the halberd," he added to himself.

Another sudden change. The pain fled from the sufferer's countenance, and he became easy as before.

"What have you done to me?" he asked, in a low tone; "the torture of my wound has suddenly ceased, and I feel as if a balm had been dropped into it. Let me remain in this state if you have any pity,—or despatch me, for my late agony was almost unsupportable."

"You are cared for by one who has greater skill than any chirurgeon in London," replied Baldred. "If I can manage to transport you to his lodgings, he will speedily heal your wounds."

"Do not delay then," replied Auriol, faintly; "for though I am free from pain, I feel that my life is ebbing fast away."

"Press this handkerchief to your side, and lean on me," said Baldred. "Doctor Lamb's dwelling is but a step from the gateway—in fact, the first house on the bridge. By the way, the doctor declares he is your kinsman."

"It is the first I ever heard of him," replied Auriol, faintly; "but take me to him quickly, or it will be too late."

In another moment they were at the doctor's door. Baldred tapped against it, and the summons was instantly answered by a diminutive personage, clad in a jerkin of coarse grey serge, and having a leathern apron tied round his waist. This was Flapdragon.

Blear-eyed, smoke-begrimed, lantern-jawed, the poor dwarf seemed as if his whole life were spent over the furnace. And so, in fact, it was. He had become little better than a pair of human bellows. In his hand, he held the halberd with which Auriol had been wounded.

"So you have been playing the leech, Flapdragon, eh?" cried Baldred.

"Ay, marry have I," replied the dwarf, with a wild grin, and displaying a wolfish set of teeth. "My master ordered me to smear the halberd with the sympathetic ointment. I obeyed him; rubbed the steel point, first on one side—then on the other; next wiped it; and then smeared it again."

"Whereby you put the patient to exquisite pain," replied Baldred; "but help me to transport him to the laboratory."

"I know not if the doctor will like to be disturbed," said Flapdragon. "He is busily engaged on some grand operation."

"I will take the risk on myself," said Baldred. "The youth will die if he remains here. See, he has fainted already!"

Thus urged, the dwarf laid down the halberd, and between the two, Auriol was speedily conveyed up a wide oaken staircase to the laboratory. Doctor Lamb was plying the bellows at the furnace, on which a large alembic was placed, and he was so engrossed by his task, that he scarcely noticed the entrance of the others.

"Place the youth on the ground, and rear his head against the chair," he cried, hastily, to the dwarf. "Bathe his brows with the decoction in that crucible. I will attend to him anon myself. Come to me, on the morrow, Baldred, and I will repay thee for thy trouble. I am busy now."

"These relics, doctor," cried the gatekeeper, glancing at the bag, which was lying on the ground, and from which a bald head protruded—"I ought to take them back with me."

"Heed them not—they will be safe in my keeping," cried Doctor Lamb, impatiently; "to-morrow—to-morrow."

Casting a furtive glance round the laboratory, and shrugging his shoulders, Baldred departed; and Flapdragon, having bathed the sufferer's temples with the decoction, in obedience to his master's injunctions, turned to inquire what he should do next.

"Begone!" cried the doctor, so fiercely that the dwarf darted out of the room, clapping the door after him.

Doctor Lamb then applied himself to his task with renewed ardour, and in a few seconds became wholly insensible of the presence of a stranger.

Revived by the stimulant, Auriol presently opened his eyes, and gazing round the room, thought he must be dreaming, so strange and fantastical did all appear. The floor was covered with the implements used by the adept—bolt-heads, crucibles, cucurbites, and retorts, scattered about without any attempt at arrangement. In one corner was a large terrestrial sphere; near it was an astrolabe; and near that a heap of disused glass vessels. On the other side, lay a black, mysterious-looking book, fastened with brazen clasps. Around it, were a ram's horn, a pair of forceps, a roll of parchment, a pestle and mortar, and a large plate of copper, graven with the mysterious symbols of the Isaical table. Near this was the leathern bag containing the two decapitated heads, one of which had partly rolled forth. On a table, at the further end of the room, stood a large open volume, with parchment leaves, covered with cabalistical characters, referring to the names of spirits. Near it were two parchment scrolls, written in letters, respectively denominated by the Chaldaic sages "the Malachim," and "the passing of the river." One of these scrolls was kept in its place by a skull. An ancient and grotesque-looking brass lamp, with two snake-headed burners, lighted the room. From the ceiling depended a huge, scaly sea-monster, with outspread fins, open jaws, garnished with tremendous teeth, and great goggling eyes. Near it hung the celestial sphere. The chimney-piece, which

was curiously carved, and projected far into the room, was covered with various implements of Hermetic science. Above it were hung dried bats and flitter-mice, interspersed with the skulls of birds and apes. Attached to the chimney-piece was an horary, sculptured in stone, near which hung a large star-fish. The fireplace was occupied by the furnace, on which, as has been stated, was placed an alembic, communicating by means of a long serpentine pipe, with a receiver. Within the room were two skeletons, one of which, placed behind a curtain in the deep embrasure of the window, where its polished bones glistened in the white moonlight, had a horrible effect. The other enjoyed more comfortable quarters near the chimney, its fleshless feet dangling down in the smoke arising from the furnace.

Doctor Lamb, meanwhile, steadily pursued his task, though he ever and anon paused, to fling certain roots and drugs, which he took out of glass vessels near him, upon the charcoal. As he did this, various-coloured flames broke forth—now blue, now green, now blood-red.

Tinged by these fires, the different objects in the chamber seemed to take other forms and to become instinct with animation The gourd-shaped cucurbites were transformed into great bloated toads bursting with venom; the long-necked bolt-heads became monstrous serpents; the worm-like pipes, adders; the alembics looked like plumed helmets; the characters on the Isaical table, and those on the parchments seemed traced in fire, and to be ever changing; the sea-monster bellowed and roared, and, flapping his fins, tried to burst from his hook; the skeletons wagged their jaws, and raised their fleshless fingers in mockery, while blue lights burnt in their eyeless sockets; the bellows became a prodigious bat fanning the fire with its wings; and the old alchemist assumed the appearance of the arch-fiend presiding over a witch's sabbath.

Auriol's brain reeled, and he pressed his hand to his brows, to exclude these phantasms from his sight. But even thus they pursued him; and he imagined he could hear the infernal riot going on around him.

Suddenly, he was roused by a loud joyful cry, and uncovering his eyes, he beheld the old alchemist pouring the contents of the matrass—a bright, transparent liquid—into a small phial. Having carefully secured the bottle with a glass stopper, the doctor held it towards the light, and gazed at it with rapture.

"At length," he exclaimed aloud—"at length, the great work is achieved. With the birth of the century now expiring, I first saw light, and the draught I hold in my hand shall enable me to see the opening of centuries and centuries to come. Composed of the lunar stones, the solar stones, and the mercurial stones—prepared according to the instructions of the Rabbi Ben Lucca, —namely, by the separation of the pure from the impure, the volatilization of the fixed, and the fixing of the volatile; this

elixir shall renew my youth, like that of the eagle, and give me length of days greater than any patriarch ever enjoyed."

While thus speaking, he held up the sparkling liquid, and gazed at it like a Persian worshipping the sun.

"To live for ever!" he cried, after a pause—"to escape the jaws of death just when they are opening to devour me! to be free from all accidents!—'tis a glorious thought!—ha!—I bethink me, the Rabbi said there was *one* peril against which the elixir could not guard me—*one* vulnerable point, by which, like the heel of Achilles, death might reach me! What is it?—where can it lie?"

And he relapsed into deep thought.

"This uncertainty will poison all my happiness," he continued; "I shall live in constant dread, as of an invisible enemy. But no matter! Perpetual life!—perpetual youth!—what more need be desired?"

"What more, indeed!" cried Auriol.

"Ha!" exclaimed the doctor, suddenly recollecting the wounded man, and concealing the phial beneath his gown.

"Your caution is vain, doctor," said Auriol. "I have heard what you have uttered. You imagine you have discovered the elixir vitæ."

"Imagine I have discovered it!" cried Doctor Lamb. "The matter is past all doubt. I am the possessor of the wondrous secret which the greatest philosophers of all ages have sought to discover—the miraculous preservative of the body against decay."

"The man who brought me hither told me you were my kinsman," said Auriol. "Is it so?"

"It is," replied the doctor, "and you shall now learn the connexion that subsists between us. Look at that ghastly relic," he added, pointing to the head protruding from the bag—"that was once my son Simon. His son's head is within the sack—your father's head—so that four generations are brought together."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the young man, raising himself on his elbow. "You, then, are my great-grandsire. My father supposed you had died in his infancy. An old tale runs in the family that you were charged with sorcery, and fled to avoid the stake."

"It is true that I fled, and took the name I bear at present," replied the old man; "but I need scarcely say that the charge brought against me was false. I have devoted myself to abstrusest science; have held commune with the stars; and have wrested the most hidden secrets from Nature—but that is all. Two crimes alone have stained my soul, but both, I trust, have been expiated by repentance."

"Were they deeds of blood?" asked Auriol.

"One was so," replied Darcy, with a shudder. "It was a

cowardly and treacherous deed, aggravated by the basest ingratitude. Listen, and you shall hear how it befel. A Roman rabbi, named Ben Lucca, skilled in Hermetic science, came to this city. His fame reached me, and I sought him out, offering myself as his disciple. For months, I remained with him in his laboratory—working at the furnace, and poring over mystic lore. One night, he shewed me that volume, and pointing to a page within it, said,—'Those characters contain the secret of confecting the elixir of long life. I will now explain them to you, and afterwards we will proceed to the operation.' With this, he unfolded the mystery; but he bade me observe, that the menstruum was defective on one point. Wherefore, he said, 'there will still be peril from some hidden cause.' Oh, with what greediness I drunk in his words! How I gazed at the mystic characters, as he explained their import! What visions floated before me of perpetual youth and enjoyment. At that moment, a demon whispered in my ear,—'This secret must be thine own. No one else must possess it.'"

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, starting.

"The evil thought was no sooner conceived, than acted upon," pursued Darcy. "Instantly drawing my poniard, I plunged it to the rabbi's heart. But mark what followed. His blood fell upon the book, and obliterated the characters; nor could I by any effort of memory recall the composition of the elixir."

"When did you regain the secret?" asked Auriol, curiously.

"To-night," replied Darcy—"within this hour. For nigh fifty years after that fatal night I have been making fruitless experiments. A film of blood has obscured my mental sight. I have proceeded by calcitration, solution, putrefaction—have produced the oils which will fix crude mercury, and convert all bodies into sol and luna; but I have ever failed in fermenting the stone into the true elixir. To-night, it came into my head to wash the blood-stained page containing the secret with a subtle liquid. I did so; and doubting the efficacy of the experiment, left it to work, while I went forth to breathe the air at my window. My eyes were cast upwards, and I was struck with the malignant aspect of my star. How to reconcile this with the good fortune which has just befallen me, I know not,—but so it was. At this juncture, your rash, but pious attempt occurred. Having discovered our relationship, and enjoined the gatekeeper to bring you hither, I returned to my laboratory. On glancing towards the mystic volume, what was my surprise to see the page free from blood!"

Auriol uttered a slight exclamation, and gazed at the book with superstitious awe.

"The sight was so surprising, that I dropped the heads I had brought with me," pursued Darcy. "Fearful of again losing the secret, I nerved myself to the task, and placing fuel on the fire, dismissed my attendant with brief injunctions relative to you.

I then set to work. How I have succeeded, you perceive. I hold in my hand the treasure I have so long sought,—so eagerly coveted. The whole world's wealth should not purchase it from me."

Auriol gazed earnestly at his aged relative, but he said nothing.

"In a few moments, I shall be as full of vigour and activity as yourself," continued Darcy. "We shall be no longer the great-grandsire and his descendant, but friends—companions—equals,—equals in age, strength, activity, beauty, fortune—for youth *is* fortune—ha! ha! Methinks, I am already young again!"

"You spoke of two crimes with which your conscience was burthened," remarked Auriol. "You have mentioned but one."

"The other was not so foul as that I have described," replied Darcy, in an altered tone, "inasmuch as it was unintentional, and occasioned by no base motive. My wife, your ancestress, was a most lovely woman, and so passionately was I enamoured of her, that I tried by every art to heighten and preserve her beauty. I fed her upon the flesh of capons, nourished with vipers; caused her to steep her lovely limbs in baths distilled from roses and violets; and had recourse to the most potent cosmetics. At last, I prepared a draught from poisons—yes, *poisons*—the effect of which I imagined would be wondrous. She drank it, and expired horribly disfigured. Conceive my despair at beholding the fair image of my idolatry, destroyed—defaced by my hand. In my frenzy, I should have laid violent hands upon myself, if I had not been restrained. Love may again rule my heart—beauty may again dazzle my eyes; but I shall never more feel the passion I entertained for my lost Amice — never more behold charms ravishing as hers."

And he pressed his hand to his face.

"The mistake you then committed should serve as a warning," said Auriol. "What if it be poison you have now confected? Try a few drops of it on some animal."

"No — no; it is the true elixir," replied Darcy. "Not a drop must be wasted. There is only sufficient for the purpose. You will witness its effects anon. Like the snake, I shall cast my slough, and come forth younger than I was at twenty."

"Meantime, I beseech you render me some assistance," groaned Auriol, "or, while you are preparing for immortality, I shall expire before your eyes."

"Be not afraid," replied Darcy, "you shall take no harm. I will care for you presently; and I understand leechcraft so well, that I will answer for your speedy and perfect recovery."

"Drink, then, to it!" cried Auriol.

"I know not what stays my hand," said the old man, raising the phial; "but now that immortality is in my reach, I dare not grasp it."

"Give me the potion, then," cried Auriol.

"Not for worlds," rejoined Darcy, hugging the phial to his

breast. "No, I will be young again—rich—happy. I will go forth into the world—I will bask in the smiles of beauty—I will feast, revel, sing—life shall be one perpetual round of enjoyment. Now for the trial!—ha!" and as he raised the potion towards his lips, a sudden pang shot across his heart. "What is this?" he cried, staggering. "Can death assail me when I am just about to enter upon perpetual life? Help me, good grandson! Place the phial to my lips. Pour its contents down my throat—quick! quick!"

"I am too weak to stir," groaned Auriol. "You have delayed it too long."

"Oh, heavens! we shall both perish," shrieked Darcy, vainly endeavouring to raise his palsied arm,—"perish with the blissful shore in view."

And he sank backwards, and would have fallen to the ground if he had not caught at the terrestrial sphere for support.

"Help me—help me!" he screamed, fixing a glance of unutterable anguish on his relative.

"It is worth the struggle," cried Auriol. And, by a great effort, he raised himself, and staggered towards the old man.

"Saved—saved!" shrieked Darcy. "Pour it down my throat. An instant, and all will be well."

"Think you I have done this for you?" cried Auriol, snatching the potion—"no—no."

And, supporting himself against the furnace, he placed the phial to his lips, and eagerly drained its contents.

The old man seemed paralysed by the action, but kept his eye fixed upon the youth till he had drained the elixir to the last drop. He then uttered a piercing cry, threw up his arms, and fell heavily backwards.

Dead—dead!

Flashes of light passed before Auriol's eyes, and strange noises smote his ears. For a moment he was bewildered as with wine, and laughed and sang discordantly like a madman. Every object reeled and danced around him. The glass vessels and jars clashed their brittle sides together, yet remained uninjured; the furnace breathed forth flames and mephitic vapours; the spiral worm of the alembic became red hot, and seemed filled with molten lead; the pipe of the bolt-head ran blood; the sphere of the earth rolled along the floor, and rebounded from the wall as if impelled by a giant hand; the skeletons grinned and gibbered; so did the death's head on the table; so did the skulls against the chimney; the monstrous sea-fish belched forth fire and smoke; the bald decapitated head opened its eyes, and fixed them, with a stony glare, on the young man; while the dead alchemist shook his hand menacingly at him.

Unable to bear these accumulated horrors, Auriol became, for a short space, insensible. On recovering, all was still. The lights within the lamp had expired; but the bright moonlight,

streaming through the window, fell upon the rigid features of the unfortunate alchemist, and on the cabalistic characters of the open volume beside him.

Eager to test the effect of the elixir, Auriol put his hand to his side. All traces of the wound were gone; nor did he experience the slightest pain in any other part of his body. On the contrary, he seemed endowed with preternatural strength. His breast dilated with rapture, and he longed to expend his joy in active motion.

Striding over the body of his aged relative, he threw open the window. As he did so, joyous peals burst from surrounding churches, announcing the arrival of the new year.

While listening to this clamour, Auriol gazed at the populous and picturesque city stretched out before him, and bathed in the moonlight.

"A hundred years hence," he thought, "and scarcely one soul of the thousands within those houses will be living, save myself. A hundred years after that, and their children's children will have gone to the grave. But I shall live on—shall live through all changes—all customs—all time. What revelations I shall then have to make, if I should dare to disclose them!"

As he ruminated thus, the skeleton hanging near him was swayed by the wind, and its bony fingers came in contact with his cheek. A dread idea was suggested by the occurrence.

"There is one peril to be avoided," he thought; "one peril! —what is it? Pshaw! I will think no more of it. It may never arise. I will begone. This place fevers me."

With this, he left the laboratory, and hastily descending the stairs, at the foot of which he found Flapdragon, passed out of the house.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AURIOL.

I.

THE RUINED HOUSE IN THE VAUXHALL ROAD.

LATE one night, in the spring of 1830, two men issued from a low, obscurely situated public-house, near Millbank, and shaped their course apparently in the direction of Vauxhall Bridge. Avoiding the footpath near the river, they moved stealthily along the further side of the road, where the open ground offered them an easy means of flight, in case such a course should be found expedient.

So far as it could be discerned by the glimpses of the moon, which occasionally shone forth from a rack of heavy clouds, the appearance of these personages was not much in their favour. Haggard features, stamped deeply with the characters of crime and debauchery; fierce, restless eyes; beards of several days' growth; wild, unkempt heads of hair, formed their chief personal characteristics; while sordid and ragged clothes; shoes without soles; and old hats without crowns, constituted the sum of their apparel.

One of them was tall and gaunt, with large hands and feet; but, despite his meagreness, he evidently possessed great strength: the other was considerably shorter, but broad-shouldered, bow-legged, long-armed, and altogether a most formidable ruffian. This fellow had high cheek-bones, a long aquiline nose, and a coarse mouth and chin, in which the animal greatly predominated. He had a stubby, red beard, with sandy hair, white brows and eyelashes. The countenance of the other was dark, and repulsive, and covered with blotches, the result of habitual intemperance. His eyes had a leering and malignant look. A handkerchief spotted with blood, and tied across his brow, contrasted strongly with his matted black hair, and increased his natural appearance of ferocity. The shorter ruffian carried a mallet upon his shoulder, and his companion concealed something beneath the breast of his coat, which afterwards proved to be a dark lantern.

Not a word passed between them, but, keeping a vigilant look-out, they trudged on with quick, but shambling steps. A few sounds arose from the banks of the river, and there was now and then a plash in the water, or a distant cry, betokening some passing craft; but generally, all was profoundly still. The quaint, Dutch-looking structures on the opposite bank, the line of coal-barges and lighters moored to the strand, the great timber-yards and coal-yards, the brew-houses, gas-works, and water-works, could only be imperfectly discerned; but the moonlight fell clear upon the ancient towers of Lambeth Palace,

and on the neighbouring church. The same glimmer also ran like a silver belt across the stream, and revealed the great, stern, fortress-like pile of the Penitentiary—perhaps the most dismal-looking structure in the whole metropolis. The world of habitations beyond this melancholy prison were buried in darkness. The two men, however, thought nothing of these things, and saw nothing of them; but, on arriving within a couple of hundred yards of the bridge, suddenly, as if by previous concert, quitted the road, and leaping a rail, ran across a field, and plunged into a hollow formed by a dried pit, where they came to a momentary halt.

"You've haven't been a-gammonin' me in this matter, Tinker?" observed the shorter individual. "The cove's sure to come?"

"Why, you can't expect me to answer for another as I can for myself, Sandman," replied the other; "but if his own word's to be taken for it, he's sartin to be there. I heerd him say as plainly as I'm a-speakin' to you,—'I'll be here to-morrow night—at the same hour——'"

"And that wos one o'clock?" said the Sandman.

"Thereabouts," replied the other.

"And who did he say that to?" demanded the Sandman.

"To hisself, I s'pose," answered the Tinker; "for, as I told you afore, I could see no one with him."

"Do you think he's one of our purfession—one of the Family?" inquired the Sandman.

"Bless you! no—that he ain't," returned the Tinker. "He's a reg'lar slap-up svell."

"That's no reason at all," said the Sandman. "Many a first-rate svell practises in our line. But he can't be in his right mind to come to such a ken as that, and go on as you mentions."

"As to that I can't say," replied the Tinker; "and it don't much matter as far as we're consarned."

"Devil a bit!" rejoined the Sandman, "except—you're sure it warn't a sperrit, Tinker. I've heerd say that this crib is haunted, and though I don't fear no livin' man, a ghost's a different sort of customer."

"Vell, you'll find our svell raal flesh and blood, you may depend upon it," replied the Tinker. "So come along, and don't let's be frightenin' ourselves vith ould vimen's tales."

With this, they emerged from the pit, crossed the lower part of the field, and entered a narrow thoroughfare, skirted by a few detached houses, which brought them into the Vauxhall-bridge Road.

Here they kept on the side of the street which was most in shadow, and crossed over whenever they came to a lamp. By and by, two watchmen were seen advancing from Belvoir-terrace, and, as the guardians of the night drew near, they crept into an alley to let them pass. As soon as the coast was clear, they ventured forth, and quickening their pace, came to a row

The Ruined house in the Vauxhall Road

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, 1844.

of deserted and dilapidated houses. This was their destination.

The range o habitations in question, more than a dozen in number, were, in all probability, what is vulgarly called "in chancery," and shared the fate of most property similarly circumstanced. They were in a sad, ruinous state — unroofed, without windows and floors. The bare walls were alone left standing, and these were in a very tumble-down condition.

In this state, the only purpose to which the neglected dwellings could be applied, was to turn them into receptacles for old iron, blocks of stone and wood, and other ponderous matters. The aspect of the whole place was so dismal and suspicious, that it was generally avoided by passengers after nightfall.

Skulking along the blank and dreary walls, the Tinker, who was now a little in advance, stopped before a door, and pushing it open, entered the dwelling. His companion followed him.

The extraordinary and incongruous assemblage of objects which met the gaze of the Sandman, coupled with the deserted appearance of the place, produced an effect upon his hardy but superstitious nature.

Looking round, he beheld huge mill-stones, enormous water-wheels, boilers of steam-engines, iron vats, cylinders, cranes, iron pumps of the strangest fashion, a gigantic pair of wooden scales, old iron safes, old boilers, old gas pipes, old water pipes, cracked old bells, old birdcages, old plates of iron, old pulleys, ropes, and rusty chains, huddled and heaped together in the most fantastic disorder.

In the midst of the chaotic mass frowned the bearded and colossal head of Neptune, which had once decorated the fore part of a man-of-war. Above it, on a sort of framework, lay the prostrate statue of a nymph, together with a bust of Fox, the nose of the latter being partly demolished, and the eyes knocked in. Above these, three wooden figures from a summer-house,—an old gentleman and two ladies,—laid their heads amicably together. On the left stood a tall Grecian divinity, or warrior, but minus the head and right hand. The whole was surmounted by an immense ventilator, stuck on the end of an iron rod, ascending, like a lightning-conductor, from the steam-engine pump.

Seen by the transient light of the moon, the various objects above enumerated produced a strange effect upon the beholder's imagination. There was a mixture of the grotesque and the terrible about them. Nor was the building itself devoid of a certain influence upon his mind. The ragged brickwork, overgrown with weeds, took with him the semblance of a human face, and seemed to keep a wary eye on what was going forward below.

A means of crossing from one side of the building to the other, without descending into the vault beneath, was afforded by a couple of planks; though as the wall on the further side was

some feet higher than that near at hand, and the planks were considerably bent, the passage appeared somewhat hazardous.

Glancing round for a moment, the Tinker leaped into the cellar, and unmasking his lantern shewed a sort of hiding-place, between a bulk of timber and a boiler, to which he invited his companion.

The Sandman jumped down.

"The ale I drank at the 'Two Fighting Cocks' has made me feel somewhat drowsy, Tinker," he remarked, stretching himself on the bulk, "I'll just take a snooze. You'll wake me up if I snore—or when our sperrit appears."

The Tinker replied in the affirmative; and the other had just become lost to consciousness, when he received a nudge in the side, and his companion whispered—"He's here!"

"Where—where?" demanded the Sandman, in some trepidation.

"Look up, and you'll see him," replied the other.

Slightly altering his position, the Sandman caught sight of a figure standing upon the planks above them. It was that of a young man. His hat was off, and his features, exposed to the full radiance of the moon, looked deathly pale, and though handsome, had a strange sinister expression. He was tall, slight, and well-proportioned; and the general cut of his attire, the tightly-buttoned, single-breasted coat, together with the moustache upon his lip, gave him somewhat of a military air.

"He seems a-valkin' in his sleep," muttered the Sandman. "He's a-speakin' to somebody unwisible."

"Hush—hush!" whispered the other. "Let's hear wot he's a-sayin'."

"Why have you brought me here?" cried the young man, in a voice so hollow that it thrilled his auditors. "What is to be done?"

"It makes my blood run cold to hear him," whispered the Sandman. "What d'ye think he sees?"

"Why do you not speak to me?" cried the young man—"wh do you beckon me forward? Well, I obey. I will follow you."

And he moved slowly across the plank.

"See, he's a-goin' through that door," cried the Tinker. "Let's foller him."

"I don't half like it," replied the Sandman, his teeth chattering with apprehension. "We shall see summat as 'll scare avay our senses."

"Tut!" cried the Tinker—"it's only a sleepy-valker. Wot are you afeerd on?"

With this, he vaulted upon the planks, and peeping cautiously out of the open door to which they led, saw the object of his scrutiny enter the adjoining house, through a broken window.

Making a sign to the Sandman, who was close at his heels, the Tinker crept forward on all fours, and on reaching the window, raised himself just sufficiently to command the interior of the

dwelling. Unfortunately for him, the moon was at this moment obscured, and he could distinguish nothing except the dusky outline of the various objects with which the place was filled, and which were nearly of the same kind as those of the neighbouring habitation. He listened intently, but not the slightest sound reached his ears.

After some time spent in this way, he began to fear the young man must have departed, when all at once a piercing scream resounded through the dwelling. Some heavy matter was dislodged, with a thundering crash, and footsteps were heard approaching the window.

Hastily retreating to their former hiding-place, the Tinker and his companion had scarcely regained it, when the young man again appeared on the plank. His demeanour had undergone a fearful change. He staggered, rather than walked, and his countenance was even paler than before. Having crossed the plank, he took his way along the top of the broken wall towards the door.

"Now, then, Sandman!" cried the Tinker—"now's your time!"

The other nodded, and grasping his mallet with a deadly and determined purpose, sprang noiselessly upon the wall, and overtook his intended victim just before he gained the door.

Hearing a sound behind him, the young man turned, and only just became conscious of the presence of the Sandman, when the mallet descended upon his head, and he fell crushed and senseless to the ground.

"The work's done!" cried the Sandman to his companion, who instantly came up with the dark lantern; "let's take him below, and strip him."

"Agreed," replied the Tinker; "but first let's see wot he has got in his pockets."

"Vith all my 'art," replied the Sandman, searching the clothes of the victim. "A reader!—I hope it's well-lined. We'll examine it below. The body 'ud tell awkvard tales if any von should chance to peep in."

"Shall we strip him here?" said the Tinker. "Now the darkey shines on 'em, you see wot famous togs the cull has on."

"Do you want to have us scragged, fool?" cried the Sandman, springing into the vault. "Now, hoist him down here."

With this, he placed the wounded man's legs over his own shoulders, and, aided by his comrade, was in the act of heaving down the body, when the street door suddenly flew open, and a stout individual, attended by a couple of watchmen, appeared at it.

"There the villains are!" shouted the new comer. "They have been murdering a gentleman. Seize 'em—seize 'em!"

And as he spoke, he discharged a pistol, the ball from which whistled past the ears of the Tinker.

Without waiting for another salute of the same kind, which might possibly be nearer its mark, the ruffian kicked the lantern into the vault, and sprang after the Sandman, who had already disappeared.

Acquainted with the intricacies of the place, the Tinker guided his companion through a hole into an adjoining vault, whence they scaled a wall, got into the next house, and passing through an open window, made good their retreat, while the watchmen were vainly searching for them under every bulk and piece of iron.

"Here, watchmen!" cried the stout individual, who had acted as leader; "never mind the villains just now, but help me to convey this poor young gentleman to my house, where proper assistance can be rendered him. He still breathes; but he has received a terrible blow on the head. I hope his skull aint broken."

"It's to be hoped it aint, Mr. Thornicroft," replied the foremost watchman; "but them wos two desperate characters, as ever I see, and capable of any hatterosity."

"What a frightful scream I heard to be sure!" cried Mr. Thornicroft. "I was certain somethin' dreadful was goin' on. It was fortunate I wasn't gone to bed; and still more fortunate you happened to be comin' up at the time. But we musn't stand chatterin' here. Bring the poor young gentleman along—bring him along."

Preceded by Mr. Thornicroft, the watchmen carried the wounded man across the road towards a small house, the whole front of which, together with two wooden out-buildings, were decorated with articles of iron. The door was held open by a female servant, with a candle in her hand. The poor woman uttered a cry of horror, as the body was brought in.

"Don't be crying out in that way, Peggy," cried Mr Thornicroft, "but go and get me the brandy. Here, watchmen, lay the poor young gentleman down on the sofa—there, gently, gently. And now, one of you run to Wheeler-street, and fetch Mr. Howell, the surgeon. Less noise, Peggy—less noise, or you'll waken your young missis, and I wouldn't have her disturbed for the world."

With this, he snatched the bottle of brandy from the maid, filled a wine-glass with the spirit, and poured it down the throat of the wounded man. A stifling sound followed, and after struggling violently for respiration for a few seconds, the patient opened his eyes.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF G. P. R. JAMES.

"THE GIPSY," "MARY OF BURGUNDY," AND THEIR AUTHOR.

THERE is an incidental remark in one of the romances of Mr. James, to the effect, that if one could write the history of man's heart and its motives, how much more interesting, and instructive too, would the record be than the brightest volume that ever was written upon man's actions. It is because we hold that the stories of this popular contributor to the pleasures of the wide world of readers, wherever fiction in any of its infinite shapes is relished, are in an eminent degree combinations of the two essentials to interest and instruction—uniting with all that is bright and picturesque in man's actions, much that relates to the inner wonders of his heart and its motives,—for this reason it is, that we make the present reprint and collection of his works the subject of a welcome in these pages.

If any work were wanting to prove that this writer, besides being a powerful and brilliant chronicler of events, is a close, keen, searcher into the secrecies of humanity, an expounder of the heart's inexhaustible philosophy, and an uncompromising though unobtrusive moralist, here it is at once to be found in the opening volume of his proposed series: the series being a revised and corrected edition of those tales and novels with which he has enriched the modern library of fiction during the past twenty years, and invested history, tradition, and fancy, with fascinations for readers of all ages.

Of this design, which is to be worked out in quarterly volumes, each containing a novel, the commencement has already appeared—in a form the most attractive to the true novel-reader, presenting a page neither too meagre nor too full. The author has assigned himself the task of revising the whole of his writings, and doubtless it will be no light one, though his readers can have as little question that the result will amply reward his labours. In the production of such a series of works, of tales which must have involved so much previous research, and acquaintance with books of almost every period and country, such minute and curious knowledge, such patient investigation of subjects often quite away from the beaten track, it is quite impossible that any anxiety or habits of accuracy could be an effectual guard at all seasons against mistake; nor is it more possible that pages written with such dazzling rapidity, and with such a free and spontaneous flow of language, can be wholly free from those errors of composition, and defects in point of polish or concentration, which do not always escape the most laboured and fastidious pen. The memory possessed by Mr. James is perfectly wonderful, and more than a literary curiosity; and his style, as well as his facts, is singularly correct, if not invariably concise; but there cannot be a doubt that he is highly fortunate in this golden opportunity of revising and correcting his works, and giving them the benefit of his matured and deliberate judgment. That pleasant fortune his readers will share, unless he should happen to follow the example set by some writers, and under the plea of correcting, proceed to remodel his stories; changing the "venue" perhaps from Devon-

shire to Venice, bringing on new characters and displacing an old one, marrying off his hero instead of touchingly murdering him, or leaving a fair heroine, at the close of the scene, preparing for a nunnery instead of the nursery: whither Romance, after all, ordinarily tends, the common-place being supplementary to the sublime.

There is no danger of such grievous bewilderment to readers with good memories in Mr. James's case, if we may assume the principle of revision to be laid down in the opening story of the series. That story, moreover, has been well chosen for the introductory office; it is "The Gipsy," eminently worthy of the post of honour. This volume, we believe, has obtained a wide circulation in its present form; and we say it most cordially and unaffectedly, that it merits the widest. Few tales are calculated to interest more deeply, or to leave upon the enthusiastic and sensitive mind, a more delightful, a more lasting impression.

If we may presume to suppose that "The Gipsy," from its being selected as Volume One of the attractive series, stands high, or even highest in the estimation of its author, few of his readers, perhaps, would dissent from such a judgment. With ourselves it is an especial favourite. It takes a firm moral hold of an honest reader.

And here we may as well remark at once, that whatever defects of haste, misapprehension, or crudeness, Mr. James may detect in the course of his experiment of correcting, he is one of those authors who have nothing to erase but blots of a literary kind, perceptible, more or less, by all; nothing to strike away but redundancies or obscure passages; nothing to correct but imperfect narrative or misconstructed plot. For with as much gratification as confidence it may be declared, and every critical reader of his books must feel it to be true, that in no one portion of them, domestic or historical, is Mr. James called upon, by his conscientiousness and just feeling of responsibility as an author, to "revise or correct" any lesson inculcated by a story of his, to alter the tone or tendency of any chapter he has written, in regard to its moral influences upon the reader, young or old—to blot out a single line on the score of coarseness, or vulgarity, or offence of any kind to the highest or the nicest taste of the present time. Not a word anywhere. On the contrary, all his writings have a healthy and refining tendency; raising the mind by the contemplation of what is ennobled and exalted, softening it by pictures of suffering and endurance, moving the universal sympathies, and invigorating its virtuous passions by bold, but never overcharged delineations of evil, with misery dogging its steps, even when riot, luxury, and apparent success are of the company.

Such we believe to be the spirit of all the fictions referred to; the instructive points are never thrust forcibly into view, but neither are they ever lost sight of; no false doctrine, in respect either to sentiment or conduct, finds encouragement in any of them; a devout adoration of the Deity, we may venture to say, infuses into some appropriate scene or passage, not unfrequently, a feeling of beautiful solemnity, and is indicative of the objects and character of the writer. To say all in fewer words—his works, throughout their extent, supply by subject and by illustration, the most effective rebuke to the thoughtless undervaluers and the fanatical denouncers of novel and romance; they are sure to afford innocent pleasure, while they are not destitute of signs

that they may serve even a higher purpose. They seldom fail to beget in us a better temper towards men, and in proportion as they do that, they inspire us with a profounder reverence for the Creator.

In the feeling awakened by the story of "The Gipsy," which we may at least regard as the specimen tale of the domestic kind, all the impressions here described are embodied. The incidents of the tale, it is intimated, are true; they may or may not be, but we know the characters are; we are sure that the motives, the feelings, and the lessons to be drawn from them are very true. It is a story of actions, but more of motives, passions, and the mind; in other words, the reader derives more knowledge of the characters through the medium of their feelings and speculations, their antipathies, affinities, and prejudices, than by any actual deeds done and performed by them, though these are all perfectly consistent and expressive. The persons of the story have characters by which they would be known, though they chanced to do nothing at all. Action in this tale illustrates character with remarkable nicety.

It is a story of a supposed fratricide, the reputed murderer succeeding to a title and large estates; and his beloved son, a chivalrous and quick-spirited youth, receiving for the first time intelligence of the appalling event, when he is just on the eve of marriage, from a gipsy chief, who had been once suspected as the assassin. He was but the unseen witness of the deed, the resolute concealer of the assassin's name. When he breathes it, its effects can only be to strike down a gallant, generous youth from high nobility and affluence to a condition whose lightest penalties were exile and beggary. But the poor gipsy is a more potent spirit than Lord Dewry, dead or living, and he weaves some threads of blessedness into this web of evil. A light, golden edge, with summer hopes peering above it, is at intervals visible round the dark thunder-cloud of fate. The story is not overshadowed (none of this author's are) by pain and gloom.

The positive action comprises but few persons, and covers but a short space of time; the interest, however, is so concentrated, that from the point where it first, after long smouldering, bursts into a flame, it never for a moment abates, or ceases to lighten up all that there is of the imaginative, the wondering, and the sympathizing in the reader's nature. There is a spell cast over him, close and irresistible as that which works upon his mind, when Fenimore Cooper carries him, breathless with curiosity and suspense, over his trackless and interminble prairies. The glorious gipsy, Pharold, is a sort of Indian "pale-face," a white skin, with a red man's instincts; or rather, he is a Leatherstocking of the fields, hill-sides, and hedgeways of England. All the scenes in which he is prominently engaged are drawn with admirable power—a power that gathers strength at each repetition of its exercise: certain test of the vivid reality of the conception, and of the author's faith in his own work. In the keen gipsy's midnight excursions and adventures in park and wood, his starlight flittings on mysterious roads, his collisions with foresters and keepers to protect even the misguided and worthless of his wandering race,—above all, in those scenes where this generous and disinterested being, with courage and fidelity blending in every drop of the blood that rushes through his proud heart, is hunted and chased, hour by hour, by hound-like enemies through the tangled mazes of woods; where,

amidst a hundred perils and unspeakable persecutions, he snatches from the torrent, into which he plunged, the daughter of the family whose chief seeks his life with insatiable hatred and vindictiveness, bearing her to her very house, only to be captured ; where, too, the gipsy hero, firm to meet inevitable death rather than violate a promise given, is lured in cold-blooded treachery into a trap by the youth whose life he is perilling his own to save ;—we are continually reminded, in all these encounters and escapes, of the alarms, vicissitudes, agitation, excitements and suspense, of Cooper's Indian Scenes; and if we knew how to express higher admiration, the Gipsy should have it.

Pharold is a creature of the rarest virtues and the wildest and most incurable prejudices. His bitter misanthropy, his intellectual and ardent love of nature, his contempt for law and law-practices, his unconquerable aversion to the habits and usages of towns and social life, his thirst for liberty, which is the passion of its existence, are all equalled, but only equalled in intensity, by the native heroism of his heart, by the depth of his affections, by his trustworthiness under awful temptations, and by his eager love of all good and noble men. Such a character, unless bravely developed as it was richly imagined, would be apt to degenerate into the melo-dramatic and the extravagant. Pharold, on the contrary, shoots, as he should do, from the broad level of the natural, on which the character is based, into the romantic and the poetical. There is a great deal of tender and beautiful writing embodying these gipsy humanities, and the page often glows with lofty sentiment, while it sparkles with thought.

There is nothing to be read in any book much more affecting than Pharold's dejected love and unrewarded devotedness ; nothing more elevating to the spirit than the spectacle of his truthfulness and dignity amidst persecutions.

And what a thrilling, well-constructed story is that of which Pharold is the humble hero! Moreover, it has a well-concealed catastrophe, mitigating the pain which had been growing excessive; though this pain is softened all through, in some degree, by a gentleness of heart and a sympathy with all genial and loving natures, that insensibly oozes through the narrative and wins one to the course of the story, wander as it will—which is never far from the point. It teaches a better lesson than despondency. But the terrible exhibition of depravity in the usurping Lord Dewry, his gradual dropping into low degrees of wretchedness and crime, the constant widening of the foul circle of sin, the spasms of daily and hourly fear, the withering influences of remorse—these required relief, and relief we have in delineations of three or four of the most genial characters that ever, by their manifest reality, made melancholy people, studious of romance, fall violently in love with real life again. These are chiefly ladies, three graces, of whom one might be a grandmother, and yet is she the first divinity of the three. Fine old Mrs. Falkland is, without exception, the most exquisite and worshipable elderly lady in all literature ; every part of her conduct is delightful, and yet she is pure nature, without exaggeration or disguise. No picture could be touched with less pretence or more happy effect. But the two younger fascinaters—the high-minded, affectionate Marian, and the more frolicsome and giddy, but hardly less fervid and soft-hearted

Isadore—are heroines worthy to repose under the wings of a Mrs. Falkland. In loftier phrase, we already have the portraits of this pair, in their fresh colours and unfading lustre, placed "on the line" in the portrait-gallery of the true feminine ideal.

No extract would fully exemplify the spirit of this romance, not even one of the spirited park scenes, or the interview between the proud, guilty nobleman and the miserable gipsy lad whom he lures into treachery at which the heart sickens, it is so unspeakably base.

"Mary of Burgundy," the second volume of this edition, commences the historical series. This was the first of his works on which the author employed an amanuensis, the plan of dictation being suggested by Sir Walter Scott as a great alleviation of literary labour. The reader, by a comparison of these pages with the previous writings of Mr. James, may judge if any difference or peculiarity be consequent upon this change in the process of composition. If the plan of dictating have a general tendency, as some think, to engender a profusion of words and habits of needless elaboration—the distinction being that which exists between a written essay and a speech delivered—it should at least be remembered that "Paradise Lost" is no example of verboseness.

This romance seems to have resulted from speculations and inquiries growing out of the Three Days in Paris, and the general state of opinion in Europe at that time. Revolutions were not just then very extraordinary romances; nevertheless, Mr. James being on the actual scene of the great French drama, had opportunities of learning the motives, and even some of the secret proceedings of various agents in the giant work; and hence a train of speculation and some historical research regarding the important point, whether such insurrections are not very frequently failures, even when they appear to be successes; whether the changes commonly effected by revolutions, even where they interfere with dynasties, subvert parties, transpose factions, and threaten to alter the framework of society, are not, nevertheless, changes more apparent than real.

He remarks:—"On looking back throughout all history, I found that, in almost every case, where great movements of the masses had taken place, the ultimate results were by no means commensurate with the forces brought into operation; that institutions very similar to those which had been carried away rose again in their place; modified it is true—but slightly; and that changes of names were more commonly to be found than changes of things, as the consequences of a revolution." This is to some extent true, and the reasons are obvious. The great qualities of energy, patriotism, courage, and unity, in the assertion of rights and privilege, often displayed by a people, are called forth by the pressure of grievances, and the ill-working of institutions. With their overthrow and removal, the great effort for redress ceases; the myriads who effect the revolution are not adequate to the task of re-construction; and having with toils and sacrifices performed their part of the compact, they are apt to conclude the work accomplished, and to tolerate, in the season of comparative ease and tranquillity, re-erections under the name of new erections.

At all events, with reflections on revolutions in his mind, he turned to the striking subject of the revolt of the people of Ghent, in the time of the beautiful and interesting Mary; and in the chronicles

of Flanders, and various writers rich in the narratives of the time, he found incidents sufficiently romantic and abundant to give invention a holiday. Fiction, however, by no means sleeps through the course of these historical pages; for although the principal incidents are unquestionably authentic, imagination supplies not merely the rich colouring and the connecting scenes, but facts and characters in the liveliest profusion. It is one of the most dramatic, vigorous, and animated of his narratives, interesting us both by persons and events. The Princess herself is a noble reality, adorned with all the loveliness of fancy; and of the characters purely imaginary, Albert Maurice, the chief, stands out as a figure conceived in a masterly mould of revolutionary romance; while every modification of the character, as it is affected in its course by its own innate weaknesses and by the influence of outward circumstances, is marked with consummate discrimination. With the political philosophy of the hero and the story, we have nothing to do. The romance has now the advantage of a graphic introduction.

But it is the general preface, introductory of the series, at which we have, in conclusion, to glance. If Mr. James is herein egotistical, as he says, all that the better. The egotism of an author is generally the gain of his readers, who have no other chance of a personal meeting with him. There is little, however, of the personal in it. Of story, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, he "has none to tell;" but he affords us a pleasant peep or two into the dim opening corners of his boyish mind, and shews us how much of the pleasure derivable from the many-coloured devices of his fancy, and from his intellectual ardour and penetration, we owe to the favour and encouragement extended to his early essays in literature, by two men who will ever be known to the world as equally amiable and eminent—Washington Irving and Walter Scott. To the latter he once wrote, sending him a youthful volume, innocently asking the great author *to read it*, and promising to abide by his decision—be it to write on or desist. Scott read and advised:—Write on! Hence this splendid and prosperous series of romances! As Sir John was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, so Sir Walter was not only an immense novelist, but the cause of novels. Mr. James will readily forgive us, when we profess to be grateful to his illustrious adviser in each of the two characters.

Mr. James, however, favours us with some particulars of his boyhood. He was at a large school at Putney, where being very idle, though quick, Horace and Homer were driven into him with difficulty. But this idleness could not have been long-lived, for besides "fancying that he understood Dante," he really did know at fifteen more of the niceties of the French language than he is master of now. He tried Arabic and Persian, re-constructed papers in the "Rambler," (very unprofitably to himself, and perhaps not advantageously to Johnson,) afterwards dipped deep into religious and metaphysical controversies, and gave attention besides, for some considerable period, to comparative anatomy. But above all, when a mere child, he seems to have relished with most ardour and rapture—the "Arabian Nights!" No wonder. May we live to owe to him a thousand and one English nights.

We close with the simple mention of a fact which will interest the reader, while it exalts the author in his esteem. Mr. James acquired,

while yet in boyhood, two habits which he justly says are not common with boys. "One was to analyze all my own sensations, and the other to examine the results of other people's conduct, and apply the lesson to myself." These early-formed habits seem partly to have led him in after-life to a high and steadfast sense of the grave responsibilities of authorship, and he confidently believes that he has derived from them important advantages.

We hope, ere long, to see Mr. James upon another arena, even more distinguished than that of literature, where his varied and brilliant talents, his active habits of business, and his eloquence, are sure to be brought fully into play.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. X.

THE LEGEND OF KING ROBERT OF SICILY; SHEWING HIS PRIDE AND MISERY, AND WHO IT WAS THAT TAUGHT HIM A LESSON, AND SATE ON HIS THRONE.

HAVING skimmed over the general ground of pastoral, and reserving its latest Sicilian development for our closing number, we return to the point we diverged from, in the history of the fair island, to see what measure of honey it will best suit our Blue Jar to select for the present. And we can find none of a more surpassing sweetness, turbid as it seems at first, and as unlike pastoral as need be, than the most strange, mirthful, serious, royal, plebeian, earthly, heavenly, edifying, and most vicissitudinous legend, entitled the Legend of King Robert.

We can find nothing to equal it during the two hundred years' reign of the Saracens, who succeeded the Greeks and Romans; nor yet during the Norman sway, romantic as the origin of that was, and the work of a handful of gentlemen. Who King Robert, however, might have been, in common earthly history, whether intended to shadow forth one of those adventurous Norman chieftains, or one of the various dukes who contend for the honour of being called Robert the Devil, or whether he was Robert of Anjou, hight Robert the Wise, the friend of Petrarch and Bocaccio, and father of the calumniated Joanna, we must leave to antiquaries to determine. Suffice to say, that in history angelical, and in the depths of one of the very finest kinds of truth, he was King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban, and of the Emperor *Valemond*. A like story has been told of the Emperor *Jovinian* (whoever that prince might have been,—doubtless somebody else); and we shall not dispute that something of the kind may have occurred to him also, since very strange things happen to the most haughty of princes, if we did but know their whole lives; not excepting their being taken for fools by their own people, or meeting a rebuke, however rare, from an angel. We shall avail ourselves of any light which either of these histories of king and emperor may throw on the other.

Writers, then, inform us, that King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great valour and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient, that he did not like to bend his knee to Heaven itself, but would sit twirling his beard, and looking with something worse than indifference round about him, during the gravest services of the church.

One day, while he was present at vespers on the eve of St. John, his attention was excited to some words in the Magnificat, in consequence of a sudden dropping of the choristers' voices. The words were these: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*" (He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.) Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything of Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning of these words; and being told what it was, observed, that such expressions were no better than an old song, since men like himself were not so easily pulled down, much less supplanted by poor creatures whom people called "humble."

The chaplain, doubtless out of pure astonishment and horror, made no reply; and his majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some lapse of time, the royal "sitter in the seat of the scornful," owing, as he thought, to the sound of the organ, but in reality to a great droning fly in his ear, woke up in more than his usual state of impatience; and he was preparing to vent it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived the church empty. Every soul was gone, excepting a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions. He addressed her to no purpose: he spoke louder and louder, and was proceeding as well as rage and amaze would let him, to try if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, suddenly catching a sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffled away, first closing the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap. The very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white, for shame and rage. "Here is conspiracy—rebellion! This is that sanctified traitor, the duke. Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What ho, there! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice, through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another jibe at his prisoner:

"*I* see you, there," said he—"by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap. How do you like your bacon?"

Now, whether King Robert was of the blood of that Norman chief who felled his enemy's horse with a blow of his fist, we know not; but certain it is, that the only answer he made the sexton was by dashing his enormous foot against the door, and bursting it open in his teeth. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as his sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

"Well," said the porter, "what do *you* want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the king, pushing back the door, with the same gigantic foot.

"Go to the devil!" said the porter, who was a stout fellow too, and pushed the king back before he expected resistance. The king, however, was too much for him. He felled him to the ground; and half strode, half rushed into the palace, followed by the exasperated janitor.

"Seize him," cried the porter.

"On your lives," cried the king. "Look at me, fellow:—who am I?"

"A mad beast and fool; that's what you are," cried the porter; "and you're a dead man, for coming drunk into the palace, and hitting the king's servants. Hold him fast."

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who was going to visit his mistress, and had been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the looking-glass in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the king, "is the world run mad? or what is it? Do your rebels pretend not even to know me. Go before me, sir, to my rooms." And as he spoke, the king shook off his assailants, as a lion does curs, and moved onwards.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him; and then looking with a sort of staring indifference in his face, said, in a very mild tone, "Some madman."

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain's hand, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.* It was another man's face, very hot and vulgar; and had something in it at once melancholy and ridiculous.

"By the living God!" exclaimed Robert, "here is witchcraft! I am changed." And, for the first time in his life, a sensation of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained. All the world believed in witchcraft, as well as King Robert; but they had still more certain proofs of the existence of drunkenness and madness; and the king's household had seen the king come forth from church as usual, and were ready to split their sides for laughter at the figment of this raving impostor, pretending to be King Robert *changed!*

"Bring him in—bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments; "the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter (for courts were not quite such well-bred places then as they are now), he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word "hideous," roared with greater laughter than before; for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling at present that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had struck him. He stopped, and essayed to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert

thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared him, for he was of great courage.

It was an angel.

But the angel was not going to disclose himself yet, nor for a long time. Meanwhile, he behaved, on the occasion, very much like a man; we mean, like a man of ordinary feelings and resentments, though still mixed with a dignity beyond what had been before observed in the Sicilian monarch. Some of the courtiers attributed it to a sort of royal instinct of contrast, excited by the claims of the impostor; but others (by the angel's contrivance) had seen him, as he came out of the church, halt suddenly, with an abashed and altered visage, before the shrine of St. Thomas, as if supernaturally struck with some visitation from Heaven for his pride and unbelief. The rumour flew about on the instant, and was confirmed, by an order given from the throne, the moment the angel seated himself upon it, for a gift of hitherto unheard-of amount to the shrine itself.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of idiots, thou shalt be crowned and sceptered with a cap and bauble, and be my fool."

Robert was still tongue-tied. He tried in vain to speak—to roar out his disgust and defiance; and half mad, indeed, with the inability, pointed, with his quivering finger, to the inside of his mouth, as if in apology to the beholders for not doing it. Fresh shouts of laughter made his brain seem to reel within him.

"Fetch the cap and bauble," said the sovereign, "and let the King of Fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit to what he thought the power of the devil; and began to have glimpses of a real though hesitating sense of the advantage of securing friendship on the side of Heaven. But rage and indignation were uppermost; and while the attendants were shaving his head, fixing the cap, and jeeringly dignifying him with the bauble-sceptre, he was racking his brains for schemes of vengeance. What exasperated him most of all, next to the shaving, was to observe, that those who had flattered him most when a king, were the loudest in their contempt, now that he was the court-zany. One pompous lord in particular, with a high and ridiculous voice, which continued to laugh when all the rest had done, and produced fresh peals by the continuance, was so excessively provoking, that Robert, who felt his vocal and muscular powers restored to him as if for the occasion, could not help shaking his fist at the grinning slave, and crying out, "Thou beast, Terranova;" which, in all but the person so addressed, only produced additional merriment. At length, the king ordered the fool to be taken away, in order to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupified; but he found himself hungry against his will, and gnawed the bones which had been chucked away by his nobles.

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and subjected to every indignity that his quondam favourites could heap on him, without the power to resent it. For the new monarch seemed unjust to him only. He had all the humiliations, without any of the privileges, of the cap and bells, and was the dullest fool ever heard of. All the notice the king took of him, consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou

still a king?" Robert, for some weeks, loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but a signal for a roar of laughter, converted his speech into the silent dignity of a haughty and royal attitude; till, observing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he ingeniously adopted a manner which expressed neither defiance nor acquiescence, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered king: for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was reasonable; the nobles themselves were expected to work after their fashion—to study, to watch zealously over the interests of their tenants, to travel, and bring home new books and innocent luxuries. Half the day throughout Sicily was given to industry, and half to healthy and intellectual enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with benedictions; and the fool heard them, and began to wonder *what the devil* the devil had to do with appearances so extraordinary. And thus, for the space of time we have mentioned, he lived wondering, and sullen, and hating, and hated, and despised.

At the expiration of these two years, or nearly so, the king announced his intention of paying a visit to his brother the pope and his brother the emperor, the latter agreeing to come to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, clad in the most magnificent garments, all but the fool, who was arrayed in fox-tails, and put side by side with an ape, dressed like himself. The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face, and to bless it, the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed particularly to delight the sovereign. The fool, bewildered, came after the court-pages, by the side of his ape, exciting shouts of laughter, and, in some bosoms, not a little astonishment, to think how a monarch so kind and considerate to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them, that this fool was the most perverse and insolent of men towards the prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of indignation against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the island.

The fool had still a hope, that when his holiness the pope saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end; for though he had had no religion at all, properly speaking, he had retained something even of a superstitious faith in the highest worldly form of it. The good pope, however, beheld him without the least recognition: so did the emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with unfeigned admiration at the exalted beauty of his former altered self, and not with the old faces of pretended good-will and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility, for the first time, fell gently upon him. Instead of getting as far as possible from his companion the ape, he approached him closer and closer, partly that he might shroud himself under the very shadow of his insignificance, partly from a feeling of absolute sympathy, and a desire to possess, if not one friend in the world, at least one associate who was not an enemy.

It happened that day that it was the eve of St. John, the same on which, two years ago, Robert had heard and scorned the words in the Magnificat. Vespers were performed before the pope and the two sovereigns: the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words, and Robert again heard, but with far different feelings, *Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the court, the late sullen and brutal fool was seen with his hands reverently clasped upon his bosom in prayer, and the water pouring down his face in floods of penitence. Something of holier feeling than usual had turned all hearts that day. The King's own favourite chaplain had preached from the text which declares charity to be greater than faith or hope. The emperor began to think mankind really his brothers. The pope wished that some new council of the church would authorize him to set up over the Jewish Ten Commandments, and, in more glorious letters, the new, *eleventh*, or great Christian commandment,—"Behold, I give unto you a *new* commandment, LOVE ONE ANOTHER." In short, Rome felt that day like angel-governed Sicily.

When the service was over, and the sovereigns had retired to their apartments, the unknown King Robert's behaviour was reported to the unsuspected King-Angel, who had seen it, but said nothing. The sacred interloper announced his intention of giving the fool a trial in some better office, and he sent for him accordingly, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's-cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange great charitable unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. He had the ape by the hand, who had long courted his good-will, and who, having now obtained it, clung to his human friend in a way that, to a Roman, might have seemed ridiculous, but to the angel, was affecting.

"Art thou still a king, said the angel?" putting the old question, but without the word "fool."

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

"What wouldst thou, Robert?" returned the angel, in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, "Even what thou wouldst, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name,—hardly to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt an inexpressible calm suddenly diffuse itself over his whole being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," interrupted the angel, in a grave, but sweet, voice; and kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, "Let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the angel prayed, and after a few moments, the king looked up, and the angel was gone; and then the king knew that it was an angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and after a blessed reign, he died, disclosing this history to his weeping nobles, and requesting that it might be recorded in the Sicilian Annals.

THE REBELS: A TALE OF EMMETT'S DAYS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART I.—THE COUSINS.

Upon a bright and sunny morning in the early part of the summer of 1803, an immense funeral procession might be traced winding from the Rathfarnham road, through some of the principal streets of Dublin, over Essex-bridge, and so on towards Clontarf. The velvet trappings of the horses, the heavy plumes that decorated their heads and canopied the hearse, together with the number of mourning and other carriages that followed, bespoke the deceased lady to have been one of the higher rank of life, while the multitude of pedestrians that lengthened the procession ostensibly evinced the respect in which she had been held.

Rudely attired horsemen, bestriding steeds as rough and wild looking as if newly taken from the Kerry mountains, followed the coaches; and then came an indiscriminate throng of men and women clad in the blue-caped coat, or hooded cloak of the country—the latter drawn over the head, and held down, giving, when seen in the mass, a most sombre effect; but when occasionally thrown side-ways off the clear ruddy cheek of some young *coleen*, bestowing no little piquancy to the roguish glance of a dark Milesian eye, that might here and there be seen coquettishly peeping from under them.

There was no "keening," as the funeral cry is technically called in Ireland; but now and then the women would break off from gossip and laughter to clap their hands, and move their heads from side to side with the peculiar action of grief. The occupants of the coach, who in right of consanguinity followed at the head of the corpse, were four young men—the two sons of the deceased, and two nephews, the children of her sister; but although thus nearly connected, it was easy to observe that on the present occasion but little kindred feeling existed between them. A gloomy silence that might have passed for the taciturnity of grief, but for the sullenness that darkened the countenances of the two elder cousins, had continued unbroken throughout their melancholy journey. When crossing the bridge, however, that leads over the canal, the narrowness of the road occasioned a temporary delay, and amongst the crowd a shrill voice was heard exclaiming—

"Where am I—at all, at all, good people? Och! I believe I'm on God's earth on a hill. Will nobody take me out of this—the eyes are dim wid me?"

"'Tis on the bridge you are, Ansty! Give us a grip of your hand before the berryin' 'll be done on ye!" answered a woman, who made one amidst the crowd.

"Take me out o' this, for the love of God!" she continued, in the same nasal whine with which she was in the habit of soliciting the charity of the passers-by—"take me out o' this, for the love of God, Nelly Orrigan! I'm kilt entirely wid the *hate*, and the druth!"

"Is it to lose the burrin'?" inquired her friend, in a tone of similar import to the modern—"Don't you wish you may get it?"

"Ye, a finer funeral than ever this was 'ill pass this way next week," replied the old woman.

"Who's that, then?" inquired Nelly, with no little curiosity.

"Take me out of this, a cushla!" continued the beggar, pertinaciously. And the other, fearful of losing both the funeral and the intelligence she wanted, succeeded in drawing her out of the crowd to the shelter of a dilapidated shed near them.

"Ye, whose 'ill the funeral be, Ansty?" she inquired, as she seated the old mendicant against the wall.

"The life's not out ov him yet, asthore!" replied the other. "But for one that's at this burrin', there 'ill be three to his."

"The Lord be good to us, Ansty! but 'tis you're the queer woman; for all the sun is fine an' warm, I declare you'd freeze the life in us wid the dthroll talk you have!" rejoined her companion. "But isn't it the fine funeral, God bless it!" she continued, her fears of Ansty subsiding in the feeling of admiration the scene before her awakened.

"'Tis so, a nenow!" assented the old woman. "Many's the day since I seen such a sight laving Dublin; but not a dthrop of rain," she muttered, alluding to a popular superstition—"not a dthrop of rain fell this blessed morning!—the heavens do be always shut against the Sassenach!"

"'Tis herself had the good heart then," exclaimed the other, warmly; "and 'tis she was the *rale* lady, and the charitable, God rest her soul! signs by many's the eye that's wet this way for her, and many's the lone heart that's grieving afther her this morning. I'll engage it isn't her bad deeds brought all these to the fore," and she glanced round triumphantly on the dense multitude that thronged the road from the city.

"Is any of her own people here?" inquired the mendicant, carelessly.

"Her two sons, and some more of her people."

"When did the eldest come home from the North?" asked the old woman.

"Faith, that's more nor I can tell ye," rejoined the other; "but I seen 'em coming out of the house this morning, an' I hear 'em saying they war the two sons—an' fine handsome boys they are, entirely."

"Where are they, I wondther?" said the crone, peering her dim, blood-shot eyes around, that blinked in the sunshine like those of a cat.

"These should be them," said her informant, as the hearse slowly passed them, and the first mourning coach came on—"these should be them, next the head of the coffin. 'Tis, sure enough; I know the look of the dark-faced young man. Ye, don't they look lost entirely?"

"Help me, till I'll get a sight of 'em!" exclaimed the old woman, hastily lifting herself on her crutch. "Are them two blood relations," she inquired, pointing her long fleshless hand at the two young men, who sat confronting each other.

"By coorse they are—sister's chilther."

"They'll be more so than iver, by this to-morrow," replied the weird-looking old woman.

"How 'ill that be," asked the other.

"Nabochalish;* 'tis the truth I'm telling you," replied the hag.

* Never mind.

"That one op-pos-it ye, is the makings of a fine man," said Nelly, gazing admiringly on the younger of the two sons; "he is the dead image of his mother."

"Faith, if he isn't, he soon will be," replied old Ansty, with a hollow laugh at the dark wit of her suggestion, which appeared not to be understood by her companion, who continued—

"I declare to ye, there isn't an inch between himself an' the young masther; an' for all that, he's but a gossoon. I never seen any one grow up so quick; 'tis only the other day since I used to see him with the other young boys fishing of a summer's evening in the Dodder; an' to-day, till I hear the people say they war the brothers, I didn't know him for the same."

"I'll tell ye a greater miricle," said Ansty, her yellow, withered face, distorted to more than its natural repulsiveness, by her fearful laugh; "he will grow more between this an' to-morrow night, than he did in any twelve months of his life."

"Ye, you're a queer woman; what meaning have ye, at all—at all?" said Nelly, with a very perceptible shiver.

"Just what I'm saying," said old Ansty; "sit down, till we'll hav' a shuffle of the cards, an' I'll tell you the forthune of them four."

"God be good to us!" exclaimed Nelly, in real horror; "is it in the face of the corpse, and before all the people, you'd entice me!"

"Devil a much the corpse 'ill mind us," returned the old woman; "and for them that's following her, not one of 'em but 'ud run a mile to hear what I'll tell you now."

"I'm obliged to you all the same," rejoined Nelly Orrigan; "but I intind to follow the funeral." And she endeavoured to disentangle herself from the grasp the ancient sybil retained of her cloak.

"Time enough," returned the latter; "don't you see something has crossed the hearse, more luck to it, an' they're obliged to wait this way. Sit down awhile, it 'ill be asy for you to pick up wid 'em again."

Afraid of offending her companion, Nelly reluctantly yielded to her ill luck, and once more sat down beside her.

"As I was going to tell you," continued Ansty, coming closer than ever to her victim; "the youngest of them two forenent me, will come this journey again this day week; but if it is, he'll be the length of himself before himself, all the way."

"Blessed hour! is it a corpse he'll be?" asked Nelly, breathlessly.

"As sure as I hav' a head on me," said the other, bringing her cadaverous visage into startling proximity to Nelly's.

"The cross of Christ between us an' all harm!" exclaimed Nelly, devoutly crossing herself. "But 'tis you are the wondtherful woman, Ansty Connelly! Is it his fetch you've seen?"

"That's neither here nor there," answered Ansty, mysteriously; "believe me or believe me not, till you see it come to pass. But here's another thing I hav' to tell you, the corpse hav' but a small share in bringing all these together. I see men from all counties, neither friends nor followers—what is it brought them to the burrin', do ye think?"

"'Tis yourself knows best, Ansty," replied her now thoroughly frightened companion, "I thought they were tinents, or people like myself that had a respect for her."

"Look at that man upon the rough pony that hav' his hat pulled

down over his face, and the great coat upon him; see, he keeps up to the side of the carriage that the young masther is in. Do ye know who that is?"

"Not the laste in the world!"

"Whisper!" continued the mendicant, approaching her head to the other's, "that is Mr. Robert Emmett! Now, do ye guess what's bringing them together?"

"Och! he's sold—he's lost!" exclaimed Nelly, leaping from the ground; "one of them in the car b'longs to the Castle sogers—Mr. Douglass Hewitt."

"Hould ye'r whist, ye omadhaun!" interrupted Ansty, dragging her again to her side, "unless you'd give him up to them yourself, will ye be quiet. His friends don't know him there, so 'tis hard if the Castle people would find him out!"

"Och! a yea! but these are the bad times," said Nelly, lamentingly, "when two in a house wont be of the same heart and mind; and the one blood itself 'ill belong to different factions."

"Wait awhile; why wait awhile?" said Ansty, raising herself on her crutch; "before that corpse is well under the ground, you'll know the truth of what you're saying." And with this assurance the old woman took leave of her gossip, and turning down a narrow lane at the back of the shed, disappeared.

"Faith, an' it's you're the dthroll woman, Ansty Connelly!" muttered Nelly, also rising. "Devil welcome you here, any way. I declare the heart in me is as low as a carroge's kidney,* listening to the queer talk you had."

So saying, Nelly shook the dust from her cloak, and again took her place among the crowd, pondering over all that the beggar-woman had predicted, and determining to see the end of the affair.

For the first four months of the infatuated Emmett's attempts to organize a rebellion in Ireland, government continued perfectly ignorant of the danger with which it was menaced; but after that period, rumours of his proceedings reached the authorities, although no means were taken to frustrate them, either from an idea that it was in itself too unimportant to be much regarded; or, in the cruel policy of the times, to allow time for its full development, in order to entrap a greater number of victims, and thus insure more signal vengeance than a trifling execution of two or three individuals.

Deeply imbued with the visionary and romantic projects which the unfortunate Emmett so wildly followed out, young, ardent, and impetuous, the names that still scatter a sad radiance over the otherwise dark page that is charactered with the rebellion of '98 had for many an enthusiastic son of "Old Trinity" a meretricious glare, that, *ignis-fatuus*-like, glowed only to destroy. And for none more fatally than for young Perring! Schoolfellows, and afterwards brother-col-

* A black creeping insect, something like the beetle, very much detested by the lower order of Irish, who have a legend, that on the Sunday on which our Saviour plucked the ears of corn, some Jews pursued him, and coming up to one of his followers, demanded which way he had gone. The disciple affected ignorance, when one of these insects, instigated no doubt by the devil, exclaimed, "Through the fields!—through the fields!" And to this day it is not unfrequent to observe the lower order of catholics killing them, all the while exclaiming, "Seven deadly sins off my soul!—seven deadly sins off my soul!" which they absolutely believe are remitted on the destruction of one of those Judas's insects.

legians, their imaginations had taken the same view of the political state of their country, and had arrived at the same false conclusion as to the means of amending it. But there was "method" in Perring's "madness;" and upon leaving Alma Mater, having a large and independent fortune at his command, he determined to travel; and taking advantage of the peace between England and France in 1801, he continued on the Continent till the death of his mother, and the development of his friend's projects required his return.

Doubtless in the society of many of the self-exiled or outlawed members of the cause in '98, and in a country where the crusade against monarchy was still at its height, the revolutionary principles of the young man had received no discouragement. On the contrary, it is natural to believe that his intentions in visiting France had been to methodize a scheme for the redemption of his country from the English yoke, which the impatience and rashness of the enthusiastic Emmett so completely overthrew.

Although some portion of Ansty Connelly's remarks had been overheard by the party in the coach, no comment had been made upon them, and the silence remained uninterrupted, except by the heavy, half strangled sobs of the younger son, as they approached the closing scene of his earthly portion in a mother. Douglas Hewitt, the elder of the cousins, who held a commission in a regiment at that time on duty at the castle, and who, but for his aunt's death, was about to exchange the relation of nephew for that of son-in-law, also seemed much affected, either from sympathy to the evident affliction of his relative, or from personal affection to the deceased. But her first born, Hugh, though his brow looked more than usually pale, and the dark and glossy hair that in his boyhood she so loved to part upon it, had lost its crispness, and hung down in lank masses, maintained an unmoved countenance, as if he had no concern in the sad ceremony in which he took part.

At length, the cavalcade stopped: the last duties were completed. Hugh Perring stood at the head of his mother's coffin, and saw it deposited in the vault of his ancestors with the same apparent apathy that he had exhibited on their journey; but instead of returning home, to entertain the friends and followers of his family, who had come from distant counties to pay this last mark of respect to his parent, he ceremoniously informed his cousin Douglas that, in order to spare his sister's feelings, arrangements had been made to entertain them at an inn, and coldly requested his presence. Douglas, however, pleaded duty; and throwing off the trappings of a mourner, mounted his horse which his groom had brought for him, and before returning to the castle, mingled tears with his orphan cousin at Rathfarnham. His brother, however, remained, but his presence occasioned no drawback to the plans of the elder Perring.

The wine circulated freely; and while the "quality" feasted up stairs, care was taken for the comforts of the humbler parties below; whisky-punch, and the oath of the "United Irishmen" were equally administered, and both as readily accepted, for, in a word, though ostensibly met out of respect for the dead, the funeral had been made subservient to things of even more melancholy import than the laying of a lifeless corpse in the earth.

Members were elected, plans concocted, rebellious toasts pledged

in overflowing glasses, and speeches uttered, full of the talent, the energy, the eloquence, that afterwards drew tears from the stern judge who eulogized the victim while he condemned him.*

In those days, a gentleman was considered to have done the honours of his table but indifferently, if he suffered his guests to depart with clear heads, and legs sufficiently steady to carry them; and the raising of the host was as frequent and naturally anticipated an event at a dinner-party as at the celebration of high mass. On this occasion, therefore, though abstemious as an anchorite himself, Hugh Perring passed the wine freely as became the son of his father and the prejudices of his countrymen; and only two or three of the party, who felt too much interested in the affairs they were met to canvass to more than quicken imagination with the rosy spirit, continued to keep cool heads and unfilled glasses. It was an axiom with most of the persons present, that claret was the best panacea for sorrow, and each man felt himself bound to pledge the younger Perring, whose sadness, instead of yielding to the increasing conviviality of those around him, became every moment more depressing. Again and again he drained the glass; and at length, the liquid spell working upon him, his grief gave place to the wild hilarity of intoxication.

By this time, the melancholy occasion which had brought them together appeared to be wholly forgotten; wit, piquant and racy as the wine they quaffed, flashed round the circle till the sublimation of intellect subsided, and ribaldry, like the dregs of the same cup, succeeded; the song was trolled, and stale Joe Millerisms digested, as the brains of the greater number of the party grew too confused to offer an original conceit.

Amidst all this Babel of ill-timed revelry, none was now more boisterously gay than Sydenham Perring—he laughed, sang, shouted, and then, as the unnatural madness reached its climax, burst into a wild passion of tears, calling aloud on his dead mother. Hugh endeavoured to pacify him, but the other, springing at his throat, fiercely asked—

"Was it well to profane my mother's funeral, by making it an opportunity for plotting rebellion? Or is riot the best proof we could give of our grief for her?"

One or two not so oblivious of passing events as to be deaf to the meaning of the young man's expressions, rose, exclaiming—

"Hugh Perring, you have misled us! Your brother is a traitor!"

"Pshaw!—he is drunk!" exclaimed Hugh, vainly endeavouring to break from the other's grasp.

"That's no argument," hiccupped one of the party, rising, "in *vino veritas*, you know. Your brother's a Reynolds! He's not to be depended on. We must bind him by an oath."

"Peace, fool!" said Hugh, fiercely, pushing back the inebriated young lawyer with a force that sent him some distance across the apartment, and would have made an excellent case of assault in the Four-Courts.

But he could not thus easily shake off his infuriated brother, who clung to him with the grasp of a maniac. At length, the cousin, Gerald Hewitt, rushed between them; and Sydenham Perring, transferring

* Emmett's trial.

his rage to him, a furious struggle ensued: blows were given and returned; and while Sydenham, drawing his sword, made a desperate thrust at his antagonist, the other sprang aside, and dashed him against a heavy piece of furniture. His head struck violently against the sharp corner of the sideboard, and he never rose again.

The heavy fall—the one deep groan—and the sudden, awful silence that succeeded, sobered at once every reveller in the room; and the frantic despair of his unwitting murderer was only less terrible than the stern, tearless, unreproaching silence of the elder brother. By and by, when a surgeon, who had been called in, pronounced that life was irrecoverably fled, Hugh Perring confronted his unfortunate kinsman, and sternly bade him begone.

"Death," he said, "may be contented with two of my family within so short a period of each other; but beware, sir, how you cross my path again, or I may yet make you answerable for my brother's blood."

"Do not delay your vengeance, Hugh," exclaimed young Gerald, hoarsely. "My life is of little value to me now."

"Enough of our blood has been spilt for the present," returned Hugh, bitterly; "though, I doubt not, it would be all the better for your brother's designs if I could be put aside as well as Sydenham."

"Gentlemen!" said Gerald, appealing to the others, "bear witness for me, that it was in my cousin Hugh's defence I came between him, and——"

"Go, sir!" interrupted Perring, furiously. "Go, before I forget you are my guest, and rid myself of you as I would of a venemous reptile."

Goaded by this insult, Gerald's hand clenched instinctively, as if he had grasped a weapon; but his eye fell on the upturned, rigid features of his dead cousin, and his anger sunk before their voiceless reproach.

THE GIPSIES' TRAGEDY.

A TALE OF WELSH HAMLET HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES.

PART II.—RETRIBUTION.

THE loneliest outcast of an outcast tribe, Lydia Coombe was again, after a dismal interval of hysterical frenzy, to be seen haunting the vale of Cothey *alone*, and after a further interval, though heart-broken in look and gesture, *not* alone! To loathe life, and earth, and sky—to languish for the blessing of death, even eternal death, if bringing forgetfulness—such was her first impulse; the next, the fiercer yearning still, was for one human being, but one, to tell how she loathed life, and earth, and heaven, and herself! And one *did* live—one of her own tribe, to whom she might unload that heavy heart—she could turn with a claim for sympathy—he for whom she had become that self-hating penitent! A worldly sister, not feeling half the sister-love which tormented this poor outcast, would have shrunk with horror from the man whose crime had proved that brother's ruin and death. But our unworldly sufferer writhed beneath such an agony

of remorse as allowed no alternative but comfort or death. For the last, the timidity of her sex and nature still drew her back from the tempting pool, withheld her hand when half nerved for retribution on herself; and for the former, where could she seek it? Where but on the bosom of one more guilty than herself! Perhaps the most truly pitiable of the world's rejected and condemned would be found among those from whom that world is most unanimous in withholding its pity, could the occult springs of human action be laid bare to man as they lie naked to God and angels, if angels partake of omniscience. Poetry might exhaust its illustrations on such a topic.

Should an eager hand be espied in the midst of some deep, glassy pool, beautiful with aquatic summer-flowers, snatching eagerly at a water-lily, waving with the little waves, a child, or any unreflecting person on the brink would imagine that hand's trembling to be from eagerness; its action, the playful impulse of one so happy as to disport himself with a water-flower. But a thinking creature would know that action to be the forlorn hope—the instinctive desperation of a man drowning; clutching that feeble plant because his bursting bosom is full of that dreadful water which smiles so bluely ethereal to the gazer, because he is himself in the clutch of death. Unhappy child of fatal circumstance and powerful passion—gipsy heroine of that sad tale which has given to rustic fame one, at least, of our unknown vales—might not such an image apply to thee, and thy unnatural-seeming extension of those young arms to the villain Zephaniah? More allied to despair than passion, at least, doubtless, was the spirit in which that forlornest of the world's wanderers did at last consent to become the wife of him whose preservation was to her brother death! True it was, that some fortitude—nay, some virtue, was requisite in the act of self-devotion he *ought* to have performed, and made her believe that he designed to perform. To die for another, even where demanded by justice, is a stupendous human effort. His youth and his beauty pleaded for him. His reluctance to exchange a happy bridal-tent with her for the horrid gibbet-cage with the birds of prey was at least a natural reluctance. The whisperings of vanity in young beauty, which could not but approve that reluctance, were they not also natural?

The tribe to which Zephaniah belonged, after a time, pitched their tents in the vale of Cothey. Force of habit, and now the melancholy wildness of her mind, that could less than ever tolerate the restrictions of ordinary civil life, induced Lydia to reject all offers of the house-wives round of night-shelter and more social life. She preferred a lonely tent, apart from the encampment, where she might sit at the mouth, in midnight, talk to spirits that she fancied murmuring the name of Gilbert, by the river-pools, and in the rock-caverns. The scene of the crime for which he suffered was not distant—only severed by a mountain, through a *bwlch* or gorge of which, known but to the native dwellers, a chasm-like way led to the spot — and to her brother's gibbet, there erected! During her long, resolute rejection of Zephaniah's overtures of renewed love, the wretched girl had sometimes crept alone through all this blind and brambled pass by moonlight, even to where it opened on the little rushy moorish plain surrounded by mountains, whose russet monotony of treeless morass was only broken by one upright object—the gibbet and its pendent cage.

Far different from that dun, melancholy scene, was the valley where she passed the night, not long previous to her ill-omened marriage—the richly-wooded Cothey, with its greensward river border, where her tent gleamed white in the moon reflected in the still water, its whole course walled in from the world, as it seemed, by its mossy, wooded, and stupendous wall of crags. A waterfall, with its sheeted silver, high above, smoothly rolling over its ledge, and its ceaseless thunder below, added solemnity to the deep loneliness of the nook in which the little separated tent, with its fire-embers not quite extinct, appeared. Doubtless, her thoughts that night were with the dead, far more than with the living. The guilty lover had respected her grief, awed by her determined devotion of a long period to mourning, and hence won on her regard. Then the extraordinary resemblance he bore to her brother, which had proved so fatal, served to rivet her wayward fancy round that unworthy object. But it was not of him she thought that night, when, about the meeting of night and morning, she quitted the tent, and wandered to the waterfall, whose spray flew in feathery showers between her and the low, sunken moon, while the owl hooted, and the ceaseless roar itself seemed to form rather a grand accompaniment to silence than any interruption to its solemn effect on the mind's listening ear. But the density of mist now reddened, while it dilated the face of the moon, seen hanging exactly in the centre of a vast cleft in the mountain, from top to base, which, being duskily visible in a placid reach of the river, gave the headlong picture of a mighty arch, or portal, with a colossal lamp suspended in the midst. The blood-coloured disk, the heavy haze, restored to her thought the terrible morning of that juridical murder, making memory horror, and the peace of nature all round her more terrible than the wildest war of elements to a conscience at rest.

Suddenly, she heard her own name uttered by some one invisible through the fog. The voice called her again; aud stepping forward, she caught a glimpse of the face and form of the speaker, who, however, instantly retreated so far back as to be again hidden; but she saw what seemed Gilbert — her dear brother's own features, but changed, as if by age, by care and captivity, it might be thought, supposing, for a moment, that, having escaped death, or reappearing as a ghost, he wore the very aspect he did after his sufferings.

It is a very common superstitious fancy in Wales, that persons are sometimes called, or beckoned away from the door of their home, by a spiritual stranger, who leads them through dark, and in silence, to reveal the spot of some murder, or robbery, of a concealed treasure, or corpse, or sometimes to throw a key into a pool, or bog (for what purpose I never could learn), which key is pointed out in its hiding-place.

The fancy-fraught girl followed, not doubting a moment the character of her visitant, he just waving his long arm, to invite her onwards, and still availing himself of the dense white mist, to veil himself as in a shroud, and cried, as she followed—

"I have been looking for you, Gilbert—*dear* Gilbert!—long looking. Oh! you have been slow to haunt me. Lead me where you will—to death! I hope, if I may come where you are——But stop to hear me!—hear me swear——"

"Come, come!" he only muttered, hollowly, still proceeding.

"Anywhere!" she shrieked, between hysterical grief and awe rather than dread. "Pardon, or kill me, brother!"

She was hurrying on, to seize his hand, or his knees, to supplicate, to embrace the dear familiar form, only half shewn to her for a moment, but still he preserved the same concealing distance; and thus they reached the fatal spot and darkling gibbet.

She had hardly time to utter a cry of horror, as it rose unexpectedly through the fog upon her eyes, when astonishment banished horror at seeing the body in chains gone, and one of some later sufferer, suspended by a rope, thrown over the cross bar at the top, occupying its place.

"Go, kiss the bridegroom—kiss your dear Zephaniah—go, go, go!" a horrid voice thundered, and she was pushed quite up to the dead face, grim exposed, of the strangled wretch, whose feet almost touched the ground, and springing from the strong grasp by a jerk, she saw, in her assailant, the same resemblance of face to her dead brother, but now visibly marked by added years, and disguised by a malignity, she believed, that *he* could not have looked alive or dead.

It was the vindictive father—the returned transport—returned to learn the tragical fate of the boy he had left, and indeed loved, and hear rumours of dark nature against the sister, and still stronger charges against the gipsy who had won her heart! With the aid of two returned convicts, his companions, he removed the corpse of his ill-fated son, and furiously seized the fierce comfort adapted to his nature—that of a wild revenge against his daughter, seen only as an infant, while the son had attained an age to attach the better part of his feelings to him. Besides, he now learned how well he had followed his own parting counsel; and to be thus rewarded! Lydia, on the other hand, was unattached by any intercourse to this dreadful, separated, alien father. She knew him only, by sad report, as the murderer of her mother; and he now stood before her bodily, gaunt, gigantic, threatening, declaring, and glorying in his murder of her betrothed husband.

The death of one who was soon to have commenced life with her brought not one pang of *disappointment*, for she had not known what *hope* was, from the hour of her brother's death. Her consent, hardly obtained, to a union, at which she shuddered, was a self-sacrifice to pity, believing that he truly loved her, to good faith, by gratitude—anything but a yielding to passion. Those gentle feelings natural to a young bride could not exist under the freezing perpetual presence of a self-loathing despair. Her murdered brother was for ever in her eyes, and would not let her see one beauty or attraction more in the youth she *had* loved so tenderly. Gilbert, who had nursed, and fed, and bred her, had carried her, an infant, in his arms, a child, upon his back, that he might watch her, and enjoy her prattle, while at work, that kind Gilbert dead, and Zephaniah alive, was a ceaseless source of secret, horrible recoiling from his endearments, notwithstanding her half reckless, half pitying consent.

But the sight of that loathed, though accepted lover, lifeless—gone to the same dark world whither he had allowed another to be hurried, to save himself—restored the wretch at once to that place he had at first held in her depth of heart, and every past moment of the early innocent intoxication of a first passion in the gentle savage of the

mountains (as she might almost be designated), when she saw him beautiful, and thought him innocent—those unforgetable moments all came rushing now, and the gulf of sin, and blood, and conflict of passions between, vanished at once! She saw only him whom she used to watch for by the hour, at twilight, till his figure appeared on the high ridge of mountain, stealing down to her—watch intensely on his difficult descent, even till he reached her and sprung into her arms, which had never enfolded man, but her father-brother with the pure fondness of a daughter—she saw only the *innocent* lover, cut off in his bloom, and by the hand of her father, already red with the blood of her mother!

"Wretch of wretches!" the gigantic, but bowed and care-worn wanderer began, "where is my son?—where is my boy, Gilbert? Gilbert, that I recrossed the ocean on purpose to see again; not *thee*, thou warmed snake, that hast stung his bosom for cherishing thee! Here I am, alone in this my old country, lonelier than I was when working in chains in a strange one! What art thou? As strange and hateful to my sight as thy cruelty to that boy is in the sight of God, whose blood be on thy head and on thy soul? *My child?* I disown thee, as Heaven disowns. What art *thou* to me? I want *him* to welcome me—to remember me—to talk of old times with me—to work with me—*for* me, in my old age and misery, and I find him dead—dead, and without a coffin, and *you* alive! I know all. 'Twas I who hanged that murderer, and now will I do frightful justice on thee, the murderess! Kneel, and pray; for such mercy as my boy Gilbert found at the hands of both of ye, shalt thou find at mine, by the living God!"

"To my God I dare not *now*, while a fury of mad passions is tearing me thus," she said, after long silence, and tearing open the dress that pent her bosom's violent heaving; "and to *you* I will not, unless to pray you to be quick and make a love-knot—ay, a *true* love-knot eternal, of that same cord with which you have added a *third* murder to your account in heaven!"

"Thou liest!"

"I do not! Answer him, my mother's spirit, from heaven or from hell!—you that he sent into God's presence with all your sins upon you! first, my little brother; next, my mother; now, Zephaniah—are not those three?"

"Liar!" he roared; "the first is a foul falsehood altogether; and for your mother's death, it was accident. Was it likely I meant to kill her, with nothing but this naked fist? It was that lie about the child that provoked the blow, and my very love, that could not bear to see her for ever pining after the husband she forsook, as I suspected whose child that boy was, more probably than mine. As for this hell-hound that my own boy — my *certain* own — died for, dare you blame me for having been his hangman? Why, this act—this night's one righteous act — would redeem my soul from damnation, if my sins were scarlet ten times dyed! And if I hadn't something of the foolish father still about my man's heart, old and stony as it is, that pleads for my own flesh and blood, tigress as you are, by this you should have been in hell, sent by me, for this rebellion and this belying of me!"

"Rebel, call you me?—ha! ha! ha! I owe you nothing but my wretched birth," she answered, defying him with gestures as well as

words. "In wickedness I was begotten—then you made me motherless—then left me in the wildness of woods, me and my dear brother, to prowl like lambs shut out of a sheepfold, round the homes of strangers. When did you ever repeat the Holy name but to blaspheme? No bells ever reached this wild place, to tell me it was the Sabbath of the Lord my God. I learned not that form of words of *you*. My nature was all the guide I knew, and it would have been my saviour, too, but for love—love that rushed upon me, and became my second nature, that I must obey or die! Heaven hear my perjury, and send Gilbert's ghost to torment me here and hereafter, if I did not intend ——but why this to you? *You* call me to account?"

The infuriated giant ground his teeth, and grinned at her horribly in scorn, muttering "*intend!* — *intentions!*" pausing, baffled in his thirst of vengeance against one who thus defied, in the high-wrought ecstasy of despair, personal violence, and in her life-weariness, rather courted than deprecated death.

Words bitterer to her than death soon suggested themselves to his fury.

"Poor fellow!" he said in irony, twirling the pendent corpse with a spurn of his foot. "Ah, he loved thee, girl; he cried out to you by name all the while he was dying."

"Truly?" she asked, in tremulous voice; "*all the while!* Oh, God —God!"

"Truly! Ay, he was long a dying—longer than my poor boy. I made him *taste* death! I taught him what it is to be 'hanged by the neck till we be dead—dead—dead!' Thrice I relaxed the noose when he seemed gone; and thrice the first word he gasped as he revived was, 'Oh Lydia!' Ay, and every time I heard in the foggy sky, red as blood with the moonrise, Gilbert, a glorious angel, clapping his wings for joy, and shouting, 'Thanks, dear father!' I have been mad while abroad, chained down to my straw—look at the marks of the chain-sores in my arms!—and then I used to hear Gilbert—see Gilbert—couldn't sleep for thought of Gilbert, and thinking what was become of him; but *that* was madness—this was no madness."

"And *did* he name me so—only *me?* Oh, you murderer—hangman—butcher—monster!" She could speak no more, but sunk down, fainting on the ground.

"She didn't faint when *he* died!" he growled, as he looked down on her, and hollowly cursed her as she lay.

Who, in the war of the elements, in the pause of the sea-whirlwind, which, convulsing ocean, has just driven the mountain waves in one direction, shall foresee from which point the returning blast shall blow? Possibly, from the directly opposite, leaving dry the land, fathoms deep in boiling surge so lately. Even so uncertain the turns of a passion so terrible as hers, compounded of many lesser ones, (as whole sea of waves,) as that which prostrated on the earth the victim of its wildness, and her own untutored mind and desolated heart. Starting up in her deadly paleness, like a corpse roused to a hideous mockery of life by galvanic excitement, (as she by her passionate misery,) she, for the first time, seemed to feel the touch of nature towards her executioner, for she regarded him, and implored him to "do his office," and "because you love—you *seem* to love that dear brother I did love, *do* love, and would have saved with my own life—ay, life and soul, I do forgive you, *father!* and pray that God may forgive you; the first time

that ever 'father' passed my lips—woe, woe, that it should be the last! —that I must die and leave you, and never know a daughter's joy to find a father—that we must part, and *so!*—cursing and cursed as soon as met! Yet I must love anything that loves poor Gilbert; therefore, Heaven forgive me for cursing you!—forgive you—forgive this my dead love's want of courage to face justice, and die for another!—forgive a most miserable girl; so now, kiss me, and kill me, father!" Tearing bare her beautiful neck, she let her head sink on one side, and looked imploringly towards the rope that suspended her lover, feeling a desperate satisfaction in looking for the same death, and by the same instrument.

Then as the surprised Samson stood dumb, some strugglings of the father within contending with the whirlwind of a parent's fury, his breast torn with contending feelings so new to him—as some thought of her early infant beauty in which he last looked on her, flashed vague remorse on his nature—Lydia took the dead man by the hand to bid him farewell, and feeling it already stiffened, and shuddering at the dead drop of that arm, love rebelled against the *daughter's* love again, and she could not resist the impulse to say, "Oh, cruel father, that turned my loving, lovely boy to *this*—this blue-faced, hideous corpse! Nor could all your strength, giant as you are, you ruin of a man, have overcome this stripling; for oh, he was bold as he was beautiful, and good to *me*—had it not been that some wicked witch or fairy shrivelled up at his birth this arm, and deformed this dear dear hand!" And then she again passionately kissed the cold hand, which was remarkable as wanting the thumb.

"How say you, girl? Shrivelled arm? Does his hand want the thumb? Speak, daughter, does it?" And he snatched it, and satisfied himself of that fact ere she could answer, and began to tremble all over. "So strong a likeness to Gilbert, and Gilbert *my* very picture!" he said, hurriedly and inly. "Ha!—God! I remember the name. *Zephaniah was* the gipsy's name—that begging one, whom I gave your little brother to, to be shewn for charity, on account of his wasted arm and four fingers, to show to farm housewives. His tribe came often about these mountains. Girl—girl! by the God in darkness above our heads, *that* is your brother!—that is *my* son that I have hanged on that gibbet tree! Sure as some fiend, or Satan, dogs my steps, and doubles the sin of whatever I do amiss, that was my *son!*—*mine*, proved by that strange strong likeness that was the death of his brother!"

"My brother? Zephaniah *my* brother?" she said, in a stupor of bewildered grief.

"Ay, girl—ay, sure as I have saved you and him from horrid incest, at the price of my own soul, yet he was the murderer of his brother—his unknown brother; but 'twas I divided 'em! Heaven and hell, what crimes we do in the dark, and how we plunge about in black sin and blood, and wound ourselves instead of others, when we dare to set up to be law to ourselves, and break loose from the bonds of society, and cry, 'Vengeance is mine!' rather than wait the time of Him who said, '*I* will repay!'"

A labyrinth of horrors had indeed involved this wretched family, all originating in the self-outlawry and rebellion against society of a man of no mean mind, cursed with overmastering passions.

Little remains to be added to this story of a gipsy's life. By this

sudden, undreamed-of turn, the last catastrophe became a merciful dispensation, and was so felt by the wretched girl. The "wild justice" inflicted by her parent had rescued her from a loathsome repentance and self-disgust, even more terrible than what she endured for that procrastinating weakness which had proved fatal to her innocent brother. A few days more delayed, that blind revenge of a father would have come too late, and to the list of the elder gipsy's crimes would have been added, the incestuous union of his children, wholly arising from his own cutting off, from the pale of society, himself and them.

Conviction for two crimes—return from transportation (his sentence having been for life) and murder, the evidence against him being his own daughter—sealed the fate of Samson, who prevented the final execution by suicide of the most resolute kind, the night prior to the morning appointed.

Partial loss of reason speedily supervening saved Lydia Coombe from a full memory of the past. A charitable Irish lady, happening to hear her sad story, during an excursion in Wales, became her protector—administered to the poor outcast's enfeebled mind the consolations of religion, and after a short stay at Milford Haven, till her insanity assumed the milder form of melancholy, finally gratified her earnest desire of retiring from a world, she had hardly indeed been a member of, by placing her among a sisterhood of religious devotees in Ireland, of a more cheerful and liberal caste than those of catholic continental countries. There, under the eye of their religious mother, and the visits of her generous friend, who never lost sight of her, she is said to have become reconciled to herself, her fate, and, we may hope, to an all-merciful God.

MODERN DANISH DRAMA.

COMEDIES OF HOLBERG: "JEPPE VOM BERGE," ETC.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

THERE is much in the modern literature, and especially the dramatic works, of the Danes, worthy European regard and attention. The names of Holberg, Oehleuschläger, their successors and imitators, are associated with a new era—a brighter period—and a richer development of a genuine national spirit, no longer the servile copyist of French models. Though upwards of a century has elapsed since the first comedy of the highly original and justly popular Holberg was played with such signal success, he is still the great magician—the undisputed master of the stage of his country. The fame of his "Political Kannengiesser" was diffused from the Danish capital through the whole of Germany; its popularity was only second to that of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," or "Midsummer Night's Dream," some two centuries before, in then merry England; and, like those masterpieces, it infused a more bold and national comic spirit into the tamer classical and imitative drama of the age. Molière was no longer lord of the ascendant after Holberg had appeared on the theatre of the North, when the old Scandinavian genius, bursting from his temporary slumbers, made the halls of Valhalla resound with his native strains, and a simpler and hardier race

of bards caught enthusiasm from the very echoes of some more gigantic and godlike age. Like our few great masters, invention and perfect originality in the treatment of his subjects are the proud attributes of Holberg's muse. The first ideas of the mightiest geniuses must be the fruit of observation, and are prompted from without. Ever intent upon gathering materials with which to raise the splendid edifices of their fame, they neglect nothing. Very inferior compositions, an ancient ballad, an obsolete tale or tradition—even a scrap of verse—or mere rumour, will, in such hands, be enough to leaven the whole mass of a magnificent drama. And it was thus that the "Sir Politic Would-Be," of Saint Evremont, is believed to have suggested an outline for the exquisite political portrait exhibited by Holberg, to the infinite entertainment of all ranks of his admiring fellow-citizens. We are not among those who would wish to tear to tatters the reputations of men like Molière and Le Sage, because they borrowed from the great writers of other nations, themselves doubtless indebted not a little to classical or romantic models afforded by *their* predecessors; but, assuredly, Molière's obligations to the Spanish and Italian dramas are hardly inferior to those of the Modern French novelists to their ingenious neighbours. It is not so with Holberg. Gifted with congenial powers, he scorned to copy even Molière, though the latter, probably, as his predecessor, exercised a certain degree of influence upon the new national drama of his country. An older drama, like older people in general, must always give a tone, if not the laws, to a rising state of things; just as Plautus and Terence were the real founders of the modern classical drama both in France and Italy.

The grand art of the old dramatists lay in drawing nature and character as they saw them, and they excelled, especially in drawing from life and observation, in portraying professional characters; and it was here Holberg shewed himself a master inferior to few of his great models, and to none of his contemporaries. His doctors, his lawyers, his parsons, and military men, are both truly and wittily delineated. Though dressed in national costume, and intended for local display, they belong to every age and to every people. Another class which he represents almost as happily as the Roman writers, is the freedmen —answering to our more trustworthy house-stewards, valets, or confidential domestics. These family-agents and chroniclers, so identified with all human interests, are the peculiar forte of Holberg; he sees quite through them—he revels in their half educated presumption—their blunders and unconscious witticisms—their assumed airs and apish eccentricities, with the zest of an actual originator of the amusing scene. Like an experienced hunter, he pricks up his ears the moment he hears the sound of their egotistical trumpet, which they are apt enough to blow; and it is then he luxuriates in wit—rebounds from jest to jest—and from one ludicrous incident to another, combined with the glorious funny fancies of a perfect harlequin.

We shall soon endeavour to give a few specimens, not, we trust, wholly unamusing to the reader, nor to the minors, if not to the majors, among our theatrical establishments, which might do worse than borrow a few leaves from our old friend Holberg, instead of ransacking for ever the eternal Scribe and his brethren. They would find some characters among his official humorists far more novel, varied, and amusing, as well as better adapted to the taste of an English audience,

than any of a corresponding kind among Frenchmen. To their native wit and drollery, he adds a peculiar *bonhommie*, which heightens the effect of his jokes wonderfully. To say nothing of his grandiloquent *Sir Harrys* and *Sir Peters;* his countrymen, and his Zealand and Jutland house-wags, are far more akin to the temperament of John Bull, our Jack-tars, watermen, and even landsmen of all descriptions, than any of the hybrid-cast, without vigour or relief, which, if we except the single author of "Tartuffe," the French have got to shew us. This puny breed of well-cropped French poodles, compared with the genuine house and water dogs of Holberg, may be set down, in the words of Dryden, as neither "flesh nor fowl nor good red-herring."

Holberg is no less great in the ideal; in endowing his personages with a bright illusion stronger than the probable, as well as with "a local habitation and a name." In supplying abundant materials for wit and incident with which "to go a-head," or, to use the old lady's modern lodging-phrase, "doing for them altogether," bed, board, washing, &c., everything complete in one, the fertile Dane will never be found at a loss. Whatever else he does, he has taken care his audience shall never turn the tables upon him, or play the wag or the schoolmaster with his muse. If in one of his pieces we trace a relationship to the *Eunuchus* of Terence, it is a family likeness, of which the Roman would not have been ashamed. Where he borrows, again, from Plautus, all the fire, the fancy—nay, the entire remodelling of the fable, are still Holberg's—the lavish wit and arch humour are all his own. Such are his "Jacob vom Tybo," his "Abracadabra," which vies with the "Mostellaria" of Plautus; while his "Erasmus Montanus" soars emulous of the clouds of Aristophanes, and, always original and natural, is therefore invariably applauded.

Owing to the nearer approximation of customs, manners, and occupations, especially those derived from a sea-faring life, between the English and Danish people, less of the local, the popular, and the humorous, is lost upon the former than upon any other people. Holberg's Zealand boors and sailors bear a strong family likeness to our own—are at once recognised as almost Shakspearian, and belonging to some common ancestors of the far North. Thus we can enjoy a hearty laugh with Holberg at what really puzzles the more inland phlegm of the Germans. They cannot, for instance, half so well appreciate or relish the humour of his "Political Cannon-founder," of his "Jeppe vom Berge," or his "Elfte Junius,"—admirable personifications of a class which, like those of Smollett and of Marryat, may be said to belong to all times; and it is the same with regard to his Danish magistrates, and citizens of different ranks, whose most striking peculiarities are hit off with the hand of a master.

The ground-plot of "Jeppe vom Berge," from which we borrow a few specimens, though as old as the moon, figuring in the "Arabian Nights," in Biederman's "Utopia," and the traditionary fiction of most countries, is handled, in its development, with so much skill and originality, as to produce the illusion of perfect novelty. The whole action is so conducted, as to leave the author little to acknowledge; and though there are some points of humorous coincidence, nothing whatever trenches upon the famous Master Snout, the tinker, or the transformed Bottom, those happy representatives of their order.

Without pretending to compare Holberg with Shakspeare, he has

treated his subject with masterly power, and a strict regard to truth and nature, which, it is only fair to observe, brings him into close resemblance with the bard of Avon. Yet Holberg had not even the honour of Master Christopher Sly's acquaintance when he wrote. Though A. W. Schlegel awards the palm of excellence to Shakspeare—deservedly so, we must admit; yet, in this instance, there are numerous writers who differ from him. The best criterion, perhaps, would be to play our great bard's "Taming of the Shrew" on the Danish boards, and the Dane's production on our own. It would then appear that each was a magician in his own sphere; and that it is something like comparing the flavour of the pine-apple and the peach.

"Jeppe vom Berge" is a comedy in itself; not a long one, indeed, but full of rich, animated scenes and comic incidents, "treading upon each other's heels," as Burns observed, "as fast as they can skelter." How much art was requisite to inspire the clod itself with life? and a comic life so much more difficult than that of the Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccaccio and Dryden. To display at once the most natural character and the happiest moral in the vicissitudes of a comic dream—to dart the rays of fancy through the "dim obscure" of an imagination and intellect upon which the mildest light had scarcely ever shone: and thus, to exhibit a wisdom at once the most natural and the most entertaining is, if not to rival a Shakspeare, to strike out a new path, such as was at least worthy of a kindred spirit.

Jeppe, though no philosopher, has the misfortune to have a Socratic wife, who employs other weapons besides her tongue—a circumstance which he *feelingly* deplores. Can we wonder he sometimes drowned the recollection in that "sweet oblivion" which no exhortations of Father Matthew, charmed he ever so wisely, would have banished; and that this single foible obtained for him an unenviable notoriety, which led to the comi-tragical events which followed. When she had occasion to send poor Jeppe upon an errand, she usually made her memorandum with a stout cudgel instead of a pen, so that he might remember; and on the more important day of entrusting him to go to market, she inflicted as many blows as there were commissions, in order to impress the number upon his mind.

On his way to the city, unluckily, Jeppe had to pass the hostelry of his friend Jacob Schuster—a pass more difficult to him than any of Thermopylæ or Khyber to our ancient and modern heroes. No wonder that Jeppe stuck fast in it; and entered into a humorous argument with his hostship upon the propriety of scoring instead of paying, as being capital invested, which would consequently bear interest. Spite of his ingenuity, however, out came his virago's Kruitzers; and when all gone, and mine host had drunk Jeppe's health, he began to moralize, declaring that he would not for the world permit him to touch another glass had he mountains of gold, much less to begin a new score.

Bestowing upon his prudent friend a hearty malediction, the incensed Jeppe pursues his way, singing, at the top of his voice, his favourite drinking song:—

> "Not drink with me! What, not drink with me!
> When the earth drinks the dews, and the sun drinks the sea;
> And the water itself sips the sun's sparkling beam;
> When all nature drinks deep to *young* Life's happy dream!
> Oh, who would turn recreant to customs like this,
> And sit thirsting in pain; nor dare steep it in bliss?"

But Jeppe's vocal powers, like his pedestrian, soon desert him; and, still railing at the treacherous host, whom he imagines to be present, and mimics, in the most ludicrous manner, he *falls*—fast asleep by the way-side; but not the way to market, as he had supposed. Here he is found, taking his *siesta*, by a hunting-party, headed by Baron N., the lord of the manor. The dead man, as was conjectured—killed by some bear or wild boar—is ascertained to be only dead drunk; and being recognised as one of his lordship's tenants — the notoriously drunken Jeppe with the virago wife—the scandal of the thing is discussed in a happy vein of philosophic irony and wit. Among other remedies, it is proposed to effect a reform by the amusing process of transporting him to the castle, installing him in the state bedroom, and persuading him, upon his awaking, that he is "monarch of all he surveys."

The scheme succeeds to admiration; the soliloquy, the conversations and scenes that follow, are in the pleasantest comic mood; but we must omit them, to come to the still richer ones, in which the doctors are at last sent for, to convince the new lord, once for all, that his recollections of the past are absolute delusions. He has just been arrayed in his baronial robes, when enter two physicians, followed by the chamberlain, and by my lord's valet, Erich. Spite of his new dignity and grand exterior, Jeppe is unable quite to restrain his old humour within the proper bounds; and they find him lustily giving vent to an extempore song, illustrative of his happy change of person and fortune, though horribly puzzled between his present and former self. The bells sounded as sweetly in his ears, when he rang them, as in those of Whittington, to the tune of "lord mayor of great London," inviting him to "turn again;" and, like other great men, Jeppe would have turned many more times rather than have been *turned* out.

"Poor Jeppe's Lord Jeppe!
He's cast his old skin;
He may swear with the boldest,
Drink rich champagne for gin.
Row-de-dow.

"Pretty ladies shall sing him
To sleep in the wood;
And the devil take Nelly,
That vile ne'er do good.
Row-de-dow.

"The sexton's a cursed
Rum knave with his spade;—
I'll mount my best charger,
And ride o'er the old blade.
Row-de-dow.

"With his Death's head and bare bones,
If he don't dig it deep,
For my vixen old beldam,
Deil incarnate to sleep.
Row-de-dow."

This amusing contrast between the grand appearance, the rough voice, and brutal song of the new baron, was almost too much for the risible faculties of the doctors, who sought to hide their mirth under the garb of professional gravity.

Scene III. gives us the two doctors, Lord Jeppe, his chamberlain,

and Erich, his valet; and as it abounds in traits of character, and cases in point, we the more willingly transfer it to our pages entire:

Doc. 1st. We learn, with extreme concern, that your lordship has not rested so well last night.

CHAM. Too true, good sir. My lord is in a very nervous state.

Doc. 2nd. How do you feel, my lord?

JEPPE. As hearty as a buck—only somewhat dry after the brandy I drank at Jacob Schuster's. Give me a jug of beer, and I don't care if all the kit of you were hung up on the same gallows together. I want no doctors—not I.

Doc. 1st. A prognostic of delirium—raving already. (*To his colleague.*)

Doc. 2nd. The more sudden the fit, the sooner over.

JEPPE. Ay, a sharp blast and a short one for me; and, mayhap, for you, too, if I had the trussing of you.

Doc. 2nd. Permit me to feel your lordship's pulse. Quid tibi videtur?
(*To his colleague.*)

Doc. 1st. Methinks he wants a vein opening.

Doc. 2nd. That is not my view of the case. Such singular accesses must be treated in a different manner. I'll be bound to say his lordship has only had an ugly dream, that has discomposed him. He has, perhaps, dreamed he was made a slave of—condemned to serfship and toil for life; or, perhaps, that he was going to be hanged. He wants pleasant conversation and good wine to dissipate these strange humours; and he might get up some private theatricals, and enjoy a few comic scenes with undoubted advantage. (*A band of music here strikes up.*)

CHAM. That is a favourite air of his lordship's.

JEPPE. Very likely! Is there often these jolly-makings in the old castle?

CHAM. Whenever you lordship pleases—all depends upon that. We owe everything to your lordship's goodness.

JEPPE. Devilish odd, then, that I can't remember it. Nobody ever did *me* a good turn that forgot to remind me.

Doc. 1st. It is the nature of this disease to forget what you have formerly done. I will state in confidence, for your consolation, the case of a neighbour of mine, who got so confoundedly drunk, that in two days he imagined he had lost his head. He went about looking for it.

JEPPE. I wish our bailiff Christopher, and his clerk, had got the same disease, if it would keep their hands out of honest people's pockets. But it must be a desperate attack; for he thinks, instead of having no head, that he is the head of us all.
(*They all laugh—ha, ha, ha!*)

Doc. 2nd. I am glad to see your lordship so facetious. But to return to the case. After a vain search the patient recovered his head where he least expected it, in the churchyard; and is, at this time, a very industrious sexton.

JEPPE. That is very probable without having to find his head again, if he had a pickaxe and a spade.
(*All—ha, ha, ha!*)

Doc. 1st. And you may, perhaps, remember the account we once had of a man who, for ten years, believed that instead of brains his head was full of nothing but flies. At last, a physician hit upon a plan of undeceiving him. He applied a large plaster covered with flies, and on removing it from his head, exhibited it to his patient, who, delighted at the expedient, was from that moment a sound man. Another was seized with the strange fancy, that he should inundate the whole city if he obeyed the dictates of nature; and it was only by raising a report that the enemy would infallibly carry it by assault if they were not drowned out, that he resolved at once to save himself and his country by overflowing their trenches. He was cured.

Doc. 2nd. I can give you another instance, my lord; that of a patient of mine in Holland. It was a still more singular delusion than that of your lordship imagining yourself to have been a common boor. He was also a nobleman, who happening to wear a gold chain of immense value, which tempted the cupidity of his host; the latter, during the night, contrived to abstract a number of the gold links. Next morning, just as his lordship was about to mount into his saddle, he threw the chain over his neck, but found it too short; half its length was gone. He declared that he had been robbed, when his host running up to him, started back, calling out with well-feigned terror, "Ah, my good lord, what has happened? Your head is twice the size it was yesterday," and at the same time he held up a mirror, that magnified to double the size. His lordship was greatly shocked, and in a piteous voice cried out, "Alas! I see the reason why the chain appeared so short but too

well; I am a doomed man!" And throwing himself from his horse, he retired to his chamber, and would, doubtless, have died, had he not sent for me.

Doc. 1st. That is not quite so certain; but assuredly, there are examples of this kind without number, which must be a great relief to your lordship. For this reason we will proceed; I had once a patient who conceived that he had a nose ten feet long, and sent his valet before him to warn people to get out of the way.

Doc. 2nd. There is also the case of a young man, who believed that he was absolutely dead. He laid himself out, and would neither eat nor drink. In vain his friends reasoned, and his physicians prescribed; for he proved to them the absurdity of persuading a dead man to eat. At length, a skilful practitioner—I need not mention names—undertook to restore his wits by the following simple process. He told one of his servants how to act the dead man, and then introduced him to his other dead patient, who inquired why he had taken up his residence with him, "Because I am a dead man," was the reply; and they then began to converse more freely. By and by, I sent the new dead man his dinner, which he eat with great zest, from time to time exclaiming, "What are *you* going to have? This is worth dying for; I never eat anything so good in my life. If I am always to feast so, I wish I may be dead a good while." "What!" said his companion, "is it proper for a dead man to eat?" "Eat! to be sure," was the reply; "if I did not eat, how could I be dead, I wonder?" This excited the curiosity of the patient; he listened—he ate—he got up, and walked out. In short, he followed his companion's example, and got quite well.

Doc. 1st. But why multiply examples; we have said enough for the benefit of his lordship, whose case seems exactly of the same kind. But he must strive to banish the delusion of his having been a labouring man.

JEPPE. Is it possible, then, that it was all a mere dream?

Doc. 2nd. To be sure; the cases I have adduced must convince the most sceptical mind.

Doc. 1st. Especially after what I have said.

JEPPE. Then is not my name Jeppe vom Berge?

Doc. 2nd. Oh, certainly not!

JEPPE. Is not that virago, Nelly, my wife?

Doc. 1st. How can she be, when your lordship is a widower?

JEPPE. What! is it not true that she has a paramour, called Mr. Erich?

Doc. 2nd. All mere imagination.

JEPPE. Now tell me. Was not I sent to buy soap for washing-day—only last night?

Doc. 1st. God forbid, your lordship!

JEPPE. And spent the money at Jacob's, and got downright——

CHAM. No! Heaven forbid! When your lordship spent nearly the whole day at the chase!

JEPPE. Do you mean to say, gents, that I am not a cuckold?

CHAM. Your honoured lady, my good lord, has been dead these many years.

JEPPE. Ay, I begin to remember. I will think no more of my old dream. I'll not be a fool, but enjoy life while I may. Strange though, that a lord should fall into such dirty and degrading ideas.

CHAM. Oh, not in the least. I have known many instances in the course of my experience a great deal more absurd. Would it be agreeable to your lordship to take a turn in the gardens while breakfast is preparing?

JEPPE. To be sure it would; and tell the rascals to make haste, for I am woundily hungry, and could drink a river dry. No more crankums about day labour and short wages for me. (*Exit* LORD JEPPE, *with his train.*)

When fairly seated in baronial state, the exercise of his lordship's powers gives rise to some admirably droll situations, happy dialogue, and well-contrasted scenes. The illusion is ably sustained to the last. Intoxicated with his grandeur, he at length resolves to hang the real lord, and some of his domestics, when it is thought high time to restore him in a deep sleep to the spot whence he was taken, and where he is found by his virago wife. Jeppe is well thrashed, afterwards arrested for breaking into the baron's castle; there is a mock trial—a mock execution. He is persuaded that he has been hanged, and with some humour, holds a colloquy from the gallows with the passengers and his vixen wife.

THE HUSBAND MALGRE LUI; OR, THE WEST INDIA ADVENTURE OF A TEXIAN NAVAL OFFICER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART II.

The whole party, who were soon safe on shore, leaving their vessel to the mercy of the waves, which quickly broke it up, were received with the utmost hospitality by Don Mendoza and his daughter, whom both the young lady and her father were delighted to find spoke very fair Spanish. My hero further informed them, that he was a captain in the service of the republic of Texas,—that having suffered from ill health, he had demanded a furlough while his squadron was preparing for a cruise against the Mexicans, and proceeded on a trip with Captain Frontin, a regular trader between the various islands of the West Indies. Upon this, he was immediately invited to make Signor Mendoza's house his home, while Monsieur Frontin and the crew were included in the invitation, the men being handed over to the steward. Downing, who had already stolen sundry glances at the Donna Maria, was peculiarly delighted at the arrangement, and had even the audacity to fancy that a corresponding degree of pleasure had been shewn by the young lady herself. However this may be, the storm having in nowise abated, the whole party made for cover, and ere long the hospitable planter, his bright-eyed daughter, and Captain Downing and the unfortunate master and owner of the lost brig, were seated round a copious and well-supplied board, sipping coffee and tea, and enjoying the invigorating amusement of devouring hams, yams, and a vast variety of fruit.

It would be foreign to my purpose, and, besides, would evidence a very poor opinion of my readers' sagacity, were I minutely to detail how the remainder of the day passed, how Captain Downing fell desperately and irrecoverably in love with Donna Maria, and how she, interested in his unfortunate position, and pleased by his naturally easy and fascinating manners, was not very far from falling into the same line of sentiment, which was peculiarly vexatious, since nothing fans love like opposition. All I shall say is, that when papa retired to his *siesta*, and left Downing to follow his example or not, as choice should determine, he preferred the society of the young Donna to a snooze, and was entertained by her with an elegant collation in an arbour, not far distant from the house, where, amid the perfume of aromatic jessamine, sat the queen of the surrounding district, not less charming, doubtless, for her acres. He was terribly annoyed at the duenna-like appearance of an old "ghoul of a negress, as he afterwards described her; but notwithstanding the *surveillance*, he contrived to pour a flood of soft nothings into the ear of his mistress, and, however the fact may startle my phlegmatic readers, he obtained something very like encouragement. In fact, the young lady was so delighted with her guest, so very light-hearted and frank in her expressions of satisfaction, that Juno, the ebony ghoul in question, shook her woolly locks, tinged with grey, and vowed it was a decided match.

"And me no tink Donna Maria far out de way," she said, at a later

period, to the kitchen conclave, "for him 'xac'ly like Jupiter, dat was my fust lub."

Early next morning, ere the sun had spread his influence upon earth, Downing had risen, and was seeking in the delicious coolness of the dawn, to allay the feverish excitement which the tumultuous events of the preceding day, as well as his own feelings, had kindled. On his return, after a long walk, during which he had let chance direct him, he halted opposite a small but elegant cottage, with a beautifully laid out garden, on which he could not but gaze with admiration, studded as it was by the most splendid tropical plants. The cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the villa of Don Mendoza, and Downing, lying down under the shade of a sycamore tree, abandoned himself to the delicious luxury of thought. Some little anxiety, doubtless, also accompanied his mere pleasurable ideas, since the father's consent to the marriage, which he had settled in his own mind, had yet to be obtained.

Some twenty minutes elapsed, when a window was thrown open in the front of the cottage above alluded to, and a very elegantly-dressed woman, somewhere about forty, (perhaps a little on the wrong side,) but still exceedingly fine and showy, though encumbered by about twice the ordinary amount of flesh, appeared at it. Though all eyes himself, Downing was not at first remarked by the fair apparition; but suddenly, her eye alighting upon him, she threw herself into a theatrical attitude, exclaiming, in somewhat badly pronounced English, to hear which language spoken at all, surprised the captain—

"It is him—it is Tibbets!"

With these words, she, as if overcome by the excess of her emotions, fell back into the arms of a grinning negress. Unable to repress a laugh, Downing arose, and returned home, not without being anxious to learn the particular character of the madness with which he conceived the fair occupant of the cottage to be afflicted.

On reaching the villa, he found Donna Maria awaiting his return with some anxiety; for the young lady had risen somewhat earlier than usual, though her object, as explained by herself, was to attend to the arrangement of certain flower-pots, in which graceful and characteristic occupation he found her engaged.

The day passed without anything to trouble the even tenour of the lovers' way. Downing was profuse of *petit soins*, Donna Maria of smiles and grace; but towards evening, the captain was compelled to abandon the society of his charming Donna, and adjourn with the gentlemen to the portico of the house to enjoy the cool evening breeze, sip singaree, and—

"Smoke the mild Havannah."

In the course of conversation, Downing mentioned the occurrence of the morning, describing the appearance of the lady with considerable humour. He was informed that a few years previously, another vessel had been wrecked upon the island, and one Tibbets, its master, after some months' residence, had married the lady in question, but, for reasons unknown, had subsequently deserted her, leaving Mrs. Tibbets mourning, like another Calypso, for her lost Ulysses.

Downing smiled at the recital; and the subject dropped, as he thought, to be no more revived.

Several days passed; during which the captain became so completely entwined in the lady's toils, as to find it quite impossible to think of losing her, still he doubted her father's approbation, and often sought, in long and solitary walks, to ponder over every possible argument which might prove efficacious with Don Mendoza.

During these peregrinations, Downing could not forbear noticing that many persons would stop and stare at him, while the negro boys and girls would distend their ebony visages, and whisper among themselves. More than once, he heard them chuckling their well-known—"Yah—yah! Yah—yah! Tibbets, Tibbets, Tibbets! Come back! Go home to wife!" Downing was surprised and annoyed at all this; but he would have been infinitely more astonished if he had known that Mrs. Tibbets had been visited by a whole host of acquaintances, who congratulated her on the return of her truant husband.

About three weeks after Downing's arrival in Porto Rico, a ball was announced to be given at the house of the governor of Aquadilla; and Don and Donna Mendoza, as well as our hero, and the French master of the brig, were among the invited guests. Before the auspicious day arrived, Downing received numerous hints from certain acquaintances, that a scene was likely to occur there, but his naturally gay and sanguine spirit made him treat the warnings with unconcern.

The evening of the ball at length arrived, and after dancing most perseveringly with the fair Maria, the captain disappeared in search of some refreshments for her. Having sent these to the lady, according to custom, by a *darkee*, and seduced by the arguments of some of his new friends, he halted awhile to join them in a bowl of arrack punch. During his absence, which Maria considered very unreasonably protracted, the ponderous lady before-mentioned rose from a seat which she had hitherto occupied, and approached the young Donna, who, be it known, was wholly ignorant of the popular topic of discourse—namely, the return of Tibbets.

"Donna Maria Mendoza, I believe?" she said, addressing her; "my name is Mrs. Tibbets—Mrs. Tibbets!" And the stout lady put a most marked emphasis upon the words.

Donna Maria could not see the wit of this, but replied politely, "I am proud to make your acquaintance, Donna Tibbets."

"You are very good," said the stout lady, very quietly,—it was evident she was getting into a passion, notwithstanding her apparent calmness,—"but pray, if I am not too inquisitive, what is the name of that individual—that gentleman you have been dancing with?"

"Which gentleman?" replied Donna Maria with provoking serenity, but still with some little surprise. She had certainly stood up ten minutes with a cousin, and of course she could not know whether Mrs. Tibbets might not allude to him.

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Tibbets, who had some indistinct notion that Donna Maria was quizzing her; "of course I mean the person who has not many minutes left you."

"That gentleman," continued Donna Maria somewhat haughtily, and at the same time anxious to hear the result of this mysterious cross-examination, "is Captain Charles Downing, of the Texian naval service."

"Santa Maria! Mr. Downing is it? Oh, Heavens! oh, Miss, I shall faint. The ungrateful one! the deceiver! quick—some water!"

At this moment a negro was handing round some tumblers, one of which Mrs. Tibbets seized, and emptied the contents at a draught. It was brandy-punch; but doubtless, in her agitation she mistook it for water.

"Your agitation, signora," said Maria, "to say the least of it, is very strange. Do you know Captain Downing?"

"Do I know him, Donna Mendoza? Oh! can you ask me such a question? He is my husband—my faithless husband."

"Your husband!" cried Donna Maria, striving vainly to hide her confusion and anxiety under a calm exterior; "your husband! it cannot be!—at all events, he has very much deceived me."

Perfectly convinced of the tender relations existing between her supposed husband and Donna Maria Mendoza, Mrs. Tibbets now poured forth a torrent of invective, calling loudly for an old half-pay fire-eater, named Major Pocolongo. The major speedily answered the summons, and declaring Mrs. Tibbets was an ill-used woman, vowed to redress her wrongs. At this stage of the comedy, Downing made his appearance, and pushing through the crowd, was about to take a seat by the astonished Maria, when the stout lady seized him by the shoulder, crying—

"Now, Tibbets, I've got you at last. Governor—friends—Major, I have found my husband!"

Downing felt himself in what Brother Jonathan calls "a fix." The ball-room was in an uproar, the dulcet strains of the orchestra ceased, the governor and major entered upon the scene of action, Don Mendoza asked various explanations, and poor Maria appeared ready to faint.

"I protest, madam!" exclaimed Downing, now seriously alarmed; "you are mistaken—never more mistaken in your life. My name is Downing—Charles Downing; I was never called Tibbets—never, upon my soul, madam."

"It is no use, false man—I am not to be deceived! I know your tricks too well. But come back to me again, and I'll forgive you all. Come back, my Tibby—Tabby!"

This was too much for Downing, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which the whole audience joined.

At this juncture of affairs, Mr. Frontin stepped forward, with a packet of papers in his hand.

It is needless to say that an immediate explanation ensued.

In the spring of the present year I spent six weeks at the delightful villa of Mr. and Mrs. Downing, in the Isle of Porto Rico, and found that my friend's enthusiastic letters had not exaggerated in the least the beauty of his young Spanish wife. I have only to add, that, since my arrival in England, I have received a letter from Mrs. Major Pocolongo, announcing the birth of a son to the Downings, "the very image of my late husband Tibbets."

[The above story is founded on fact; some brief notice of it appeared in the Texian papers, during my residence in that country.]

"WINTER WANDERINGS."

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Ain-tab.—Story of a sword.—A nocturnal ride.—Kilis, ancient Ciliza.—Panthers of Amanus.—Hostile reception from the Turkomans.—Ruins of Issus.—City of Mopsos, the soothsayer.—Aleian plain.—Reverses of Bellerophon.—City of Adana.

The incomplete state of the steamers, the *Tigris* being still upon the stocks, and the necessity there was for awaiting the freshes of spring, made Colonel Chesney resolve upon a winter expedition, previous to the descent of the river. A party was accordingly formed, consisting of the colonel himself, Murphy, Thomson, Staunton, Helfer, and the author, with Yusuf Saada as interpreter, and Malta, the black cook, as artist—and a most useful one he turned out to be.

The colonel was still so ill as to require being lifted on his horse, but from the moment he began to breathe the mountain air, he rallied rapidly; nor had we far to go to obtain this, for at a distance of from five to six miles from the port, the ascent of the hills commenced, presenting at this time a dreary monotonous expanse, covered with snow in every direction.

Our start was not a successful one, and it might be said to have foreshadowed the great feature of all these "winter wanderings," in which one mistake was pretty constantly followed by another. The commissariat being long in loading, it was left to follow under Yusuf and Malta. Evening approaching, and there being no signs of its coming up, Staunton started with a view to bring up the tardy eatables; but we did not see him afterwards, nor the creature comforts, till we got to Ain-tab.

We were all roused by the zest of travel, and our spirits were enlivened by the prospect of change and adventure; but this did not prevent our perceiving that night was setting in, cold and forbidding, and made us glad to take refuge in a small village on the hill side, nearly buried in a snow-drift. We were kindly received at this place by the villagers, and if the fare was not choice, it was more than compensated for by the abundant logs of wood, which afforded a wide and genial expanse of flame, limited in its extent by no tyrannical bars, but nearly filling up the whole of a fire-place, as capacious as an ordinary room, and not unlike the open circular chimneys familiar to the Cambrian tourist.

The keen sharp frost of the night, and the mountain air, made us all rise in better health; and we started in high spirits, the snow sparkling in the morning sunshine, towards a bare, bleak, and barren range of hills, without a tree or house to diversify the prospect. A starved donkey, which we passed on the road, was surrounded by a troop of vultures of the largest kind, driven down from the mountains by the severity of the weather. They were scarcely disturbed by our presence, merely gathering together upon a neighbouring knoll, where they stood looking at us like a group of school-boys, only more fierce than playful. Not so large as the one, but about the same size as the other, these birds represent in Taurus the Conder of the Andes, and Lammer-geyer of the Alps.

Having with some little labour and occasional plunges into snow-drifts surmounted the hills, the rest of our ride was downwards, till afternoon brought us into the cheerful precincts of the town of Ain-tab. A lofty citadel towered over a considerable expanse of habitations, which, with the surrounding garden, nearly filled up a valley of from four or five miles in circumference, and the smoke curling up in wreaths into the sky, glittering with frosty particles, was so inviting as to render the minor inconvenience of frozen hair and moustache, and occasional masses of snow tumbling from overhanging branches, things of no concern.

It so happened that there was a Christian in Ain-tab, who had been long engaged in supplying Port William with vegetables—the cheap and abundant produce of its fertile gardens; he, in fact, held the important post of greengrocer to the expedition, and we repaired accordingly to his house, not, however, without some little difficulty experienced in finding our way, and also occasioned by the condition of the streets, in which Dr. Helfer had a severe fall, his horse tumbling down an accumulated pile of snow. At Khawaja Yiorgío's, oriental decorum, unfortunately, supplied the place of comfort—the satisfactory log was supplanted by the sorry Mangal—a shallow copper dish, in which a handful or two of charcoal is burnt, and which, from the asphixiating properties of the gas, requires to be lighted out of doors, during which time the patient sufferer within has nothing but hope to keep him warm.

Our habitual conceptions with regard to Western Asia, have reference almost invariably to the warm seasons, a fine climate, and a burning hot sun. So it is a fine climate, for nothing can possibly be more refreshing than extremes of heat and cold—a glowing fruitful summer, relieved by a river-binding, duck-shooting winter; but this latter is far severer than anything we know of. On the present occasion, while detained at Ain-tab by the necessary astronomical observations, the thermometer fell on the morning of Jan. 16, 1836, as low as 5 of Fahrenheit, or 27 degrees below freezing point; but this was nothing compared with what I experienced on the uplands of Angora, in 1838, when the thermometer fell to 3 of Fahrenheit. In the uplands of Armenia the cold is still more intense.

Awed by the severity of the frost, and appalled by the prospect of advancing further into Taurus, at such a season, some began laying in additional garments, of which furs (cheap and excellent here) formed no small part; accustomed to the mild climate of South Austria, Herfel returned to Port William, from whence, during our absence he made an excursion into the milder plains of Chalcidene. The worthy doctor had, since he joined the expedition, armed himself with a Damascus sword of the first water, encased in the usual black scabbard, having a slit down a portion of the back, to allow of the extremely curved blade being rapidly extricated from its sheath. This formidable weapon was carried more as a precaution than as an object of offence—it was the necessary part of an officer's costume, and was worn to strike terror into the beholder. It had also an advantage over the long European sword, that it was not, as with Mr. Rassam, perpetually getting between his legs, and precipitating him downwards, always at some unlucky moment, when enforcing with great dignity some demand upon a mutesellim, or walking with appropriate gravity into the presence of

a pasha. The sword, therefore, was not frequently drawn; but being one day requested to be seen, when brought out of its hiding-place, it turned out that some wily Arab had changed the blade of many piastres for an old iron hoop, rivetted with nails in the middle, into the form of a sword, and with a handle alone somewhat similar to that of the original.

Ain-tab is a considerable town, with a population of about 20,000. Its houses are built of stone, and its markets well provided, and bustling. Owing to Colonel Chesney's known partiality to the Osmanlis, we were not permitted to visit the interior of the castle. We, however, waited upon the pasha to express a little indignation at the difficulties which the transport had met with. "I have nothing to do with the affairs of the civil government," said the pasha; "if you want troops, or my sword," he added, taking it with a flourish from a recess by his side, "it is at your service; but I cannot furnish camels and bullocks."

Ain-tab has been identified with Antiochia ad Taurum, but, as Mr. Long remarks, without sufficient reason; and yet it is difficult to imagine another positioning for that town. D'Anville, however, is completely in the wrong in recognising it as the site of Deba. This is a city of Mesopotamia, situated on the Tigris, and from its positioning given by Ptolemy, after Dorbeta (Dyar-Bekr) and between Saphe (afterwards Castrum Cepha, and now Hisn Kef) and Singara; can be nothing but the Alexandrian geographer's corruption of Zabda, the Bezabde of the Romans, and now Jezireh ibn Omar. The mutation of the Z into D, has been shewn at length in the notes of Valesius to Ammianus Marcellinus, (xxiii. 6.)

I am more inclined to identify the site with the ancient Doliche, which was on the road from Nicopolis to Zeugma, and twenty-one Roman miles from the latter, identifying it with Birehjik. In the Theodosian tables, we have at Doliche the expression for either warm or salubrious springs, instead of that usually used to denote towns, and this appears to have some reference to its actual name. Doliche was also, in mediæval times, a Christian episcopate of the province of Euphratensis; and Ain-tab is still a town much favoured by Greeks and Armenians, who constitute a considerable portion of its population.

The frost had in no degree abated when we started from Ain-tab. Our road lay westward, over hill and valley, alike clothed in the same monotonous garb of white; and the rivers were stopped in their course by thick ribbed ice. Travelling, however, was by no means unpleasant; the sky was clear, the sun shone bright, and there were none of those fogs and damps which so often interfere with the wintry beauty of our own climate. Ague had returned in Giorgio's uncomfortable house, and I was at times reduced to the alternative, being unable to sit my horse, of keeping up with the party, by holding on at the tail behind! Happily, the animal thought it too much trouble to kick. We were somewhat surprised at meeting on our journey, a caravan of camels. The ship of the desert seemed rather out of his place; but the snow bore its broad padded foot, and it got on as well as on the plain.

The first day we only reached the village of Kara Weyu, corruption of the "Black Ruin," and by distances not unlikely to be Gerbedissus. There remained then for the next day a very long ride to reach Kilis. We plodded on as usual, Murphy taking the bearings, and the com-

missariat bringing up the rear, till evening was coming on apace, and there were no signs of our being nearer to the town. At length, the colonel lost patience, and getting Murphy to change his more serviceable nag for mine, which was indeed only fit to take bearings from, we started off together, to prepare accommodation for the remainder. The distance was, however, far greater than we had anticipated. After an hour or two quick trotting over an elevated plain, with here and there a village in the distance, we came to a country of rugged basaltic rocks, upon which the snow only lay in patches. The track which had hitherto guided us was, consequently, less distinct. We could only see that our road turned into a ravine, which, with many deviations, ultimately brought us, just as night was coming on, into the low country. We had then before us a dark and dense forest of olive trees, with scarcely a pathway visible, notwithstanding which, the colonel urged his horse on at a sharp canter, and when no longer able to keep up by his side, I gallantly followed in the rear. As we advanced into the wood, trunks of trees began to jut out into the narrow track, which was also occasionally intercepted by branches lower than the rider. Fallen trees further obstructed a road full of ruts and of all kinds of irregularities, while the uncertain light, breaking here and there through a gap in the trees, threw gigantic shadows before us, making each dark line appear as a pitfall; still, on and on the colonel sped, without uttering a word, as if the road had been as even and as familiar to him as the ring in Hyde Park. But the pattering of our horses' feet, and the noise of an occasional jolt against some of the above mentioned obstacles, had roused the attention of the jackals. At first, one or two, apparently highly delighted with our progress, joined in the fun, yelling most gloriously; this soon brought others, till the pack became so numerous, that the clash of the horses' feet, a bump against a tree, or our own voices used at their highest pitch, were quite inaudible. This incessant din and howling, and the careering pace which the beasts kept up, now in the track of our horses—now sweeping by our very sides, gave additional speed to the poor steeds, whose very hairs stood up like bristles. At Kilis, however, we arrived, and scatheless, too; but it was night, and the multitude had retired to rest, when the colonel stumbled upon an unfortunate boy, who was endeavouring to hide himself behind a Mussulman tomb, and he was forced, *nolens volens*, to become our guide to the house of a Christian merchant, who had relations with the expedition. This was the first, but not, as I shall have occasion to relate, the last nocturnal ride which I had with the colonel. The remainder of the party did not arrive till near day-break, fatigued, cross, and worn out; so the colonel and myself deemed it wisest to continue fast asleep.

Kilis is a large bustling town, on a rich and fertile plain, but backed by precipitous cliffs of crumbling marls and limestones, alternating with basalts. It contains thirty-two mosques, baths, houses built of stone, and about 12,000 inhabitants, chiefly Turkomans, with Armenians, Kurds, and some Osmanlis. Its bazaars are well stored, and its market good. Kilis and Ain-tab have both manufactures of leather made of goats'-skin, dyed red and yellow, and of cottons and various coloured woollens. Their chief trade may, indeed, be considered as raw hides and leather; but Ain-tab, as previously observed, abounds in

fruit and vegetables, with which it supplies the market of Aleppo and other towns; and around Kilis, besides its abundant olives, much cotton is also grown. In return for their produce, the merchants purchase English and French manufactures at Aleppo, for the bazaars.

When it is considered that Ain-tab and Kilis are the towns from whence the great plain with its numerous villages, over which the transport was carried, (and the Turkoman governor did not escape a scolding on the occasion of the colonel's visit,) and the hilly and thickly populated districts on the slopes of Taurus are in great part supplied, the nature of this activity and prosperity will be better understood, and their commercial importance estimated at its full value. We are a great deal too much accustomed—from the want of detailed maps, and from the indifference which an administration known to be inefficient and inadequate at the fountain head, and in consequence tyrannical and rapacious in its executive, naturally gives rise to—to underrate the actual resources, the vast population, and real productiveness and capabilities, and the field that lies open to, and is as yet almost unoccupied by our manufactures, in the more remote parts of the Turkish empire.

Kilis corresponds to the ancient Ciliza, which appears to have been a place of no importance, till it succeeded to Cyrrhus, the capital of the district, and which was in its immediate neighbourhood. We did not visit the ruins, but they are described by Colonel Chesney, who explored them on a former occasion, to be of an uninteresting character, and situate about sixteen miles N.W. by W. of Kilis. It is remarkable that the site of these ruins is still called Kuros by the natives, which would so far corroborate the opinion held by the early Christians, that that city was founded by the Jews, and derived its name from their liberator Cyrus, as related by Procopius (11 De Ædific. xi.), and by Gennadius, (De Scrip. Ecclesiast. cap. 89.) The opinion of antiquity appears however to have been, that it was named after a city of the same denomination in Macedonia. Cyrrhus was the country of Avidius Cassius, who rebelled against Marc Antony, and it was a Christian episcopate.

From Kilis we advanced into a hilly and wooded country, offsets of the lofty Amanus, broken up by water-courses, pathless and rugged, yet pleasant and picturesque districts enough, from the variety of scenery, the perpetual contrast of foliage, and shady tenantless glens. Colonel Chesney had a great dislike to beaten paths, so we travelled across these umbrageous wildernesses by the compass, simply directing ourselves towards the central pass over Amanus. On the morning of the second day's journey, we stumbled upon the largest of the feline tribe we had yet met with. We arrived so suddenly upon his lair, that he had not time to steal away without our obtaining a full view of his noble proportions, and spotted fur. The natives recognised him as a nimer, ourselves as the panther, for the numbers of which Amanus has been always celebrated. There may be some doubts as to whether the Amana, alluded to in the Song of Solomon (iv. 8), "Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards," alludes to the Amanus of the Greeks and Romans; as the scene, as Bochart remarks, of the sacred drama was confined to the mountains of Judea. But there can be no doubt of this being the mountain from whence Cicero

(2 Epist. ii.) said it was his intention, while in Cilicia, to obtain from the hunters panthers for the Roman exhibitions. The mountain was celebrated in all antiquity for its wild beasts. Valerius Flaccus, in the first book of the Argonauts, describes at length the hunting of tigers in Amanus, and Oppianus (lib. iii. Cynegat.) describes the same mountain as tenanted by a kind of wolf, with bosom of enormous dimensions, thick hairs, and lips of brass; and from poetry not unfounded on fact, to fact itself, the naturalist Ælian (5 de Animal. c. 56) describes the panthers of Syria as being bred in the heights of Amanus.

Our ride was not this day distinguished from others by its brevity. The clouds came down towards evening from the mountains, and enveloped us in a dense snow-storm, which obscured the atmosphere, and rendered everything at a distance of more than a yard or two from us quite invisible. We had ascended some wooded heights, which broke off to the right in abrupt precipices, while to the left they led away apparently into woods of boundless extent. There was no indication of pathway, or signs of living creatures, and we almost mechanically sped away in a northerly direction, afraid, amidst the darkness of the storm, to advance into the wood on one side, or to tumble down the precipice on the other. Night overtook us in this predicament, and although there was little difference between it and what day had latterly been, still we had begun to familiarize our minds with the idea of bivouacking in the forest, when we were rejoiced by the distant sound of barking dogs, and shortly afterwards, open land announced human industry and the approach to habitations. After what still appeared to be a long time, we arrived at the gateway of a noble-looking house, which beetled over the brow of a precipice, and looked down in solitude and stately pride upon the depths below.

The owner of this mansion, a Turkoman Bey, was unfortunately absent; notwithstanding which, however, and the time at which we came, as well as our foreign and uncouth appearance, we were most hospitably received, and welcomed into a roomy apartment, where blazing logs of wood soon made us forget the fatigues of the day, and the anxieties of a few moments past. Mansions like these, in the hilly districts, are not unfrequent; they belong to the large land-proprietors, are constructed of wood and mud, having an interior court with galleries, and when closely examined by daylight, have generally a crumbling ruinous aspect; but at night time, when the faults of detail are not so discernible, they present a mansion-like appearance, and from their great superiority to the huts of the peasants, assume a truly baronial character.

Our commissariat had been replenished at Kilis, so we gave little trouble to the hospitable Turkomans beyond the night's lodging; and receiving in the morning an intimation as to the road to be pursued, we started in a south-west direction. This, after an hour or two's ride, brought us to where the outline of the country began to change, valleys, with a central line of reeds and rushes indicating water, opened at a distance into the greater valley or plain of the Kara-su, the ancient Ænoparas, here from five to six miles in width, and abruptly limited to the west by the neatly marked out declivities of the central chain of Amanus.

At the termination of one of these transverse valleys, where it

opened upon the plain, we perceived a village, cresting a tel or mound of large dimensions, and we directed our steps towards it, with the view to obtaining a guide to the pass in the mountains. Little, however, did we anticipate the reception which awaited us. The natives watched our approach down the hills with anxiety, and arming themselves with their long muskets, quietly awaited us, seated in front of a large white house, the residence of the sheikh. We had just arrived at the foot of the hills, and became exposed, by turning round a clump of trees, which had hitherto masked us, when they opened their irregular fire, which caused us to stop suddenly, and ponder as to what next was to be done. At first, a wish was expressed that Yusuf Saada would gallop up and explain, but after he had advanced a pace or two, and stood as many shots, he returned, and the futility of this plan of proceeding became manifest. Whether by order or not, I forget now, but certainly we soon fell into a broken line, conscious that the whole was an error easy of rectification, but requiring, at the same time, to be quickly settled, to prevent accidents; and we were perhaps, also, not a little indignant at being thus assaulted by a number of shirted miscreants, for the villagers had divested themselves of their abbas or cloaks for action, and certainly presented a very shabby appearance. Murphy had just been taking the bearing of the sheikh's house with his compass at the time that the dwellers therein were taking a bearing upon him with their muskets; but he had become sensible of the necessity of putting up his watch and magnet, and of unslinging his gun; and he soon came up with us, and was in at the short gallop, which, carried on simultaneously from four or five different points, took the little group upon the hill at every side, and enveloped them before they almost knew what we were bent upon. Not a gun was fired on our part, and it can be easily imagined to what ridiculous explanations our arrival in the village gave birth to. The simple fact was, that we had been mistaken, as we all wore fezzes, for emissaries of Ibrahim Pasha's, with whom, it appeared, the villagers, of what we now learned was called Kara Baba, or the "Black Chieftain," were in hostility; and they were as much pleased to find that we were harmless travellers as we were to have reached the village in safety. Their hospitality knew no bounds. Milk, in all its various forms, was offered profusely; and the sheikh, in the excess of his satisfaction, would allow no one to act as guide but himself; and in the absence of a horse, he walked away with us, with that air of indomitable pride, which the greatest goodwill, or even a humiliating position, cannot take away from the Oriental chieftain.

We started from the Black Chieftain's home across the plain well-known to antiquity as that of Sochi, in which Darius was encamped, previous to his crossing Amanus, to deliver the Battle of Issus. There is a fashion in antiquity as well as in everything else; and Darius, having been once condemned for quitting this supposed wide plain for the more narrow one of Issus, the error has been repeated in every modern history of Alexander and of his exploits. The fact is, that the plain of the Pinarus is as wide and extensive as that of the Ænoparas; and probably, had the advantage of not being encumbered with wood, which the valley of the latter river appears to have always been. Neither plain, however, was at all adequate to the favourable evolu-

tions of the immense army of 500,000 to 600,000 troops, and chiefly cavalry, which Darius is said to have collected.

Crossing the plain, woody and fertile, but everywhere uncultivated, we arrived at the village of Ata Burunu, situated at the foot of Amanus, the natives uniformly dwelling on the slope of the hills, both to the east and west of the plain, from motives of salubrity. We were received here in a large stone house, belonging to a Kurd Bey, within which was one large apartment, divided into several compartments and arched recesses, one of which latter was large enough for the whole of our party, while the Kurd and his family occupied another.

We here learnt the unwelcome intelligence, that the Amanus was not passable at this point—"not even for birds," was the expressive language of the Kurd; and, indeed, although the colonel, who was not easily set aside from a favourite project, did not readily admit the fact, it only required to look out from the terrace of the chieftain's house at the mountains, which rose up like a wall from our feet, so perpendicular as scarcely to present footing to a goat, and clad with a slippery mantle of snow and ice, which advanced without a break into the region of clouds, to feel at once that this was a rampart not to be crossed by man at this season of the year.

The result was, that we had to start next morning, in a southerly direction, down the plain, till we began the ascent of the hills at the village and castle of Beïlan Bostandeh, from whence we gained the town and pass of Beïlan, enjoying, on our way, a comprehensive and beautiful view of the plain of Imma, with the whole expanse of the Lake of Antioch, spread out like a basin of quicksilver beneath us.

The change, on descending the ensuing day, from the rude country we have been travelling in, to the mild shores of the Mediterranean, and the fertile soil of Cilicia, was very great. There was not a flake of snow upon these ever-verdant plains and myrtle groves; and oranges and pomegranates still hung ungathered upon the trees. Passing Iskendrun, where Captain Hayes had succeeded to Mr. Martenelli, we advanced by the Cilician and Syrian gates to Bayas, and from thence to the banks of the Pinarus, where we proposed to examine the great field of battle more in detail than had been done during the previous survey of the Gulf of Alexandretta.

We found several streams of water coming down from the mountains, the most southerly of which was named Yusler, after the village it flowed through; the next was the Koi Chai, or stream of the village; and the third, and largest stream, was the Deli Chai, or "mad water," and which must hence be supposed to correspond with the ancient Pinarus.

"ποταμῶν
Τηλόθεν ἀρχομένων Πυράμοιό τε καὶ Πινάροιο,"

Curiously rendered by Avienus:

"Sulcant duo flumina terram:
Pyramus hic undas, hic voluit Pinarus æquor."

I subsequently ascertained, in 1838, that all these streams lost themselves in marshes previous to issuing into the sea, which they flow into by a number of small outlets. Both at Yusler, Koi Chai, and at all the other villages northward of the Pinarus, although no extensive ruins were met with, still there existed abundant remains of antiquity.

Hewn stones, fragments of columns or pilasters, friezes, &c., were strewn about, dovetailed into modern houses, or made to ornament Mohammedan cemeteries.

Yusler has been identified by some with Issus, from a remote relation of names; and a degree of probability is given to this identification, if we admit, with Cellarius, that when Arrian describes Darius as first taking Issus, and then proceeding, next day, to Pinarus, he was retrograding, to take up his position, previous to giving battle. But this view of the subject is contradicted by the simple language of the Nicomedian, as well, also, as by the statement of Strabo, who places Issus after Ægea, and *then* the Pinarus. The distances given by Xenophon are also satisfactory. The army of Cyrus marched, in two days, fifteen parasangs, or thirty-five geographical miles, from the Pyramus to Issus, and from that renowned city, in one march, five parasangs, or fifteen geographical miles, to the gates of Cilicia and Syria. These distances would place Issus a little northward of the Deli Chaï.

We explored the course of the Pinarus for several miles; and were tempted, on advancing into the plain, to approach the foot of the mountains, from the curious appearance of a tel, upon which we sought for traces, but without finding any, of the altars of Alexander, which, according to Q. Curtius (iii. c. 12), were erected on the banks of the Pinarus, close by where the battle was fought. The colonel and the rest of the party had, in the meantime, gone on to the northwards; and as Murphy and Thomson had commenced a round of bearings from the summit of the tel, evening at the same time coming on, I proceeded to move leisurely across the great plain of myrtle and heather, which had once been the scene of one of those wholesale butcheries which stand sorrowfully apart from incidents of a more peaceful character, and yet foremost in the annals of all nations. This great plain was by no means so easy of transit as appeared, being cut up by deep and narrow ravines, or water courses, with perpendicular sides, and which often for a time completely intercepted the horse's progress, and obliged one to ride long distances before a feasible passage could be found. It was thus dark before I came to the first village on the road, and where I found the party located in a pleasant cottage in a garden. It is almost needless to say, that poor Murphy and Thomson, who had not allowed for any difficulties on the way, did not come up till the next morning.

The day following, we passed through a large village, with luxuriant orchards, called Urzin; and we turned thence in a westerly direction, across another open country, covered with heather and myrtle, towards some extensive ruins, which lay before us. We had not proceeded far, when a quadruped, about the size of a fox, with brown fur, flat body, and short legs, and, apparently, a sharp muzzle, somewhat like a badger, but larger, and differently coloured, broke from cover. This animal so excited my curiosity, that, although badly mounted, I gave chase, in which Staunton joined. After a run of a mile or two, we got up with it; and I pulled in, in order to get a shot, when Staunton went past, and occupied such a position as to prevent my firing without the danger of hurting him or his steed. At this unlucky moment, the animal got into his burrow. It is most probable, however, that under the circumstances I should not have hit it.

Our attention was now called to the mass of ruins close by, and which had not previously been visited by any European traveller. We found that they occupied a space of about a square geographical mile, at the foot of some low basaltic hills. The buildings were also all constructed out of this material, which, while it had imparted durability, at the same time gave to them a peculiarly sombre and uninviting appearance. Besides the walls of the city, which were still standing in part, and the numerous fragments of dwelling-houses, the remains of a temple were also distinct, and the ruins of the Acropolis, occupying an elevated and central situation, caught the eye at once. Outside of the town, there was also an extensive aqueduct, with a double row of arches, running E.S.E. and W.N.W.

About two, or two and a half miles southwards of these ruins, and in the lower part of the plain, was a rocky tel, about a hundred feet in elevation, bearing upon its summit fragmentary remains of a castellated building, while ruins of dwelling-houses, and other edifices, were scattered around.

The ruins of the larger site were, from their extent and importance, supposed, at the time, to represent Issus; but this conclusion, we have seen, is not supported by a careful inquiry into facts. The lesser ruins appear more distinctly to be those of Castabala, placed by the Antonine Itinerary, at a distance of twenty-six Roman miles from Baiæ.

In this neighbourhood, was also Nicopolis, which has been supposed by some to be the same as Castabala, and from whence the road started, which led across the northern, or "Darius' pass," of Amanus, by Doliche to Zeugma. There was, also, in Roman times, in the same vicinity, a town of some importance, called Epiphanea, one of the cities to which Pompey consigned the piratical prisoners, whom he had captured at sea, and which became, afterwards, a Christian episcopate. Cicero (xv. epist. 4) describes, himself, when advancing upon Amanus, as occupying the castle which was near to Epiphanea, before he ascended the mountains,—a description which would tally closely with the relative positions of these ruins and of Castabala. Cicero ascending, the following day, into the mountains, reduced six different strongholds, among which were Sephyra, and Commorin, and Erana, which last is described as being a town, situated upon the crest of Amanus. These hill-forts are also described as being situated in that part of Amanus, under the roots of which were the altars of Alexander. In lib. v., ad Attic. epist. 20, Cicero further describes the castle, occupied by him previous to his invasion of Amanus, as being that which Alexander held near Issus, to keep Darius in check.

Our road from these ruins lay nearer to the sea-shore, and was, in part, carried along an ancient causeway, which formerly brought the two positions—the town and castle—into connexion with the Amanian gates, and the station connected therewith. Passing a small Turkoman encampment, the sheikh mounted his horse, and, to do us honour, careered before, throwing the jerid, and performing various equestrian feats. At the rivulet, called Burnuz Su, the colonel shot a duck, but as we could not find it, the Turkoman did not believe in the fact. The ruins of Matakh, and its neighbouring Cyclopean arch of noble dimensions, have been already described. Strabo alone distinguishes what the ruins attest to, that the Amanian gates had a station connected with them.

Ascending the hills, we passed the village of Kurk Kulak, or the "Wolf's Ear," where is a large ruinous caravanserai, and descended thence into a plain, about three miles in width, and called Tchokar Ovah, or the "Valley of the Ditch." Leaving Murphy and the rest of the party to go forward to Misis, the colonel, Staunton, and myself, turned off into the plain, to ascertain what sport it would afford. There were no trees; but the herbage and jungle was deep, offering good cover to game. Nor were we long in finding amusement; bustards and francolins abounded, although rather shy; but our attention was called off to game of a higher quarry, by the colonel's starting off at full speed after a hunting-tiger, which had just broke cover. In the course of an hour or so, we put up no less than six of these beautiful animals, but did not succeed in killing one of them. The horses were, indeed, much terrified at being pushed after such game, and the colonel's ran away, and was with difficulty recaptured.

This plain was separated from the valley of the Pyramus by a rocky range of hills, called Jebel en Nur, or the "Mountain of Light," and these terminated over the great central plain of Cilicia by an abrupt rock, upon which were the castellated remains of Shah Meran Kaleshi (Jihan Numa, p. 602), or the "King of the Serpent's Castle."

We passed the night at Missisah, *vulgo*, Misis, a place formerly of considerable importance, but now a mere village of about a hundred houses, situate on the right bank of the river, connected with a mass of ruined dwelling-houses, and a caravanserai; on the other, by a bridge constructed in part of old materials, and from among which I copied a Greek inscription, now in Colonel Chesney's possession. There was, also, in the same neighbourhood, an artificial mound, with scattered ruins of what appeared to have been a temple.

Misis is well known as the site of Mopsuestia, more correctly written by Strabo, Mopsi Hestia, "the house or abode of Mopsus," the poet and soothsayer. It was a holy city, and an asylum, and became free under the Romans, by whom it was enlarged and embellished in the time of Hadrian. It was, also, as we learn from Procopius, remarkable for its magnitude and splendour in the middle ages; and Abu-l-feda relates that 200,000 Moslems were devoted to death or slavery in this city by Nicephoras Phocas and John Ximisces. A great many misrepresentations regarding both its situation and its name exist in the Byzantine writers, and are also propagated by Gibbon.

There are some reasons for believing that the town of Mopsus occupied one side of the river, and Mallus, where was the oracle of Amphilochus, the other. Strabo describes Mallus as built by Amphilochus, and Mopsus, the son of Apollo. Q. Curtius, in describing the progress of Alexander, says, that the Pyramus, having been passed by a bridge, they came to Mallus; and the river was, according to Scylax, navigable up to that city, which it is to the present day.

From Misis, we advanced upon the beautiful and expansive plains of Cilicia, the ancient Campus Aleius—

"Κεῖθι δὲ τὸ πεδίον τὸ Αλήιον,"

and where Bellerophon wandered—

"Forsook by Heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!"

Avienus has, however, the true explanation of the above Mythus, which we have given from the Periegesis of Dionysius, and which he renders, v. 1036:

"Hic cespes late producit Aleius arva."

There is no doubt, as is attested by all antiquity, and as has since been illustrated by the marbles brought home by Mr. Fellowes, that it was in Lycia that Bellerophon first tamed the Chimæra, and, with the assistance of the horse Pegasus, brought over woods, and rocks, and volcanic fire, as typified by lion, goat, and dragon, to cultivation: but it appears equally certain that Cilicia became also the chosen field of his after labours. Besides the testimony here given, from Dionysius and from Homer, there exists a curious tradition, in the first mentioned writer, as to the origin of the name of Tarsus, the most celebrated of the Cilician cities:—

"Κύδνου τε σκολιοῖο μεσην διὰ Ταρσὸν ἰόντος,
Ταρσὸν ἐϋκτιμένην, ὅθι δή ποτε Πήγασος ἵππος
Ταρσὸν ἀφεὶς, χώρῳ λίπεν οὔνομα, τῆμος ἀφ' ἵππου
Ἐς Διὸς ἱέμενος ὦσεν ἥρως Βελλεροφόντης."

There are here three Tarsuses, a play upon words, which may be freely rendered:

"Tortuous Cydnus, through Tarsus' centre flowing,
Well built Tarsus; where once most truly Pegasus
Placed its foot: leaving it thus a name. There 'twas,
That Jupiter caused the fall of Bellerophon."

This is not much worse than Avienus' hexameters, upon the same subject. The fall of Bellerophon, here alluded to, is not contained in Apollodorus, nor in all the versions of the legend; but it is in Pindar, with the variation of Pegasus being stung by a gad-fly; and hinted at by Horace:

"et exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegasus, terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem."

It is, in fact, only another way of relating what the father of poetry does, that the mythological hero was in trouble and grief, or in a fallen condition, when in Cilicia. Xenophon speaks in raptures of the large and beautiful plains of Cilicia, "well watered, and full of all sorts of trees and vines; abounding in sesame, panic, millet, wheat, and barley." But small portions of this plain are now cultivated; the remainder is covered with herbage, interspersed with a few shrubs, and here and there a solitary locust-tree. Bustards herd upon this plain, sometimes in flights of myriads; and the traveller can never cross it without meeting troops of gazelles, which here bid defiance to the wily tigers. It was across this plain that Philotas is described as leading the horse to Ægae, while Alexander proceeded by Mallus.

A short and pleasant ride brought us to Adana, which, although not so distinguished in the annals of history as its neighbour and rival Tarsus, is still a city of great antiquity—so much so, as to have been fabled by Stephanus, as having been named after Adam. It does not appear, indeed, to have obtained eminence of old. Dio Cassius describes the citizens as fighting against those of Tarsus; and it was with Epiphanea and Mallus, another of the Cilician cities to which Pompey

sent his prisoners; but it is also said by Appian, that he expressly sent them to the less frequented cities.

The renowned Harun al Rashid took a fancy to Adana, and embellished it, as did also his son Mohammed; and it has always remained a chief city of the Turkomans; and one of the family of Ramazan Ogklu, Piri Pasha by name, embellished it with its chief mosque. It did not fall under Osmanli dominion, till the time of Bayazid II., A.D. 1486. Adana now exceeds Tarsus, in population and commercial importance; is the seat of a pasha, and of a Turkoman government; and is said to contain a population of 50,000 souls, among whom are 10,000 Christians. The houses are remarkable for being constructed of red tiles, like the old Roman houses; and the country around is distinguished by its producing abundantly the fruits of hot climates, almost every garden having its date-palm; and the sugar-cane has been imported from Egypt. The bridge, over the Seihun, the ancient Sarus, is 325 feet in width; and the cemeteries beyond extend far away, like a great forest of graves.

Colonel Chesney and myself had come on ahead, in order to procure lodgings; and for that purpose I waited on the pasha, who referred me to the civil governor, politely sending his servant to back the request. The old Turkoman, to whom I then applied, sent a Kawas to obtain a domicile in the Christian district; but not a house would open its doors; and we were obliged, at last, to take refuge in the single apartment of an European medical gentleman, who took pity upon us. On our way thither, we met the disconsolate astronomical and commissariat part of the expedition wandering in uncertainty about the narrow winding streets, in search of those who had gone on before, and not at all delighted at being thus exposed to those jeers and insults which the Frank has always to undergo when passing through a Moslem city not much frequented by Europeans.

A LEAF FROM MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

EARLY in my theatrical career, I accepted an offer from the manageress of the Tamworth, Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon company, to play the "juvenile tragedy, and eccentric comedy,"—salary, as my letter of engagement specified, "Twenty-one Shillings per week, and benefits upon the usual terms." Managers, in those days, generally named the amount of salary in *shillings*—twenty-one, or twenty-five shillings read, and sounded more important than "One-pound-one," or "One-pound-five,"—actors, generally, calculating upon effects.

With a light heart, I mounted the roof of the coach, by which I was to travel from Yorkshire, with sufficient cash in my pocket to pay for my journey, provided I travelled economically, and a ten-pound Bank of England note, safely stitched in the lining of my waistcoat, as a *corps de reserve*, only to be brought forward upon a great emergency.

The coach by which I travelled left me at Lichfield, the nearest point to Tamworth, distant about seven miles—a mere nothing for a young pair of legs, with a light heart, to walk. Having journeyed

from Chesterfield since breakfast, I ordered dinner at the inn where the coach put me down; but although my appetite was good, I was afraid to satisfy my hunger by eating more than one-half of the very small dish of veal-cutlets placed before me, fearing I should be set down as a young Yorkshire gormandizer. In addition to the cutlet, I was favoured with an infantine apple-tart, of "smaller than the smallest size," one-half of which, according to the treatment of its predecessor the veal-cutlet, I left untouched, casting many "a longing look behind." Rising from the table with an appetite has ever been considered most wholesome, the assurance of which but poorly consoled me; with what beverage I ventured to wash down my "half-and-half" meal, I do not remember. Having paid my bill, I set off for Tamworth, with my umbrella in one hand, and a small brown paper parcel, containing a few necessaries for my journey, in the other, having sent my wardrobe forward by wagon.

I jogged on cheerfully—"Twenty-one Shillings per week," and good parts in the perspective—undecided whether I should make my first appearance in Tamworth as *Young Norval* or *Tony Lumpkin*. On arriving within two or three miles of my destination, I overtook a baker's boy, on his way home, with his donkey and panniers; and as "misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," so may a long walk with a strange companion.

I was right glad to beguile the time by chatting with this youthful Master of the Rolls, who willingly answered my inquiries as to the distance from Tamworth, the size of the town, the inns, the number of inhabitants, &c. Young Doughey was very communicative, and gave me a history of every decent-looking house we passed, its owner and occupant; how many loaves per week Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so "took in;" and how many Mr. and Mrs. This-and-that; who paid punctually, and who did not; who paid without dunning, and who did not pay at all.

As we approached nearer to Tamworth, I was delighted to behold a fine river, winding its course not far from the high-road, for I was exceedingly fond of fishing.

"That is a fine river," said I, to my travelling companion. "What river is it?"

"Well, sir," replied he, "it's that river."

"But what is the name of it?"

"Why, it's called the Tame."

"There must be plenty of good fish in it, I should think."

"Yes, the fish *is* good enough, when catched fresh."

"What kind of fish are caught there generally?"

"Well, all sorts, at times; but mostly roach, perch, and *h*eels; and sometimes other sorts."

"Ah!" said I, "I see a man on the other side of the river pulling the fish out pretty quickly. I shall not be many days in Tamworth before I try my luck in this water."

"It is a good job," said Young Rolls, "that they bite sharpish, or else that chap would be badly off. It wont be long before he comes to our shop for a threepenny loaf, stale baked; he's a very good 'un, and always pays as soon as he can, so we never mind trusting him at times."

"Who is he?" inquired I.

"Well, sir, it is one of the play-actors, fishing—maybe for his dinner! There is so few folks goes to see 'em act in Tamworth, that they don't often get any of their wages on a Saturday, and sometimes not none all the week through; and them as is best off among 'em, helps them as isn't; and they sticks by one another always. The master of 'em all is a woman—her husband's dead; and she's got behindhand, and lost a deal of money; 'cause she has grow'd so fat and over old, that our town says she is not fit to act young parts no more; and very few people goes to see her; and them as does go, has a order to go in with mostly; and sometimes they wont go *then*, 'cause she will go on taking the young women's char-ac-ters away for herself to do, though some of our people has told her she's far over big for them things now; but she never minds, but goes on doing 'em still."

"My income totters," thought I—what a prospect for a slender young man, whose means were still more slender! I wished myself back in Yorkshire; but having advanced "thus far into the bowels of the land," I resolved to pursue my way.

I informed Master Crumb-and-Crust that *I* was an actor, about to join the Tamworth corps, whose situation he had described as worse than one on half-pay, or reduced rations.

"Well, sir," said he, in an encouraging tone, "never mind; things, maybe, may get better, and you may have a good benefit on your night, for a great deal of people goes at benefits when they likes the actors. Now them as acts tragedy parts, and sings funny songs, always comes off best. Can you sing?"

"No."

"Can you act tragedy parts?"

"I am going to try."

"Can you tumble? 'cause them as can, is always safe to be liked. Mr. Grim-al-dy acted one night, from Brummagem, and was terribly liked and laughed at."

"I can't do that."

"Then I doubt you will come badly off; but maybe that's no object, 'cause they are all going to go away to Stratford-upon-Avon to act very soon; and some of the best hands is going to leave now, and get with a better set. Shall you stop long with them?"

(Not long, "thinks I to myself, thinks I.")

Thus we jogged on, until we reached the place of my destination—detestation, I might have said. I entered a respectable-looking, second-rate inn, was shewn into a neat little parlour, saw my bedroom, and after freeing myself from the dust of the road, took tea, then inquired my way to the carrier's and the stout manageress; was delighted to find my luggage safe with the former, and not very pleased to find myself in the presence of the latter.

The lady fully answered the baker's description—she *was* fat, lazy-looking, and certainly sixty.

The room of audience was adorned in the real old-fashioned country managerial style. A round table stood in the centre, covered with a soiled table-cloth, it was ornamented with spots of gravy and crumbs of bread; the salt-cellar had been left on it, and a remnant of cheese, well-crusted. There was a well-thumbed play-book before my future mistress, who was seated, making out, as I subsequently discovered, a cast of the "Rivals," for the next night's performance, when Mr.

Bartley and Mr. Mallinson were to "star it,"—the former, in *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and "The Three Singles," and the latter, in *Acres*, and *Humphrey Grizzle*,—a jug containing "real Staffordshire ale," a snuff-box, two somewhat soiled ostrich-feathers, and a tea-saucer containing spangles.

An old-fashioned mahogany (unpolished) dining-table, with one leaf up, stood on one side of the room, covered with bound and unbound books (dramatic, of course), play-bills, tickets, tin checks, and tin check-boxes. A pair of soiled, white satin shoes, bound with silver cord, a decanter, with the neck chipped, some ringlets *en papillottes*, a silver-leather helmet, (the manageress had acted the *Queen*, in the "Battle of Hexham," I found, the preceding night,) and a pot of rouge.

The old-fashioned seat of the window was covered with "odds and ends" of various kinds—slippers, and coloured hose, a dagger, a green velvet bonnet, a very faded green veil, and a small dog-collar.

The fireplace, instead of a fire-board, was adorned with an old posting-bill of the "Wood Demon," and the "Romp;" a sword, without its scabbard, was carelessly reclining on one side of the grate; and on the other, a parasol, over which ink had fallen. A black velvet robe, spotted with spangles, like stars, was thrown over the back of one chair, and a bilious-coloured, tiny mongrel cur occupied another.

A closet, the door of which stood open, disclosed sundry articles of "creature comforts" on the shelves—a piece of boiled ham, a slice of butter, a tin tea-cannister, two or three rolls of bread, a black bottle (contents unknown), a vinegar-cruet, a powder-puff, a pair of curling-irons, some old artificial flowers, with many more articles, "too tedious to mention in this here advertisement."

In the lower part of this receptacle were a pair of pattens, an umbrella, an earthen jar, usually containing spirits by the gallon, a band-box, and a pair of ladies' laced-boots, somewhat dusty.

As my future mistress was busily occupied in "making out the bill" for the next performance, I had plenty of time to scan everything in the room, including its stout occupant. She had evidently been a very fine woman, had still a brilliant eye, and was "round as a tun,"—

> "Like two single fish-women, rolled into one;"

she was in dishabille, although the day was far advanced, "all occasioned," as she said, "by a press of business, and the fatigue of the preceding evening, when she had performed *Miss Hardcastle* and *Ella Rosenberg*—*Mrs. Hardcastle* and *Mrs. Flutterman* would, in my mind, have been nearer the mark; but as I had not long before seen Mrs. Jordan, the finest comic actress of the day (of any day, I might say), then very stout, perform characters equally juvenile, I was not very much surprised, not knowing what the great lady's talents might or might not be.

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I waited patiently, as in duty bound, until the devil (the printer's) was sent "down below," and then we proceeded to business.

"It glads me, sir, to see you. When did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago, ma'am."

"Walked you from Yorkshire, all the way, sir?"

"No, ma'am; only from Lichfield."

"'From Tamworth thither is but one day's march!'"

"I walk'd it in little less than two hours, ma'am."

"Ah! You look very young, sir."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you ever play *Faulkland* in the 'Rivals?'"

"No, ma'am; never."

"We act the 'Rivals' on Friday, and the 'Three and the Deuce;' we must get you to play the *Coachman* and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*."

"I never played either of those characters, ma'am; and, if you please, I should prefer opening in something else."

"Well, sir, what have you done in the 'Rivals?'"

"*David*, ma'am."

"Let me see; *David—David*—well, sir, so let it be; you shall have it. Would you like to take a glass of ale? 'We are famous here for our ale,' as Boniface says."

"Much obliged to you, ma'am; but I have only just taken my tea."

"Well, sir, *David shall* be your opening part. I must trouble you to call at the printer's—he lives just round the corner—and tell him to put you in for *David;* your first appearance, from the Theatre Royal, York, although you never played there—it will be better than naming a smaller town. Tell the printer to leave a blank for the gentleman's name who is to play *Sir Lucius*, for I can't fix upon any one just now for it. I thought you might like to open it; but it is of no consequence, whatever, for everybody, I dare say, has to study; and it must be quite immaterial to my gentlemen what they do."

"Am I to play in the farce, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes. It is a very full piece; and some of my gentlemen have left me to-day, quite suddenly; so you must play *Renard*, the Frenchman, and double it with *Mr. Milford*."

"Shall I not look too young for it, ma'am? You know *Mr. Milford* has his daughter on the stage with him."

"Oh, never mind that, 'tis of no consequence—we can alter it, and call her your sister; it will be quite as well. I don't know who has got the book of the farce—you must find out the prompter, he can tell you; and if it be engaged, you can have it in the morning whilst we are rehearsing the play—they are both very short parts."

"Good afternoon, ma'am."

"Adieu; by the by, our prompter is going to leave us, so, if you like to prompt also, I will raise your salary two shillings a week."*

"Thank you, ma'am; but I would rather not."

"Very well, as you like; then Mr. Gray must be the man—he will do very well, if his deafness goes off; he caught a severe cold fishing in the rain, and has been somewhat deaf ever since—why my gents are so fond of fishing I cannot imagine. Good day, sir; mind how you go down stairs—there's no light—leave the door open. Once

* The prompter did leave the company, having obtained a better situation; but, as his finances were far from flourishing, the company, one and all, cheerfully subscribed to enable him to travel with his family to his new engagement. And I may here state, that actors, however slender their means, are notorious for the assistance they invariably render their needy brethren, and for the kind feelings they evince towards each other.

more, good day. Oh, Mr.——Mr.—— I beg your pardon, I really forget your name."

"Meadows, ma'am."

"To be sure; had I thought of Young Meadows I should have remembered it at once. Did you ever play *Orlando* or *Jacques*, in 'As You Like It?'"

"No, ma'am, never."

"Never mind, it's of no great consequence; only, if anything should occur to prevent Mr. Bartley or Mr. Mallinson from coming on Friday, we shall do that play, and you must act one of those parts. I have not acted *Rosalind* this season, and it's a great favourite here. Good day."

I hastened away, not at all pleased with my prospect. I had heard too much of fishing, and too little of regularity to render me "hopeful." I feared I should very soon be obliged to change my situation, and my ten-pounder.

I called on the printer; he hoped I might prove successful—feared I had acted very foolishly in joining the Tamworth company, as everything was going wrong—the houses having been very bad. "I am sorry for you, young gentleman," said he; "take my advice, leave as soon as you can, for I am much deceived if you do not find Stratford quite as bad as Tamworth, perhaps worse."

I attended rehearsal the following morning; the company, one and all, received me most kindly; but all lamented, for my own sake, my joining them when there was every prospect of their breaking up.

I acted *David*—was very perfect, and in consequence had the advantage of some of my brethren, who had no great devotion for study. Ill-paid troops are frequently careless in the performance of their duties. I believe I received some applause, and I well remember being complimented by the "star" of the evening. My stout—"double stout," single manageress, acted *Lydia Languish;* and I fancied had she been one-half, or two-thirds less, she would have been much greater in the part; but, notwithstanding her size, in my young opinion, she acted well.

Of my Frenchman I have no recollection; but, as I knew nothing of the language, it must have been singularly good, especially as at that time I had a strong Yorkshire accent, which must have rendered the foreigner peculiarly effective. Colman made an Irish-Yorkshireman, in "Who wants a Guinea;" but I believe I produced the first Yorkshire-Frenchman.

I received on the Saturday *one night's salary — seven shillings!* having acted but one night, and an order to proceed to Stratford-upon-Avon, where, as the "acting" manager informed us, we were to open during the following week, "provided," said he, "the building (barn) can be fitted up in time; if not, we shall certainly open on Monday week."

At this time the birth-place of the immortal bard could not boast of a regular built theatre, though the temporary one, fitted up very neatly, was, as I found, well attended, and that, too, by the gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Some years ago, a neat theatre was built in Stratford; but I understand it has never been well attended.

Our opening *was* delayed, so that I lost one week's salary, and was

compelled to change my ten-pound note—a sad change I considered it; and I determined to change my situation as soon as possible, for I felt that "any change must better my condition."

I shall never forget the astonishment of the cashier at the bank on my presenting my paper friend for change. He eyed me from head to foot—my note from letter to letter, and from figure to figure—held it up to the light to examine the water-mark, &c., it appeared to him (at least, so I fancied) to be a doubtful, if not a suspicious case. Begged my pardon for asking such a question, "But was I REALLY one of the Stratford company?" Inquired where I came from, and asked many more inquisitorial questions, concluding with, "How will you have it, sir?"

"Gold, and a five-pound note, sir, if you please."

He gave me the required change, scarcely for an instant taking his eyes from my face, "but to the last bended their light on me."

I understood from some of the company that the theatre in Stratford was always well attended, and the benefits good; I therefore banished my fears, but resolved to be very economical, and, if possible, keep my five pound note unchanged, sadly lamenting my being obliged to let off my ten-pounder to enable me to carry on the war.

Fortune *did* smile upon us. Business *was* good, though, assuredly, our company was not; we failed principally in our orchestra, which consisted of—shall I tell it?—a *fife* and *tamborine!* for the regular musicians of the company left us in Tamworth, and here we could not obtain any, the two above named excepted.

Mr. Dowton acted with us one night, during his star-engagement at Birmingham, and, for the first time, I played *Acres* and *Gregory* ("Turn Out"); he was announced to sing, in *Restive* in the farce, "All the world was born to vex me," and "Hey for the merry wedding day;" but, as Charles Mathews says in "Patter *versus* Clatter," "he didlt," for he did not like our band, strange as it may appear; and as he would not sing without an accompaniment, we "cut the songs out," and, as our manageress said, "did very well without them, terminating the performances somewhat earlier, which is always agreeable," continued she, "especially to the boarding-school mistress, who brings her young ladies at 2*s.* a head; and it saves a little—the burning of our candles; added to which, finishing early is desirable, as the people like to be home at a decent hour."

The *Quizzical Gazette*, some years ago, stated that "Mr.—— (name forgotten) acted *Hamlet* in three hours and a half, and made nothing of it." But we, in the way of time, beat him hollow; for we generally got through a five-act play and a two-act farce in the same time; and, I doubt not, in like manner, made nothing of it.

Our houses were very good, but, strange to say, at the end of the first week I received my salary—my twenty-one shillings, by instalments, and in a most extraordinary manner, as I shall relate anon.

A FEW PASSAGES ON DREAMS, NIGHT-NOISES, AND PHANTOMS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

PART III.—PHANTOMS.

"Persons, after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with *chimerical* representations as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses."—SHENSTONE: "*An Opinion of Ghosts.*"

> "And *Fancy's* multiplying sight
> View'd all the scenes *invisible* of night."
>
> COWLEY.

"IT faded on the crowing of the cock," says Marcellus to Horatio, speaking of the grand phantom of Hamlet's father, the most awful apparition yet evoked by the imagination of man,—a royal shade more potent as the monarch of spirits, than while, in the body, it wielded the sceptre of the then mighty Denmark. But, with all its attributes of power, "the majesty of buried Denmark" could only "revisit the *glimpses of the moon*, making *night* hideous." As *dawn* came on, it "*faded.*" Daylight is not propitious to ghosts, who require a dim and shadowy arena,—darkness, when they can get it; or, in default of that, an artificial light which mostly includes heavy glooms favourable to "their exits and their entrances." They glimmer in front of a picture, of which the background must be obscure; and they demand in their spectators a certain frame of mind brought about either by the temporary bewilderment of somnolency, by moral or physical derangement, by sorrow or fear, by boundless credulity, or by the natural depression of mental energy existing, more or less, in all human beings at very late hours. Ghosts never prey on sagacious or healthy subjects, surrounded by cheerful accessories. "Your lordship," said Sir Thomas Wilde, the other day, to Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, "is not the *kind of man* to see apparitions; besides, you *do not eat suppers.*" Phantoms, then, must have ready-prepared witnesses, suffering under dyspepsia, or otherwise morbidly affected, and a certain apparatus, like conjurors; or they are nothing. To speak somewhat in the manner of the fantastical old physician of Norwich, one might say, "Why, ghosts are never seen in daylight, or why they generally affect a *tête-à-tête*, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." The fact is, that laughter is death to ghosts; and what but laughter would attend the appearance of one of them, at noon, in Pall Mall? Lord Byron fancied he saw a phantom of a Black Friar at Newstead Abbey; but, to use his own language, it

> "Appear'd
> Now in the moonlight, and now *lapsed in shade.*"

It would be the very triumph of the world of spirits if one of them could maintain its pretensions in the eye of day; this would settle all

doubt. But no; they do not dare such an issue: they know "a trick worth two of that."

An obscure writer, in 1766, thus expresses himself as to ghost-craft: "Does not every tool of superstition carefully limit his apparitions to time, place, and person—to night, to a corner, and to a coward? Why are ghosts eternally banished from sunshine and a crowd? What mighty causes restrain their stalking in daylight and in company? If they are benevolent to mankind, why should they decline opportunities of at once securing *indubitable* testimony of their existence—of accepting that reverence their nature would attract, and that gratitude their kindness would excite?"

The delusions of ghost-craft arise from a variety of causes. Some of them are accidental and natural; others brought about by morbific agency; not a few by imposture; more by fear; and many by the wilfulness of credulity in ghost-seers themselves. Let us give one or two modern instances:—

In 1807, a baronet, now living, was summoned from school to a town on the coast where his father had died suddenly. Having arrived late at night, after a fatiguing journey, and his spirits being exhausted with the unexpected loss he had sustained, the young heir requested to be shewn to his bed-room, where his sorrow and agitation were soon lulled by sleep, the "balm of hurt minds." Between one and two o'clock in the morning, he was awakened by a low, wailing sound, *dirge-like*; (so it seemed to his half-slumbering senses;) he lifted himself from his pillow and listened. It was no dream. The moaning noise continued, and grew louder and louder. While our youth looked about, by the gleam of a night-lamp in his chamber, the two leaves of a folding-door opposite him swung open as if to give space for the entrance of a ghastly pageant. It was as startling an announcement as that which in Spenser's "Faery Queene" was made to Britomart when, in "chearelesse night,

> the yron wicket open flew,
> As it with mighty levers had been tore;
> And forth yssewd, as on the ready flore
> Of some theatre, a grave personage."

Having remained awhile fixed with dismal apprehension, the young baronet crept out of bed, and stole breathlessly into the adjoining room. The first object that met his view was a figure in white drapery, and with a visage of the same colour as its robes. It seemed advancing towards him, face to face. Being, for a moment, terrified, the youth dared not proceed; and as he stopped, the spectre also became immoveable. But this was not all that encountered his gaze in that grim apartment. A coffin was there; and on it were plumes of black feathers, waving and bending as if supernaturally forced to take part in some dreary ceremony. The lamenting sound—the sudden swinging open of folding-doors, seemingly by their own impulse—the white figure—the coffin and bowing plumes—were all calculated to impress him who beheld them with a belief that ghostly influence was at work; and had he yielded to his fear and rushed from the place, he would have given another phantom-story to the already existing *veritable* stock. But, though only sixteen years of age, the youthful baronet was one of those few persons whose presence of mind rarely

deserts them. Summoning his faculties, and coolly investigating what he saw, he ascertained that the pale spectre was a reflection in a pier-glass (till then unperceived) of himself in his night-gear, which, as he moved, would of course seem to be moving towards him ; the wailing noise was produced by wind through partially-opened windows, near which the corpse lay ; this wind, increasing in strength during a gusty night, had forced open the folding-doors that had been only imperfectly and hastily secured (perhaps in trepidation) when a bed was prepared for the youth ; and the strong breeze had also given a waving motion to the black plumes placed on his father's coffin. Having fully ascertained these points, the young mourner retired to his inner apartment, deliberately bolted the folding-doors, offered up a prayer to his Maker, and was again blessed by sleep.

The following are other instances of natural and accidental causes of spectral impressions :—

A young lady, known to the present writer, was terrified, one night, by seeing at the foot of her bed a tall shadow making perpetual obeisances. Though it is quite natural that beauty should be in the receipt of homage, the damsel, accustomed to adulation at other times, was alarmed by such intrusion at " the dead waist and middle of the night." Hiding her head under the bed-clothes, she summoned her scattered spirits, took counsel within herself, and having recovered her presence of mind, looked with a scrutinizing eye at the phantom. There it was, still making salaams according to the Eastern mode of adoration. " A figure of the other world !" thought she. " Dreadful !" How far she might have blamed her attraction for bringing such unwelcome visitants, no one can tell ; but her self-possession had acquired strength ; and self-possession is fatal to ghosts, whether their advent be to worship or to terrify. She arose, went to the window, and detected the " cause of the effect." Her house was on the border of a suburban by-lane, and a gas-lamp standing there had projected into the room a shadow of an intermediate tree, whose branches swayed in the night-breeze. She took care afterwards to close the shutters.

Garments hung upon pegs in bed-rooms are often, during night, taken for ghostly figures. Sir Walter Scott relates a remarkable instance of this as having occurred to himself ; and many persons have been similarly deceived. We have heard of a gentleman of nervous temperament being haunted by a colossal figure robed and turbaned like a Turk, and having a fiery visage. Night after night did this gaunt apparition present itself. The visitation at length became intolerable, and the sufferer, terrified into courage,

> (" For men as resolute appear
> With too much, as too little, fear,")

resolved desperately to attack the disturber of his nocturnal slumbers. It would not do to let his impulse cool ; so he jumped out of bed, rushed towards the phantom, seized it—and found the window-curtain in his grasp. The fiery face turned out to be a large brass knob, over which the upper part of the curtain was thrown.

Of those visions occasioned by morbific agency, the following are specimens :—

A lady who had been to Sierra Leone with her husband (an army

captain) was compelled to leave the settlement on account of ill-health, and return to England by herself. During the voyage, she was too weak to quit her cabin. This was divided by a screen, on one side of which was a sofa where she reclined during day ; the other contained her night-berth. One afternoon, when not far from the termination of her voyage, she saw, as she reposed on the sofa, her husband (whom she had left in Africa), seated by her side. In spite of a deadly faintness that came over her, she uttered a hurried exclamation of wonder at seeing him there, when he instantly arose, and glided from her view behind the screen. A convulsive outcry brought the ship's surgeon to her cabin. " My husband is here !" gasped she ; " why did you not tell me so ?" " You have been dreaming, dear madam," replied the doctor ; " Captain —— is at Sierra Leone with his regiment. Compose yourself." " He is here, I tell you," rejoined she with a wild emphasis. " Go behind that screen, and you will see him." The surgeon drew aside the screen, when no one appearing there, the lady, exclaiming, " Then he is dead !" sank back, and became, for a time, insensible.

This idea was too strong to be repressed. Being certain she had seen her husband's ghost, the lady felt already the desolation of a widow. Soon after landing in England, she received a letter from her husband, announcing his probable return sooner than was expected. But even this did not remove the gloomy impression. " He must have died in that horrible climate," thought she, " after his letter was dispatched." At length, however, the captain arrived in London in good health, and we believe both he and his lady are living at the present hour. This vision was nothing more than a " brain image," or hallucination of disease, aided, probably, as Coleridge says, by " one of those unconscious half-sleeps, or rather those rapid alternations of the sleeping with the half-waking state, which is *the true witching time*—

' The season
Wherein the spirits hold their wont to walk,'

—the fruitful matrix of ghosts."

By way of companion to the above, we may mention another supposed ominous appearance equally fallacious, and occasioned by morbid perceptions resulting from long watchfulness. A solicitor in London left his private house one morning, telling his wife that he should dine with a friend, and desiring her to send a change of clothes to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where, to save time, he should dress. This was accordingly done. It was the month of November. Between five and six in the evening, the lady, who, with the sweet and untiring solicitude of a mother, had several days and nights watched the bedside of a sick infant, heard a carriage draw up at her door ; and, happening at that moment to be going towards the nursery, saw, from above-stairs, her husband pass into his dressing-room. " Why," said she to a woman-servant, " I thought your master was going to dinner from his chambers. Were not his clothes sent there ?" " I believe so, ma'am," was the answer. " It has been neglected," responded the lady ; " his carriage has just stopped at the door, and he is now in his dressing-room. Go and ask his man why the commands were disobeyed." The girl went on her errand, and returned, saying the

things had been sent as ordered, and that her master was not in the house. Strong in her first impression, the lady descended to her husband's dressing-room—that room into which, a few moments before, she had seen him enter : it was vacant ! Hour after hour did she pass in dreadful perturbation. She refused to be comforted. Not knowing whither her husband intended to go, she was ignorant where to make inquiry ; and only after his return would she be persuaded that a warning phantom had not been seen by her. Had any accident happened to her husband in his homeward path, nothing would have removed her belief in a supernatural vision. Her delusion was the fruit of long anxiety and sleeplessness at the couch of her child. Hypochondria had set in. It is fitting that for every accidental *coincidence* in these matters, numerous *non-coincidences* should be recorded.

The singular cases of diseased imagination manifested by Walderstein, a celebrated physician of the university of Gottingen, and by Nicolai, a German bookseller, are too well known to require recital in this place. Both these men, though terribly oppressed by phantoms of the mind, have done great service to the cause of common-sense by subjecting the phenomena under which they laboured to calm, philosophical investigation ; and so perfectly had long practice given them mental command, that they were able, even when the morbid affliction was raging—when the phantoms were actually present—to examine the condition of their mind and nerves, and lay the result before their fellow-creatures.

A narration is somewhere made of a man who saw his own ghost in every apartment of his house. It was in vain that he tried to elude the apparition by going from the parlour to the study—from the study to the drawing-room—from the drawing-room to his bed-chamber; in each and all sat his other self, scaring him with ubiquity. This was, in every sense of the word, an intense *monomania*—an extravagant case of egotism, assuming the horrible.

The best explication ever given of ghost-craft, is that addressed by Cassius to his friend Brutus, after the latter imagined he had seen a phantom in his tent previously to the battle of Philippi. "In our sect, Brutus," said he, "we have an opinion that we do not always feel or see that which we suppose we do both see and feel; but our senses being credulous, and therefore easily abused, (*when they are idle and unoccupied in their own objects,*) are induced to imagine they see and conjecture that which in truth they do not. For our mind is quick and cunning to work (without either cause or matter) anything in the imagination whatsoever. And, therefore, the imagination is resembled to clay, and the mind to the potter; who, without any other cause than his fancy and pleasure, changeth it into what fashion and form he will. And this doth the diversity of our dreams shew unto us. For our imagination doth, upon a small fancy, grow from conceit to conceit, altering both in passions and forms of things imagined. The mind of man is ever occupied; and that continual moving is nothing but an imagination. But yet, there is a further cause of this in you; for you being by nature given to melancholic discoursing, and of late continually occupied, *your wits and senses having been overlaboured, do easilier yield to such imaginations.* For to say that there

are spirits, and, if there were, that they have the shape of men, or such voices, or any power at all to come unto us, it is a mockery."—(*North's Plutarch.*)

A physician of the name of Cook, living at Leigh, published in 1765 an account of certain spiritual agents who hovered about him, and supplied him with supernatural intelligence concerning his patients. This was obviously a professional puff; but such an effect did it have on the general mind, that a private gentleman (one Mr. King) thought it worth while to destroy the doctor's pretences; and completely did he demolish the nonsense. Cook pretended that to him alone was communicated these warnings. His antagonist answers in the following strain:—"If we admit the reality of your spirits, and invest them with the character of sagacious guardians of mankind, why should we limit our ideas of their number and locality? What claim has Leigh to such a share of their vigilance?—or your house to the peculiar privilege of being their office of intelligence? Men, as moral agents, are everywhere, I presume, in the same defenceless state; and equally require, and are entitled to, the same spiritual correspondence and protection. Were the favour of these gracious beings at all visibly or palpably experienced, it would not be circumscribed, nor partially distributed, nor dispensed only *to a few in the world during hours of solitude and darkness*, but, like every other display of Divine Providence, would be general, constant, and indisputable."

This applies to all ghost-stories: it is conclusive; but truth was not exactly Dr. Cook's object. To be deprived of his warning-ghosts was to lose so many patients; and accordingly, as far as in him lay, he struggled hard to establish his visions to a "liberal and enlightened public." This made King only more determined in his argument; and the result was, that he annihilated the physician and his phantoms at "one fell swoop." The controversy, though now forgotten, is well worth reading.

The following is one of the most remarkable and puzzling instances of dream in one place, and vision in another, on record. It was related about eighty years ago, and deserves to be recalled from dusty oblivion.

A student at an academy in Devonshire dreamt that he was going to London, but having parents living in Gloucestershire, thought he would visit their house in his way to the metropolis. He, accordingly, commenced his journey in imagination; and, reaching the parental home, attempted to enter at the front door, but finding it fast, went round to the back, where he gained ready admission. All was hushed: the family had retired for the night. Proceeding to the apartment where his parents lay, he found his father asleep; on which, without disturbing him, he went to the other side the bed, and perceived his mother to be broad awake. "Mother," said he, "I am going a long journey" (meaning to London), "and have come to bid you good by." Stricken with fright, and interpreting his words in a fatal sense, she replied, "Dear son, thou art dead!"—The dreamer now awoke, and took no more notice of the affair than he would of any ordinary dream. But in a few days, he received a letter from his father, informing him that his mother, while in bed, had heard him, on a certain night, (the very night of his dream,) trying the doors of the house; and after opening the back door, and coming up stairs, he appeared at her side.

she being, as she stated, broad awake. She added, that he addressed her by the words above related; on which she uttered, "Dear son, thou art dead!" The vision immediately disappeared; and the good woman, being greatly disturbed, waked her husband, and told him what had occurred.

To this singular conjuncture, however, of dream and vision, *there was no result on either side.* The mother, who believed herself to be awake, was probably in a state of imperfect slumber; but that at the very moment her son was dreaming, she should see, in a vision, his identical dream acted before her, is the most striking coincidence of any in the traditions of oneirocriticism.

A writer of the day observes, that had anything of moment happened to either party in correspondence with the above dream and vision, (particularly had the son died about the time,) it might have been considered as a divine premonition. But, as neither that, nor anything else of consequence ensued, it must certainly be extravagant to suppose that any supernatural interposition had taken place. "The dreamer," he adds, "is yet (1765) alive, though the affair is now of some years' standing."

But ghosts, or ghost-stories, will never cease, as long as people can be found who are determined to believe in them, spite of reason or evidence. The following is a ludicrous instance of obstinate credulity in a ghost-seer.

The mother of a family had occasion, at a late hour, to go to the nursery, for some toilet-article left there. She was in her night-dress. One of her children, and the nursemaid, who took part of the same bed, were, as she thought, fast asleep. Fearful of waking them, she entered the apartment on tip-toe, and finding what she sought, retired, in the same noiseless manner, stopping, however, at the foot of the bed, to gaze at her infant. The servant, not having closed her eyes, saw the whole proceeding, which, simple and natural as it was, assumed, in her fancy, the character of an unearthly visitation.

"Oh, ma'am," said she, to her mistress, the following morning, "such a dreadful thing happened in the nursery last night!"

"Good heaven! what is the matter?" gasped the lady.

"Why, ma'am, I saw the spirit of my master's mother. She was all in white; glided about the room like a ghost; stopped at the foot of the bed, glared at us, and then vanished. I am sure we shall hear of her death soon."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the lady; "it was myself whom you saw. I went to the nursery for some *eau-de-Cologne*, and took my slippers off, that I might not disturb you and the child. You must be very fond of ghosts, to make me one before my time."

The woman looked incredulous; and not believing her mistress's explanation, propagated far and wide an account of the apparition. It was in vain that the lady tried to undeceive her, by doing, next night, the same thing, in the same dress; and even when her master's mother visited the house in good health, the servant resolutely adhered to her belief. With some persons, truth and reason are weak, indeed, when opposed to a love of the spectral and the wonderful. To be terrified is, to them, a luxury. They can't live without what they call "*a sensation.*" The ascending-scale of their pleasure is a wedding, a funeral, a murder, and a ghost.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT CANTERBURY.

Neither the fame nor the hospitality of Canterbury of old are gone by, or extinct. True, that at the site of one of its gateways, modern cynicism has erected opposite to an old heart-shaped shield, bearing the inscription, "Welcome, 1671," a recent and tasteless slab, with the ominous word, "Farewell, 1835." But, notwithstanding the questionable politeness of this indication, opposed as it is to the geniality of that of the seventeenth century, Canterbury is still itself, and, in point of feeling, as it was when pilgrims followed in the wake of the second Henry, to lay their offerings at the shrine of Becket. Its ramparts which have resisted Danes, Normans, and parliamentary forces, still struggle into sight from amidst picturesque old houses, or are moulded into public promenades. A Norman keep, and one of its old gateways, with round towers and portcullis, still remain. Its monastic and palatial ruins, rich with historical recollections of early Christianity, of wedded loves, and of pious retribution, are also to be found adorned with leering and grotesque figure-heads, commemorative of the monks that loved "a fat swan best of any rost," and above all rises a cathedral no less venerable for antiquity than distinguished by its surpassing beauty and architectural excellence.

It is not to be wondered at that the archæologists of Great Britain, assembling as an association to examine the antiquities of a locality, to discuss antiquarian and historical subjects generally, to promote mutual intercourse, and to lend their aid in the preservation of monuments of olden time, should have made one of the most ancient cities of the empire—one from whence Christianity was first diffused over the land, and in and around which Roman, Saxon, Norman, and old English ruins bristle up at every point, or steal into view from the most obscure and remote corners, and which in one particular instance carry the eye through almost the whole series of changes effected by time in the features of Gothic architecture—the first point of their first experimental and successful meeting.

The great advantages, indeed, enjoyed by the archæologist is, that he has to do with local things, which, if not living, are still existing forms, appealing in mute eloquence to the eye, and to which, by the power of mind and genius, he lends life, resuscitating the past for the benefit of the present. Comparisons are proverbially insisted upon as objectionable; but it is impossible not to remark, that the perfect ease and genial sympathies of the British Archæologists, contrasted strongly with the apprehensiveness and frigidity of the assemblies of the men of science, and that in a manner highly favourable to those who had not gleaned austerity from the lessons of the past, or self-sufficiency from a successful wisdom.

It was the fancy of a distinguished modern writer, that peculiar and characteristic living forms might be supposed to spring from the variety, beauty, and grotesqueness of shapes and outlines, which belong to cathedral structures, and which succeed to one another in the dim light suffused through stained glass, or shaded by lengthening aisles and lofty arches, in such mysterious multitude; and the deformed tenant of the towers of Nôtre Dame was the living form given to such an abstract idea. But far different, and far more practical, are our conceptions of propriety. No one could have attended the Association of British Archæologists at Canterbury, and met in harmony of intercourse with the numerous church dignitaries who came thither from all parts of England—from London, Oxford, Hereford, and St. Albans, but must have felt that such men, combining a fine simplicity of mind and warmth of feeling, with the highest intellectual attributes, were the best possible representatives of those noble edifices from whence they may be almost said to emanate; and that, unlike the learned and cloistered recluse of old,

"———— whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterless;
(This is to say, a *monk out of his cloistre*;)
This ilke text he held not worth an oistre,"—

they lost neither in dignity nor power, by being for a moment torn away from holy precincts, to mingle with the open world.

"We ought not," said the Dean of Hereford, "in studying the relics left by the Roman invaders of this country to forget, that it was to the marriage of a British lady, Claudia, with Publius, a Roman senator, and who are both addressed by St. Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy, that this country is indebted for the origin of Christianity and civilization." And the Archdeacon of St. Albans, comparing himself to the mediæval ages, said, he was brought into actual life by the presence of youth and beauty, as emblemed in his own daughters, who supported the presidential chair.

Such was the exquisite tone which pervaded the whole proceedings of the association; delicacy of feeling went hand in hand with the pleasures of taste and perception, and the memory of the past only heightened the conscious satisfaction to be derived from the superior civilization of actual times.

It may be truly said to have been a trying time at which to found an Archæological Association—a moment pregnant with diversity of opinion in most matters of architectural and sculptural taste; and which, in many cases, if carried to their full extent, would involve changes and revolutions of no slight amount. Thus, while one party in considering the restoration of old churches, or the interior decoration of cathedrals, would endeavour as much as possible to ensure, that in the one adequate knowledge and taste should be employed, and that in the other correct principles of art should determine the keeping and harmony of each detail with the whole; another party condemn almost all restorations as ignorantly executed, and would sweep from the interior of cathedral edifices all monuments of whatsoever character. So, also, in the details of sculpture, a difference of opinion exists. One party would adhere to what time has rendered classical; another would introduce actual costume, substituting reality for ideality, and suggesting new difficulties to be overcome, but which, as has been already shewn, are not beyond the reach of the existing art and genius of the country.

It is true, that neither mural nor other monuments of the dead, were seen in the temples of Greece or Rome. Such were not adapted for them. It is universally admitted, that the surpassing excellence and beauty of the Gothic cathedral is mainly dependent upon aggregation of details—the perpendicular lines, the breaking with tall pointed arches and lofty spires, the horizontal flats surrounding them, and the loftiness of the aspiring structures which spring from such heaping upon one another of designs, increasing in magnificence as they increase in height and extent. On the contrary, the Greek temple was horizontal; and the development of its harmonious and beautiful proportions admitted of no addition or subtraction without injury. Hence it was that the Greeks raised their sacred edifices upon platforms or hills, best suited to display to advantage their horizontal lines against the wavy outline of clouds or distant mountains. The true position of the Gothic cathedral is in the midst of picturesque old dwelling-houses, above which it rises in splendour and impressiveness. But this does not at all necessitate, as some have gone so far as to assert, that the immediate area around Canterbury Cathedral (for we are adhering strictly to locality) should not be open, as Mr. Britton has ably advocated it ought to be.

Sepulchral monuments of a strictly architectonic character, we are not afraid to say, rather add to, than take away from, the beauty of the interior of a Gothic church; nor is it at all essential that the existence of such in a sacred edifice should, among an educated people, in any way lead to saint or hero worship. If the Christian religion first admitted within the bosom of its church the monuments of those who had fought or fell in her cause, we cannot see why the same toleration may not be exhibited towards those who, by their piety or learning, have advanced her interests; or who, by honourably

defending their country, have also protected its religion. To us, the recumbent images of Archbishops Peckham and Wareham, in their long robes and mitred heads; or that of the Black Prince, lying in complete armour, on an altar tomb of grey marble, suggest in their placid repose and sculptural picturesqueness, no sentiments but those of respectful and devotional admiration. Such monuments as those of Henry the Fourth and of Joan of Navarre, his queen; of Lady Holland and her two husbands, with the customary emblem of fidelity at her feet, in St. Michael's Chapel, are to our minds at once appropriate and architectonic; and if you admit the decorated style within an edifice otherwise of Romanesque simplicity, as in the screen of Prior Henry de Estein, which separates the nave from the choir, and the florid decorations of the western transepts, you cannot object to the statueless but decorated altar tombs which adorn the eastern portion of the choir; and one of which, that of Archbishop Meopham, serves as a screen to the old Norman Chapel of St. Anselm. Neither would we bring any objections in point of appropriateness, to bear upon many other monuments of Canterbury Cathedral. The studious aspect of John Boissy, with his beard, long robes, and ruffles of the middle ages; or old Sir T. Neville, kneeling in prayer, in his coat of mail, cannot but be considered as characteristic and pleasing monuments, the effect of which is good. But such acceptance cannot be extended to all. The highly coloured and gaudy monument of Archbishop Chicele, is most unsuitable to the solemn simplicity of everything around; the fantastic heaping of skulls and bones on Dean Fotherby's monument; many of the details in the warriors' chapel—pictorial sculptures, trivial in conception and in execution, and all mere busts, being incomplete and fragmentary in character, are decidedly unarchitectonic. And although among the modern monuments, consigned without an exception to the nave, there are not many sculptural conventionalities—kneeling figures, repetitions of ancient and well-esteemed designs, or females bent over tombs in the recognised attitudes and expression of monumental grief,—still, it is to be regretfully added, that there is throughout equally little pretension or taste. With the exception of two cherubim by Rysbrack, who seem to be playing about a broken column; and a modern misery to Lieut.-Col. Stuart, there is, indeed, nothing sculptural—nothing but a long line of variously-formed mural tablets, with more or less conventional urns, and bas-reliefs, with designs familiar to every explorer of town or country churches.

Upon the subject of Canterbury Cathedral—the first and chief which presented itself to the association—an able paper was communicated by Professor Willis, in which he compared the history of the rebuilding of the choir and other portions of the cathedral by William of Sens, after the fire of 1174, as given by the Monk Gervase, with his actual examinations, and which shewed the historian to have been accurate in all his details. Professor Buckland, who for some years past has been frightening the more timid in the pursuit of science by forebodings of anticipatory earthquakes, and whose blue bag has become to many an object of serious suspicion, from being supposed to conceal portable explosive compounds, ever attendant upon the professor's movements, announced his belief that the cathedral was in daily danger of fire, from the spontaneous combustion of the exuviæ of birds, of which he had seen, at one time, as many as fifty issue from as many broken windows. Mr. Austin, the surveyor of the cathedral, naturally repudiated the possibility of such an event; but, what was more to the point, denied than any quantity of such exuviæ was allowed to accumulate. Mr. Godwin, who has for some time past turned his attention to the old masonic signs which exist on hewn stones, exhibited copies of a variety which he had met with in various cathedrals in this country and on the Continent, and which he had now, also, detected in Canterbury Cathedral. The subject is one of considerable interest, as connected with the origin of free-masonry; and similar marks are met with in the edifices of antiquity in the East, in still greater numbers, and possessing greater peculiarities.

Roman antiquities, although not of so much immediate interest as those of

later times, still occupied a fair proportion of the attention of the association. After an interesting, and, under the circumstances, an important paper by Mr. S. Isaacson, on the discovery of Roman antiquities at Dym Church, which tended to shew that the Romans had a permanent station within the boundaries of Romney Marsh, and the probability of Cæsar's having landed in that direction, the Rev. Mr. B. Post read an especial memoir on the landing-place of Cæsar, in which the author advocated Folkestone as being the point of the coast first approached, and Lymne as being the point of debarkation.

The ancient port of Rhutupia, now Richborough, and supposed by many to have been the point where the Roman standard was first planted, was made the object of visit and exploration by the association. Mr. Roach Smith had previously carried on excavations, the results of which were not, however, laid before the meeting. The ruins at Richborough attest, perhaps, in as high a degree as any other Roman remains in this country the power and greatness of the invaders. A raised platform, extending 150 yards in one direction, and 158 on the other, is encompassed, except to the eastward, where the cliff has fallen down, exposing abundance of human bones and oyster-shells, by thick and lofty walls, constructed of flints and stones in courses, with Roman tiles on one side only, and the usual characteristic mortar. Oolite, travertino, and other rocks, not belonging to the neighbourhood, were also found. In nearly a central position were traces of a cruciform edifice.

The position of this castellated building was at the extreme base of the bay, and the view from the top of the walls was comprehensive and remarkable, extending, in one direction, by Sandwich, where are also Roman remains, to Deal, and on the other, by the Reculvers (the high antiquity of whose holy chapel was attested, in an interesting communication from Miss Halstead) to Ramsgate, and across its long jetty to the extremity of the North Foreland.

The nature of the coast at this point, where the alluvium has gained a considerable distance upon the sea, is equally suitable with Romney Marsh to the description given by Cæsar of the muddy and slippery character of their landing-place. The objection verbally advanced by the Rev. Mr. Barham at the meeting, as to the change which the coast has undergone since the Roman epoch, as attested by the loss of the Goodwin property, scarcely applies itself to this point, because, if admitted not to be the landing-place, still it is satisfactorily proved to have been a Roman port, and hence its condition must have been pretty nearly the same at the time of the first debarkation. The distance marched, before the Thames was passed at Kingston, would also tally; but the great, and apparently insuperable difficulty, and which the ingenuity of Archdeacon Battely has not got over, is the distances navigated after the coast was first reached, and which leaves the argument in favour of Romney Marsh, a deduction to which a further probability is now given by the discovery of the remains of a permanent Roman station at that point.

Dr. Buckland's geological heart was rejoiced, at Rhutupia, by the discovery of land-snails, which had, with the lapse of time, worn away cavities on the face of the walls. That this burrowing process was effected by the agency of an acid, was satisfactorily shewn by affixing one of the offenders to the pink ribbon of a lady antiquary's bonnet, and which it quickly changed in colour.

The little church of St. Martin's, considered by Bede to have been built by the early Christian Romans, and therefore of singular interest, was also made the object of visit. It was, unfortunately, undergoing extensive repair, whether in correct taste or not, we will not pretend to say, but we were assured, that as far as possible, every stone was replaced in its original situation. The font, in which tradition says King Ethelbert—who, by the bye, also dwelt at Rhutupia—was baptized, was lying on the ground in pieces. We were disappointed with it as a piece of ornamental art; the sculptured interlacings, which were in low relief, did not possess any particular beauty.

In addition to what is here mentioned, several other papers on Roman antiquities were read, some of local interest, as on the Roman roads in Kent, by Mr. Puttock, and others, bearing upon more distant localities, by Professor Buckland, Mr. Saull, and Mr. Artis; and a great number and variety of

Roman relics were also exhibited at different times during the meetings of the association.

The chief thing accomplished in *Saxon antiquities*, was the opening of the barrows, on Barham Downs, and the heights of Bourne, commonly called Breach Downs, and which proceedings were preluded first by the distribution of a printed account of barrows, previously opened in the same locality, by Mr. Wright, one of the most distinguished and active members of the association, and by a description of the different kinds of tumuli and sepulchral mounds, by the Rev. J. B. Deane, to which was added a notice of the Cromlech, which was described as being the rich man's monument, while the simple mound of earth was the grave of the poor. "Kits Cotty House," where Mr. Wright has lately been carrying on interesting excavations, was also characterized as a sepulchral monument; and at the same meeting, Sir William Betham took occasion to notice the sepulchral nature of the Irish round towers, as established by the late discovery of a skeleton in that of Ardmore, and which deductions apparently met with the support and concurrence of Mr. Crofton Croker. Numerous objects, obtained from the different sepulchres, were laid at various times upon the table; so that, indeed, on such an occasion, a tyro might have familiarized himself with many not always accessible points of antiquarian information.

The morning on which the members of the association met, eight miles from Canterbury, on the Dover road, to witness the final opening of the Saxon graves—the upper portion of which had been previously removed—was threatening, and, for a time, turned to heavy rain. Nothing daunted, however, by this state of things, antiquaries of both sexes patiently watched the opening of no less than eight tombs—the remnants, evidently, of some poor Saxon villagers, who once dwelt by the side of a hill, now wood and fallow-enclosed, with cottages and gardens on one side, and a Quixotic-looking mill on the other, while the hill itself, an offset from the great line of the Kentish North Downs, made a rapid descent to a village, beneath which flowed the *Bourne*, *par excellence*.

In the first grave, the remains were found of a woman and child, they had been buried together, and with them their necklaces of various-coloured beads, which the poorer Saxons apparently wore, as is in the present day done by various of the American-Indian and Oriental tribes. A ring, and several other ornaments of no great value were found in the same grave, but it is to be remarked, that, in the graves of the richer Saxons, different articles are found of good workmanship, especially of gold filigree, which by no means evince a low state of the arts. The third grave opened was distinguished from the others, by the bones being in a greater state of preservation, the lower extremities being displayed, by excavation, in a nearly entire condition. This fragment of humanity appeared to excite much interest among many present.

The fourth opened was the tomb of a peasant warrior. His sturdy skull remained nearly entire, and by his side was the head of a spear, and a small portion of the base of a shield, of the usual Saxon form. In the seventh, a knife, five and a half inches in length, and at first supposed to have been a dagger, was found by the side of a female; and a number of rings, beads, and minor objects of interest were met with during the excavation. These graves were all superficial, and were disposed, more or less, east and west, but very irregularly so, and with the feet towards the rising sun, as demanded by the Helio-Arkite mysteries.

After refreshment at Bourne, hospitably proffered by its noble tenant, the party proceeded, with additional spirit, to Breach Downs, where, in a portion of the park attached to the mansion, barrows of greater importance had been excavated in the chalk, for a depth of about six feet, and to within a few inches of the mortuary deposit. Human bones were obtained in quantities; and patience was further rewarded, by finding, in one of them, a beautiful Saxon urn, with the usual zig-zag ornament, and a small vessel of green glass. On the contents of the urn, being afterwards explored, it was found, however, to contain only the clasp of a purse, which had held no coins; so that from this and other circumstances, notwithstanding the position and the depth of the

graves, they were considered, by the antiquaries present, to have belonged to a poor tribe.

A curious circumstance occurred, in the opening of these last barrows, that a human skeleton, evidently belonging to recent times, was found at the top of one of them. Dr. William Pettigrew remarked, that, as the Breach Downs had been once the scene of the exploits of a robber familiar to the traditions of the neighbourhood, this was not unlikely to be the record of one of his foul deeds. Dr. Buckland attempted to controvert this, by pointing out, that the most ancient, even antediluvian bones, might sometimes be in a state of perfect preservation, which was so far true, when the circumstances conducive to decomposition were not present, but they were so, in this case, the bones being quite superficial, and exposed to air, moisture, and the other recognised causes of disintegration, and yet perfect. The Dean of Hereford also called attention to the fact of such skeletons occurring on the surface of barrows, which were the remains of sacrifices made to the manes of those interred within; but it is obvious that we should, in such cases of nearly contemporaneous inhumation, expect a similar, if not greater, amount of decay to belong to the upper as to the lower remains.

A lively discussion arose upon various points of interest connected with these barrows; we will only notice the most striking. The teeth, often with the enamel very perfect, had the top of the crown worn down in a manner which indicated a diet chiefly of peas and beans, upon which, as several present remarked, the soldiery were still dieted, even to the latter periods of the middle ages. A second fact was the absence of hair, which, as it occurs in mummies, led Dr. William Pettigrew to advance an opinion, that the Saxons were shaved like the Easterns; but notwithstanding the well-attested indestructibility of hair, in some cases, it is well known that it is, also, often found wanting, on opening quite recent mortuary deposits.

An equally curious subject of investigation presented itself in the fossil bodies of recent origin, and even living things, which were found in the barrows. Mr. Wright had described, previously, the existence of skulls and bones of mice, with remains of seed, &c., and on the present occasion, similar remains were found, in addition to which, some common land-snails were found in one, and two live earth-worms in another grave. A communication was also read by Mr. T. Bateman, upon the discovery in barrows in the vicinity of Bakewell, Derbyshire, of a bed of rats' bones, a foot deep, which precluded the assumption that they had found their way into the grave. There was a diversity of opinion in explaining these appearances, and which was again returned to, at a later period, without arriving at anything more than a kind of Pickwickian clearness and lucidity.

It may be remarked, in regard to Saxon remains, that Sir William Betham took two different occasions to insist upon the so-called kelts—Saxon hatchets of stone—being adzes, or carpenters' tools, from the circumstance of one having been found inserted in wood. This, however, was, at the best, a very indecisive proof, for no one, because an axe was found imbedded in a tree, would controvert the fact of there ever having been battle-axes.

But we must leave Roman and Saxon antiquities for those of the *middle ages*, foremost among which stood the cathedral, already noticed; next in interest came the line of Norman forts, which extend from Dover, by Canterbury and Rochester, to London. All these are in, more or less, good preservation; that of Canterbury the least so; while an especial excursion was made to that of Dover, by a small party of gentlemen and ladies, including Sir Wm. Betham, Rev. Mr. Barham, W. Harrison Ainsworth, &c., and who were hospitably and kindly received by Major Davis, the commandant of Dover Castle. The Norman keep of Dover was minutely described to the meeting by the Rev. H. Hartshorne, who considered it to be one of the most perfect types of a Norman castle in existence.

A little gem of these early times, which was made the object of an especial excursion—Barfreston Church, excited much interest and attention. Although in part restored, the restoration had been carried on with so strict a regard to

archæological exigences, and so much that was untouched still remained for the scrupulous investigator, that the building was not open to much critical detraction. As to the beauty and perfection of the whole, and, indeed, of almost all the details, there were few dissentient voices. Indeed, the numerous drawings which have been published, from Grose downwards, give no idea of the neatness and fitness of each part, and of the consequent harmony and perfection of the whole. It was impossible, in contemplating such a real architectural gem, not to feel a wish to know something concerning its origin. Who founded it?—when was it built?—was in everybody's mouth; but no one could answer the question. There exists, however, a sculptured legend on the arch of the gateway, which tells, after the burlesque fashion of olden times, that, like the beautiful Chapel of Roslyn, near Edinburgh, and that of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, it owes its origin to a hunting adventure, apparently an accident, and a vow made in consequence. In one of the sculptures a gallant huntsman is going forth; in another, he is in pursuit of a hare; in a third, his horse has stumbled against a stone; in a fourth, a monkey is riding home with the hare; in a fifth, there is a consultation being held over the identical stone, which is apparently devoted to the foundation of a chapel; for in another compartment, the hunter is embracing his lady, at the happy resolution made; and in the last of the series, the monkey is fiddling for joy, at the conclusion of an incident, to which we must, no doubt, attribute the building of the beautiful chapel of the forest.

It is obvious that it is impossible for us to notice all that was done during a week's hard labour; our object has been simply to glance at things of local interest, and at the prospects of the new and promising association. There were many papers read, which, without wishing to tie the association solely to local matters, were certainly unsuitable; while, on the other hand, there were many communications of high and learned character, but which were too strictly antiquarian for the meeting, which, it is supposed, is intended to be popular from the mixed character of the audience. The description of a fresco or distemper painting (it was not determined which) in East Wickham Church, led to very active steps being taken for its preservation. It was said, but the statement has since been contradicted, that it was threatened with immediate destruction by the religious scruples of the incumbent. It was one of the greatest practical advantages of the association, among whom there were three deans present—responsible keepers of cathedral antiquities—to thus allow the public feeling to be expressed on such matters. It is evident that we are now in the age of toleration, not of indifference. Upon the subject of this painting we may find a corner to say, that the seventh compartment, which the author of the paper did not, we believe, decipher, was apparently the angel appearing to the shepherd—the star being lost by part of an arch which crossed the upper portion. This subject, also, eliminated from the Dean of Hereford an account of the etymology of "Douse it out," springing as it did from a person of that name, who, when puritanical zeal was at its height, particularly distinguished himself by his energy in white-washing old paintings in our churches and cathedrals.

So great was the influx of contributions, that some were omitted; others were only half read, and none were fully commented upon. It was a great antiquarian race, in which those who could throw in a word appeared to consider it equal to winning a prize. Visits were also made to Dr. Faussett's, the possessor of Douglas the antiquarian's collections, and which are preserved in a retired villa in the woods, looked upon with superstitious dread by the peasantry around, who believe the cellars to be full of coffins and human bones. Mr. Rolfe's collection at Sandwich was also hastily examined; and a gentleman, of equal taste and urbanity of manners—Mr. Godfrey, of the same neighbourhood, received and refreshed the fatigued antiquaries at his hospitable house.

We ought not to omit that Mr. Pettigrew, so distinguished by his researches in Egyptian antiquities, unrolled, or rather cut and chopped to pieces—for the bandages were so impregnated with bitumen, that they

would not unroll — a mummy at the theatre, an exhibition replete with curious and interesting information for the residents, for whose advantage the proceeding was chiefly intended. After the operation, the gentleman (for so he turned out to be) and the "son of the lady of the house," as he was hieroglyphically described, was placed in an erect position, his arms folded across his bosom, grimly scowling from beneath his gilded eyebrows upon the numerous ladies present, who appeared to enjoy vastly this impromptu appearance of a deceased Egyptian, upon the stage of the Canterbury theatre.

It would have been thought that the mere fact of the innocent and harmless character of the week's recreation thus afforded, so much more profitable than what is always at our command, would have ensured the good will of all parties. Not so, however, with the Athenæum, where there can ever be found a spirit of disparagement and detraction of all that is meritorious and kindly meant. It is objected by this Journal, that a careful survey of Roman remains in Great Britain, will add little or nothing to our stock-book of architectural models, as if the study of the manners, customs, &c. of by-gone people, had no object but the advancement of architecture! If the lessons afforded in such studies by the monuments (for such in the eye of the antiquary is a key, a coin, or a vase, broken or whole) of antiquity are to be neglected, because they do not always furnish models of art, so the writings of antiquity ought to be neglected, because they do not always furnish models in literature. The "stupidity that delights to doze" over bits of broken things, is an error of exceeding enthusiasm, which we are sure the ever-grumbling Athenæum will never fall into.

Far more exhilarating it was to see at Canterbury every branch of knowledge connected with archæology having its able and devoted representatives. The Ulster King-of-arms sat there side by side with Rouge Dragon; severe architecture had its Barry, Blore, Britton, Burton, Poynter, Willis, &c.; primeval antiquities, its Annesley, Artis, Bateman, Betham, Birch, Bloxam, Dawson, Deane, Ferrey, Faussett, Hale, Isaacson, Pettigrew, Smith, Way, Wright, &c.; mediæval antiquities, its Beattie, Bennet, Christmas, Corner Ellis, Hamilton, Hassells, Larking, Noble, Stapleton, &c.; history its Ainsworth, Arden, Ayrton, Barrow, Cunningham, Halliwell, Heywood, James, King, Nichols, Sharpe, Turner, &c.; even sculpture had its Westmacott; legendary history, its Barham and Croker; costume, its Planché; and geology its Buckland and König.

It would be doing an injustice to the people of Canterbury not to notice the exertions which they made to receive this host of learned men. The good-natured zeal of Mr. Neame, the mayor; and the exertions of Mr. Edward Plummer, Mr. Brent, and the other aldermen and town councillors, impressed every visitor with feelings of gratitude; and here, it must also be distinctly stated, that in point of courteousness and general urbanity, as well as in the graceful tact and good sense with which the President of the Association, Lord Albert Conyngham, got through his arduous duties, nothing could have been found more desirable, more worthy of imitation, or which could have been productive of more general satisfaction.

After such a first successful meeting, we can only say that the British Association of Archæologists possesses unlimited promises for the future, and every claim to ardent support. As an index to the popular feeling upon archæological subjects, its existence is invaluable; as a field for promoting and preserving art, it is most praiseworthy; and it can never fail, judiciously managed, to afford one of the most pleasant week's recreations that can be set apart from out of the year.

THE RAT-TAT: A STORY OF THE GENTILITIES.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THERE is often a deep moral meaning, a particular social signification, in a knock at the door.

The footman's knock is never to be mistaken; it is the only thing he does that speaks of industry, and an honest determination to earn his wages. Having performed the knock, it may be observed that he immediately starts back, and bids for an advance of terms next quarter, by dashing down with a terrific clatter, and astonishing rapidity, the carriage-steps. Who would conjecture him to be "one of those lazy rascals," as rags, hunger, and hard work, naturally love to call him?

The postman's is as expressive; profuse and powerful in its proclamation, even to the remotest closets and corners of the edifice. The tiny chimney-sweep, if the Act had not put him down, would infallibly hear it, though close jammed up at the soot-filled angle of the third story.

The reduction of the postman from the Twopenny to the Penny would, of course, have reduced his two knocks to one, as a measure of equity, and an economy of time; but that his identity must then have been merged in the general mob of knocking humanity—of that miscellaneous butcherism and bakerism, whose brazen throat is resorted to, to eke out the power of the iron instrument at the door.

There are people in London (past all doubt) who could infallibly distinguish, by deep acquaintance with the exquisite philosophy of sound, between the knock of the income-tax collector, and his who called to pay, with interest, the long out-standing account—the bill overdue five years.

The knock of the Hitchinsons and the Wappingtons, whom we don't want to see, is never recognised—never explicit or intelligible. Those families vary their knocks in the most insidious and disgusting manner.

The loud, long, lively knock, bordering in duration and violence upon the footman's own, is sure to be the modest announcement of a gentleman presenting a petition, either sentimentally on his own account, or impudently on behalf of unreclaimed sinners in New South Jericho.

The two sharp knocks with a soft one slipped in between—a sandwich for the ear, a perfect sandwich in sound—are Cousin John's; he has always an original way of his own: and the low, playful, and extremely protracted knock, or series of knocks, which seem running into the air of "Como's lake," in *Gustavus*, only spoiled as the door suddenly opens in the middle of it, is the clever performance of the pianoforte-tuner.

On the other hand, that dreary, peremptory, and most unmusical single rap, which is always sure to come long before its proper time, is the knock of the printer's devil, calling for the article.

But although some people's knocks are as symptomatic of them as their noses—and, indeed, there are such things as snub-knocks and fine Roman rat-tats—never were we aware until lately of the existence of a graduated scale of power in the common knocker; that the principle of gentility and social consequence was capable of being accu-

rately measured out upon the firm-set lower jaw of the griffin, whose head adorns the door. Little was it by us supposed—such was our pure unmingled metropolitan simplicity of mind—that the up-and-down movement of the knocker could ever by possibility be governed by the up-or-down condition of the visitor.

To our tale: reminding the candid reader, by way of moral at the beginning instead of the end, that small matters are not necessarily insignificant, and that a single word may possess the eloquence of an oration. A mere monosyllable may turn out to be a corpulent volume in a state of extreme condensation. It should be the essence of English—potted prose! So with the triviality to be here recorded.

At a stone's throw across the high road from our little study window, stands, as one of a row, a genteel residence or asylum, sometimes for a single gentleman, sometimes for a small quiet family, sometimes for a widow with a scant pension, and sometimes for a newly-married couple, of course without incumbrances. The house has been, within a twelvemonth's space—as a roving eye glancing from window to window, and carelessly noting exits and entrances, might easily discover—a receptacle for all these. It is a genteel residence, all let out. It is certainly not "commodious," nor yet "eligible"—it is genteel. All auctiondom could make no more of it.

One class of the tenantry specified above—the small quiet family—possessed, about a twelvemonth ago, the upper floor, or, rather, only the front room; for the two children slept in it, as we knew by the windows being always closed directly they disappeared in the evening, and were put to bed. They were exquisitely neat; and the mother, though she had a servant's work to do in addition to the maternal duties, was a pattern of cleanliness and quiet. The father of the little family was young, and evidently engaged in some superior mechanical employ. Marks of toil were on his dress, yet his attire was always decent, and his habits marvellously regular. His arrivals to his daily meals were as exact as clockwork. When we heard his firm full single knock, like the half of a postman's, we knew perfectly well that it was then a certain hour of the morning, noon, or eve. Neither death, nor quarter-day, though proverbial for punctuality, could be more true to their time.

Attention once drawn to this regularity, we were naturally prepared to notice any omission, and at last observed that this full single regular knock of our neighbour's was only to be heard on six days of the week. On the Sunday, the children wore brighter ribands, their gentle mother's neatness bloomed into elegance; and for the youthful father, no sign of daily labour was visible on his pleasing waistcoat, or the light-coloured essentials below. He was in his best, to be sure; but the best was good. Stultz would have stared a little perhaps; but no matter—the mechanic might have walked unsneakingly down Saint James's-street. He was an honour to his manufacturing country.

But although he went out and came home on the Sunday, we never noticed his knock. How did he get in? Perhaps his fond kind wife, proud of him, and of the waistcoat her hands had ironed for him, watched admiringly at the window as he came down the road, and had the door open ready for him! No. One Sabbath, as we happened to glance—and not without some feeling of respect—at what must be called the "gentility" of his appearance, he walked with an air of gentlemanly independence up to his own lodging-house door,

and gave a peculiarly smart off-hand "rat-tat-tat," as a thing that he was quite used to!

And we found that he *was* used to it, on that day of the week only! His single week-day knocks continued, but with equal regularity he delivered a rattler on the Sunday. On that one blessed day of the seven —blessings are indeed in the poor man's Sabbath!—he did no manner of work; he was his own master; his feelings underwent a change; he could take a liberty which he shrank from on Saturday; he was a gentleman, and he knocked accordingly.

This practice, while it amused us, also increased our interest for the quiet little family; and so we were glad to perceive sometime afterwards a mighty stir in the genteel edifice, with its floors separately let out. The family so attached to the gentilities were getting prosperous—getting on, as it is called; and we quite clapped our hands joyfully, as one morning, we saw the little ones at the *first*-floor window, trying to look down, and evidently thinking what a little way it was to the ground. Yes, and there too was their mother—their mamma now!—gazing out at the prospect as at a novelty, and fancying that the five trees opposite looked very different seen from the *third*-floor window.

So it was. The brightest ribands were now worn daily, and the elegance became as habitual as the neatness. But there was another change—a change in the habits of the head of the family. His appearance shared in the general improvement, his goings-out and returnings were all as exact as before; but we missed the accustomed knock. He came home to dinner as usual; but instead of crying, as was our wont, "It's just one o'clock; there's the knock," we were sadly out in the time, believing that, as no such knock was heard, it was not so late.

The fact immediately transpired. The first-floor had brought first-floor customs, and the Sunday practice became the practice of the week. No more single knocks! We had the smart "rat-tat" every day, three times. There was, no doubt, a music in the repetitions of the rap. They were so many audible proclamations of his advancement, of his ranking with the *élite* of the house. It seemed, however, to be the result of a rule laid down by the landlady. Parlour and drawing-room lodgers were to knock as they pleased; but the occupants of the upper floor were not allowed to put themselves on such a familiar footing with the knocker. People who are not worth a rap, are not expected to give half-a-dozen at the door. It was pretty to discover these secret laws of gentility, and to see how the principle worked.

A twelvemonth passed away, and we lost all interest in the progress of the little family, whose rat-tats could have no charm. When suddenly another change came. The little children were chirruping up at the top-window again, looking at the five trees from a higher point once more. The mother was there also, glancing about with a rather disconcerted and pensive air. The prosperity had been but a flash—the little agency, or the advance of income, was too good to last—and the old upper quarters were quietly, and to all appearance contentedly, resumed. They all seem quite cheerful, and amazingly regular as before. Out goes the father after breakfast, and back he comes to dinner. We now again know when it is one o'clock, by the knocker —save on Sundays, when happily the spirit of independence and gentility still prevails in the "rat-tat."

THE SETTLERS IN CANADA.*

The skill of the novelist is probably never seen to greater advantage, than when his materials are simple, and his style clear and perspicuous. There is a lightsome and airy ease in the present little work of Capt. Marryat's, written for the amusement of young people, that is quite charming ; and, while the well-known ability of the author is manifest throughout, it is so subdued by his wish to be plain, that portraits and events appear rather to flow out of the narrative, than to be the creations of a successful talent.

Mr. Campbell, a surgeon with a large family, increased by the adoption of two orphan nieces, Mary and Emma Percival, is unexpectedly removed from ill-requited and arduous professional labours, to the proprietorship of the valuable estate of Mexton Hall. But as this was in default of nearer of kin, he is, after a few years' enjoyment of the property, as suddenly ejected by the arrival of more direct issue. Reduced by such untoward incidents to emigrate, the eldest son, Henry, is taken from college, and the second, Alfred, from a promising career in the navy, and with Percival and John, as yet mere boys, and the two nieces, the whole party start under convoy for the new world. Luckily, Alfred is taken on board a fifty-gun ship appointed to this convoy, distinguishes himself in an engagement with a French liner on the voyage, and gains his lieutenancy, with the additional means of remaining for a few years with his relatives, on their first settling in a foreign land.

A grant, under highly favourable circumstances, is, through the instrumentality of Alfred's captain, and of the governor of Quebec, made to Mr. Campbell, close by Fort Frontignac, on Lake Ontario. This was in 1794, when Canada had not been long ceded by the French ; when there were no steamboats to stem the currents of the rivers, as yet a scarcity of colonists, many wild beasts, and Indians still in the very heart of what is now cultivated land, and in hostility with the new possessors of the soil.

The difficulties to be overcome by the emigrants are all more or less connected with these points. They are assisted in the first labours of squatting by a party of soldiers from the fort, from whence they also derive the acquaintance of Captain Sinclair, who becomes an important person in the novel department of the narrative ; and they have also the services of Martin Supper, a trapper, while, through the means of John, who is made to take to the woods as a young duck does to the water, they also gain over the friendship of Malachi Bone, a thoroughgoing, morose backwoodsman. These two worthies, for such they are made to be, are two distinct steps from civilization to savage life. Martin being the first degree, Malachi, the second, and Strawberry Plant, an adopted Indian child of Malachi's, is a pleasing and agreeable relief to such a forbidding back-ground. Savage life itself is represented by the Angry Snake, a warrior with but a small party of ad-

* The Settlers in Canada; written for Young People. By Captain Marryat. 2 vols. Small 8vo.

herents, but who carries on a systematic hostility against the new colonists.

Beginning with the clouds of musquitoes, and the whistling and hissing of frogs, the party are soon introduced to the minor inconveniences of being thrown into almost immediate contact with nature untainted by art, and lands unreclaimed by man. Even the ladies are constituted into "a female rifle brigade." The arrival of winter was, however, a more serious trial. Mary and Emma are startled on their daily visit to the cow-house by a hungry wolf, whom little John comes up in time to despatch. The well-drawn character of this precocious backwoodsboy, comes out in all its force upon this occasion. Having killed the wolf, he shoulders his rifle, and saying, "He's dead," turned round and walked back to the house.

"On his return, he found that the party had just come back from hauling up the punt, and were waiting the return of the Miss Percivals to go to breakfast.
"'Was that you who fired just now, John?' said Martin.
"'Yes,' replied John.
"'What did you fire at?' said Alfred.
"'A wolf,' replied John.
"'A wolf! Where?' said Mr. Campbell.
"'At the cow-lodge,' replied John.
"'The cow-lodge!' said his father.
"'Yes; killed Sancho!"
"'Killed Sancho! Why, Sancho was with your cousins.'
"'Yes,' replied John.
"'Then where did you leave them?'
"'With the wolf,' replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly
"'Merciful Heaven!' cried Mr. Campbell, as Mrs. Campbell turned pale, and Alfred, Captain Sinclair, Martin, and Henry, seizing their rifles, darted out from the house, and ran with all speed in the direction of the cow-house.
"'My poor girls!' exclaimed Mr. Campbell.
"'Wolf's dead, father,' said John.
"Dead! why didn't you say so, you naughty boy?' cried Mrs. Campbell.
"'I wasn't asked,' replied John."

The same winter an Indian woman, abandoned by her tribe from having dislocated her ankle, was found in the woods, brought in, nursed, and having recovered and received a supply of provisions, left them three weeks afterwards to rejoin her friends.

Great was the delight of the whole party when the return of spring brought with it a pleasant greensward, open waters, and chirping, twittering birds. Greater extent was now given to the farming operations; the skins obtained in winter were sent to market, and stock was purchased with the produce of their sale; palisade fences were erected, and more winter-houses; while a field of maize that was sown did not fail to bring down the bears. A fearful fire, which involved miles of forest, threatened the total destruction of the new settlement, which only a sudden rain averted; and this summer the Angry Snake makes his first appearance, according to received custom, as if accidentally dropt from a cloud, and that, when the party were inopportunely engaged in examining the stores.

The consequence is, that on the ensuing winter, an intended surprise by the Indians is thwarted by Master John, who shoots one of the savages disguised as a wolf; but in revenge for the injury thus unintentionally committed, the Angry Snake carries off the second son, Percival, on a hunting day, when Alfred has a dangerous encounter with, and is severely bit by, a puma.

As the family think that the youth perished in the snow, after the bitterness of the loss was over, Percival is little thought of till Malachi finds a letter, written by the Indian woman, who had been succoured and protected by the settlers, informing him, by a series of amusing hieroglyphics, that Percival is prisoner with the Angry Snake, at a distance of twelve days' journey to the westward.

The fourth summer, the Young Otter, an emissary of the Angry Snake's, arrives to negotiate the surrender of Percival, but he is made a prisoner, and, in return for this, the Angry Snake makes further capture of Mary Percival, of whom Captain Sinclair had become the acknowledged suitor. Incidents now crowd one upon another, the pursuit of the Indians is the great achievement, crowning other minor events. The following of the trail, at one moment lost by the wily Indians, keeping along the course of a river bed, at another by taking a canoe, and coasting along, instead of crossing direct over, a lake, is full of breathless excitement. The Strawberry Plant is in all her glory, and Martin and Malachi are now heroes. Little John had been left behind, but the second day of the pursuit, "they had finished their meal, and were sitting round the embers of the fire, conversing, and calculating the probabilities as to their overtaking the Indians, when Martin sprang up, with his rifle ready to bring to his shoulder.

"What is it?" said Alfred, in a low tone, as Martin held up his finger as a sign for silence.

"There's somebody coming this way; he is behind that large tree," said Martin. "I see his head now, but it is too dark to make out who it may be."

As Martin said this, a low and singular sort of whistle between the teeth was heard, upon which Strawberry gently put down Martin's rifle with her hand, saying—

"It is John."

It was John, and when asked how he got there:

"Followed trail," replied John.

On the route, Strawberry finds, by a broken twig, that the woman friendly to the settlers, was of the party, and had left, where possible, signals of the trail; but, after crossing the lake, they find the same female struck down by a blow of a tomahawk, from suspicion being excited by her movements. She is relieved, and, recovering rapidly, acts as guide, by a nearer road, to the Indian encampment, where Percival is found dressed in leggings, and Indian shirt of deer-skin, carrying in his hand his bow and arrows, and with an eagle's feather stuck in his hair, above the left ear. What is more singular, after his recapture, (as, according to our author, invariably takes place in every instance where the parties are very young,) he had forgotten his language and his friends. Shortly after the recapture of Percival, the Angry Snake and his followers arrive, bearing Mary Percival on a litter. But we must not anticipate details; they are carried to a happy, eventful, and unforeseen conclusion, and what we have said, we feel convinced, is only just sufficient to give an interest and insight into the adventures of the Canadian settlers, and the very simple and yet effective and dramatic manner in which they are presented to the reader.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

THE DOG-FANCIER.

The Rookery! Who that has passed Saint Giles's, on the way to the city, or coming from it, but has caught a glimpse, through some narrow opening, of its squalid habitations, and wretched and ruffianly occupants! Who but must have been struck with amazement, that such a huge receptacle of vice and crime should be allowed to exist in the very heart of the metropolis, like an ulcerated spot, capable of tainting the whole system! Of late, the progress of improvement has caused its removal; but whether any less cogent motive would have abated the nuisance, may be questioned. For years the evil was felt, and complained of, but no effort was made to remedy it, or to cleanse these worse than Augean stables. As the place is now partially, if not altogether, swept away, and a wide and airy street passes through the midst of its foul recesses, a slight sketch may be given of its former appearance.

Entering a narrow street, guarded by posts and cross-bars, a few steps from the crowded thoroughfare brought you into a frightful region, the refuge, it was easy to perceive, of half the lawless characters infesting the metropolis. The coarsest ribaldry assailed your ears, and noisome odours afflicted your sense of smell. As you advanced, picking your way through kennels flowing with filth, or over putrescent heaps of rubbish and oyster-shells, all the repulsive and hideous features of the place were displayed before you. There was something savagely picturesque in the aspect of the place, but its features were too loathsome to be regarded with any other feeling than disgust. The houses looked as sordid, and as thickly crusted with the leprosy of vice as their tenants. Horrible habitations they were, in truth. Many of them were without windows, and where the frames were left, brown paper or tin supplied the place of glass; some even wanted doors, and no effort was made to conceal the squalor within. On the contrary, it seemed to be intruded on observation. Miserable rooms almost destitute of furniture; floors and walls caked with dirt, or decked with coarse flaring prints; shameless and abandoned-looking women; children without shoes and stockings, and with scarcely a rag to their backs: these were the chief objects that met the view. Of men few were visible—the majority being out on business, it is to be presumed; but where a solitary

straggler was seen, his sinister looks and mean attire were in perfect keeping with the spot. So thickly inhabited were these wretched dwellings, that every chamber, from garret to cellar, swarmed with inmates. As to the cellars they looked like dismal caverns, which a wild beast would shun. Clothes-lines were hung from house to house, festooned with every kind of garment. Out of the main street branched several alleys and passages, all displaying the same degree of misery, or, if possible, worse, and teeming with occupants. Personal security, however, forbade any attempt to track these labyrinths; but imagination, after the specimen afforded, could easily picture them. It was impossible to move a step without insult or annoyance. Every human being seemed brutalized and degraded; and the women appeared utterly lost to decency, and made the street ring with their cries, their quarrels, and their imprecations. It was a positive relief to escape from this hot-bed of crime to the world without, and breathe a purer atmosphere.

Such being the aspect of the Rookery in the day time, what must it have been when crowded with its worst denizens at night! Yet at such an hour it will now be necessary to enter its penetralia.

After escaping from the ruined house in the Vauxhall Road, the two ruffians shaped their course towards Saint Giles's, running the greater part of the way, and reaching at the Broadway just as the church clock struck two. Darting into a narrow alley, and heedless of any obstructions they encountered in their path, they entered a somewhat wider cross street, which they pursued for a short distance, and then struck into an entry, at the bottom of which was a swing door that admitted them into a small court where they found a dwarfish person wrapped in a tattered watchman's great-coat, seated on a stool with a horn lantern in his hand, and a cutty in his mouth, the glow of which lighted up his hard, withered features. This was the deputy porter of the lodging-house they were about to enter. Addressing him by the name of Old Parr, the ruffians passed on, and lifting the latch of another door, entered a sort of kitchen, at the further end of which blazed a cheerful fire with a large copper kettle boiling upon it. On one side of the room was a deal table, round which several men of sinister aspect and sordid attire were collected, playing at cards. A smaller table of the same material stood near the fire, and opposite it was a staircase leading to the upper rooms. The place was dingy and dirty in the extreme, the floors could not have been scoured for years, and the walls were begrimed with filth. In one corner, with his head resting on a heap of coals and coke, lay a boy almost as black as a chimney-sweeper, fast asleep. He was the waiter. The principal light was afforded by a candle stuck against the wall, with a tin reflector behind it. Before the fire, with his back turned towards it, stood a noticeable individual, clad in a velveteen jacket, with ivory buttons, a striped waistcoat, drabknees, a faded black

silk neckcloth, tied in a great bow, and a pair of ancient Wellingtons ascending half-way up his legs, which looked disproportionately thin when compared with the upper part of his square, robustious, and somewhat pursy frame. His face was broad, jolly, and good-humoured, with a bottle-shaped nose, fleshy lips, and light grey eyes, glistening with cunning and roguery. His hair, which dangled in long flakes over his ears and neck, was of a dunnish red, as were also his whiskers and beard. A superannuated white castor with a black hatband round it, was cocked knowingly on one side of his head, and gave him a flashy and sporting look. His particular vocation was made manifest by the number of dogs he had about him. A beautiful black and tan spaniel, of Charles the Second's breed, popped its short snubby nose and long silken ears out of each coat pocket. A pug was thrust into his breast, and he carried an exquisite Blenheim under either arm. At his feet reposed an Isle of Sky terrier, and a partly-cropped French poodle, of snowy whiteness, with a red worsted riband round its throat. This person, it need scarcely be said, was a dog-fancier, or, in other words, a dealer in, and a stealer of dogs, as well as a practiser of all the tricks connected with that nefarious trade. His self-satisfied air made it evident he thought himself a smart clever fellow,—and adroit and knavish he was, no doubt, —while his droll, plausible, and rather winning manners, helped him materially to impose upon his customers. His real name was Taylor, but he was known among his companions by the appellation of Ginger. On the entrance of the Sandman and the Tinker, he nodded familiarly to them, and with a sly look inquired—"Vell, my 'arties—vot luck?"

"Oh, pretty middlin'," replied the Sandman, gruffly. And seating himself at the table, near the fire, he kicked up the lad who was lying fast asleep on the coals, and bade him fetch a pot of half-and-half. The Tinker took a place beside him, and they waited in silence the arrival of the liquor, which, when it came, was disposed of at a couple of pulls, while Mr. Ginger, seeing they were engaged, sauntered towards the card-table, attended by his four-footed companions.

"And now," said the Sandman, unable to control his curiosity longer, and taking out the pocket-book, "we'll see wot fortun' has given us."

Saying which, he unclasped the pocket-book, while the Tinker bent over him in eager curiosity. But their search for money was fruitless. They examined the pockets, but not a single bank-note was forthcoming. There were several memoranda and slips of paper, a few cards, and an almanack for the year—that was all. It was a great disappointment.

"So we've had all this trouble for nuffin', and nearly got shot into the bargin," cried the Sandman, slapping down the book on the table with an oath. "I vish I'd never undertaken the job."

"Don't let's give it up in sich an 'urry," replied the Tinker; "summat may be made on it yet. Let's look over them papers."

"Look 'em over yourself," rejoined the Sandman, pushing the book towards him. "I've done wi' 'em. Here, lazy-bones, bring two glasses o' rum-and-water—stiff, d'ye hear?"

While the sleepy youth bestirred himself to obey these injunctions, the Tinker read over every memorandum in the pocket-book, and then proceeded carefully to examine the different scraps of paper with which it was filled. Not content with one perusal, he looked them all over again, and then began to rub his hands with great glee.

"Wot's the matter?" cried the Sandman, who had lighted a cutty, and was quietly smoking it. "Wot's the row, eh?"

"Vy, this is it," replied the Tinker, unable to contain his satisfaction; "there's secrets contained in this here pocket-book as'll be worth a hundred pound and better to us. We ha'n't had our trouble for nuffin'."

"Glad to hear it!" said the Sandman, looking hard at him. "Wot kind o' secrets are they?"

"Vy, *hangin' secrets*," replied the Tinker, with mysterious emphasis. "He seems to be a terrible chap, and to have committed murder wholesale."

"Wholesale!" echoed the Sandman, removing the pipe from his lips. "That sounds awful. But what a precious donkey he must be to register his crimes i' that way."

"He didn't expect the pocket-book to fall into our hands," said the Tinker.

"Werry likely not," replied the Sandman; "but somebody else might see it. I repeat, he must be a fool. S'pose we wos to make a entry of everythin' we does. Wot a nice balance there'd be agin us ven our accounts comed to be wound up."

"Ourn is a different business altogether," replied the Tinker. "This seems a werry mysterious sort o' a person. Wot age should you take him to be?"

"Vy, five an' twenty at the outside," replied the Sandman.

"Five an' sixty 'ud be nearer the mark," replied the Tinker. "There's dates as far back as that."

"Five an' sixty devils!" cried the Sandman; "there must be some mistake i' the reckonin' there."

"No, it's all clear an' reg'lar," rejoined the other; "and that doesn't seem to be the end of it, neither. I looked over the papers twice, and one, dated 1780, refers to some other dokiments."

"They must relate to his grand-dad then," said the Sandman; "it's impossible they can refer to him."

"But I tell 'ee they *do* refer to him," said the Tinker, somewhat angrily, at having his assertion denied; "at least if his own word's to be taken. Anyhow, these papers is waluable to us. If no one else believes in 'em, it's clear he believes in 'em hisself, and will be glad to buy 'em from us."

"That's a view o' the case worthy of an Old Bailey lawyer," replied the Sandman. "Wot's the gemman's name?"

"The name on the card is AURIOL DARCY," replied the Tinker.

"Any address?" asked the Sandman.

The Tinker shook his head.

"That's unlucky agin," said the Sandman. "Ain't there no sort o' clue?"

"None votiver, as I can perceive," said the Tinker.

"Vy, zounds, then, ve're jist vere ve started from," cried the Sandman. "But it don't matter. There's not much chance o' makin' a bargain vith him. The crack o' the scull I gave him has done his bus'ness."

"Nuffin' o' the kind," replied the Sandman. "He alvays recovers from every kind of accident.

"Alvays recovers!" exclaimed the Sandman, in amazement. "Wot a constitootion he must have."

"Surprisin'!" replied the Tinker; "he never suffers from injuries —at least, not much; never grows old; and never expects to die; for he mentions wot he intends doin' a hundred years hence."

"Oh, he's a lu-nattic!" exclaimed the Sandman—"a downright lu-nattic; and that accounts for his wisitin' that ere ruined house, and a-fancyin' he heerd some one talk to him. He's mad, depend upon it. That is, if I ain't cured him."

"I'm of a different opinion," said the Tinker.

"And so am I," said Mr. Ginger, who had approached unobserved, and overheard the greater part of their discourse.

"Vy, vot can you know about it, Ginger?" said the Sandman, looking up, evidently rather annoyed.

"I only know this," replied Ginger, "that you've got a good case, and if you'll let me into it, I'll engage to make summat of it."

"Vell, I'm agreeable," said the Sandman.

"And so am I," added the Tinker.

"Not that I pays much regard to wot you've bin a-readin' in his papers," pursued Ginger; "the gemman's evidently half-cracked, if he aint cracked altogether—but he's jist the person to work upon. He fancies hisself immortal—eh?"

"Exactly so," replied the Tinker.

"And he also fancies he's committed a lot o' murders?" pursued Ginger.

"A desperate lot," replied the Tinker.

"Then he'll be glad to buy those papers at any price," said Ginger. "Ve'll deal vith him in regard to the pocket-book, as I deals vith regard to a dog,—ask a price for its restitootion."

"We must find him out first," said the Sandman.

"There's no difficulty in that," rejoined Ginger. "You must be constantly on the look out. You're sure to meet him some time or other."

"That's true," replied the Sandman; "and there's no fear of his knowin' us, for the wery moment he looked round I knocked him on the head."

"Arter all," said the Tinker, "there's no branch o' the purfession so safe as yours, Ginger. The law is favourable to you, and the beaks is afeerd to touch you. I think I shall turn dog-fancier myself."

"It's a good business," replied Ginger, "but it requires a edication. As I wos sayin', we gets a high price sometimes for restorin' a favourite, especially ven ve've a soft-hearted lady to deal vith. There's some vimen as fond o' dogs as o' their own childer, and ven ve gets one o' their precious pets, ve makes 'em ransom it as the brigands you see at the Adelphi or the Surrey sarves their prisoners, threatenin' to send first an ear, and then a paw, or a tail, and so on. I'll tell you wot happened t'other day. There wos a lady—a Miss Vite, as was desperate fond of her dog. It wos a ugly warmint, but no matter for that,—the creater had gained her heart. Vell, she lost it; and somehow or other I found it. She vos in great trouble, and a friend o' mine calls to say she can have the dog agin, but she must pay eight pound for it. She thinks this dear, and a friend o' her own adwises her to wait, sayin' better terms will be offered; so I sends vord by my friend that if she don't come down at once, the poor animal's throat will be cut that werry night."

"Ha!—ha!—ha!" laughed the others.

"Vell, she sent four pound, and I put up with it," pursued Ginger; "but about a month arterwards she loses her favourite agin, and strange to say I finds it. The same game is played over agin, and she comes down with another four pound. But she takes care this time that I shan't repeat the trick; for no sooner does she obtain pursession of her favourite than she embarks in the steamer for France, in the hope of keepin' her dog safe there."*

"Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortinate Miss Bailey!—Fol-de-riddle-tol-ol-lol—unfortinate Miss Bailey!" sang the Tinker.

"But there's dog-fanciers in France, ain't there?" asked the Sandman.

"Lor' bless 'ee, to be sure there is," replied Ginger; "there's as many o' the Fancy i' France as here. Vy, ve drives a smartish trade wi' them through them foreign steamers. There's scarcely a steamer as leaves the port o' London but takes out a cargo o' dogs. Ve sells 'em to the stewards, stokers, and sailors—cheap—and no questins asked. They goes to Ostend, Antverp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and sometimes to Havre. There's a Mounseer Coqquilu as comes over to buy dogs, and ve takes 'em to him at a house near Billinsgit market."

"Then you're alvays sure o' a ready market somehow," observed the Sandman.

"Sartin," replied Ginger, "cos the law's so kind to us. Vy,

* For a verification of this and several of the cases subsequently mentioned, the reader is referred to the "Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Dog Stealing." It is to be hoped that the infamous and notorious system of theft and extortion practised by these rogues, almost with impunity, will be speedily abolished, by adopting the suggestions of the Committee.

bless you, a perliceman can't detain us, even if he knows ve've a stolen dog in our persession, and ve svears it's our own; and yet he'd stop you in a minute if he seed you vith a suspicious-lookin' bundle under your arm. Now, jist to shew you the difference atwixt the two perfessions:—I steals a dog—walue, may be, fifty pound, or p'raps more. Even if I'm catched i' the fact I may get fined twenty pound, or have six months' imprisonment; vile if you steals an old fogle, walue three fardens, you'll get seven years abroad, to a dead certainty."

"That seems hard on us," observed the Sandman, reflectively.

"It's the *law!*" exclaimed Ginger, triumphantly. "Now ve generally escapes by payin' the fine, cos our pals goes and steals more dogs to raise the money. Ve alvays stands by each other. There's a reg'lar horganization among us; so ve can alvays bring vitnesses to svear vot ve likes, and ve so puzzles the beaks, that the case gets dismissed, and the constable says, 'Vich party shall I give the dog to, your vorship?' Upon vich, the beak replies, a shakin' of his vise noddle, 'Give it to the person in whose persession it was found. I have nuffin' more to do vith it.' In course the dog is delivered up to us."

"The law seems made for dog-fanciers," remarked the Tinker.

"Wot d'ye think o' this?" pursued Ginger. "I wos a-standin' at the corner o' Gray's Inn-lane vith some o' my pals near a coach-stand, ven a lady passes by vith this here dog—an' a beauty it is, a real long-eared Charley—a follerin' of her. Vell, the moment I spies it, I unties my apron, whips up the dog, and covers it up in a trice. Vell, the lady sees me, an' gives me in charge to a perliceman. But that si'nifies nuffin'. I brings six vitnesses to svear the dog vos mine, and that I'd actilly had it since it vos a blind little puppy, and wot's more I brings its *mother*, and that settles the pint. So in course I'm discharged; the dog is given up to me; and the lady goes avay lamentin'. I then plays the amiable, an' offers to sell it her for twenty guineas, seein' as how she had taken a fancy to it, but she von't bite. So if I don't sell it next week, I shall send it to Mounseer Coqquilu. The only vay you can go wrong is to steal a dog wi' a collar on, for if you do, you may get seven years' transportation for a bit o' leather and a brass plate vorth a shillin', vile the animal, though vorth a hundred pound, can't hurt you. There's *law* again—ha, ha!"

"Dog-fancier's law!" laughed the Sandman.

"Some of the Fancy is given to cruelty," pursued Ginger, "and crops a dog's ears, or pulls out his teeth to disguise him; but I'm too fond o' the animal for that. I may frighten old ladies sometimes, as I told you afore, but I never seriously hurts their pets. Nor did I ever kill a dog for his skin, as some on 'em does."

"And you're always sure o' gettin' a dog, if you vants it, I s'pose?" inquired the Tinker.

"Alvays," replied Ginger. "No man's dog is safe. I don't

care how he's kept, ve're sure to have him at last. Ve feels our vay with the sarvents, and finds out from them the walley the master or missis sets on the dog, and soon after that the animal's gone. Vith a bit o' liver, prepared in my partic'lar vay, I can tame the fiercest dog as ever barked, take him off his chain, an' bring him arter me at a gallop."

"And do respectable parties ever buy dogs knowin' they're stolen?" inquired the Tinker.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Ginger, "sometimes first-rate nobs. They put us up to it themselves; they'll say, 'I've jist left my Lord So-and-So's, and there I seed a couple o' the finest pointers I ever clapped eyes on. I vants you to get me *jist sich another couple.*' Vell, ve understands in a minnit, an' in doo time the identicle dogs finds their vay to our customer."

"Oh! that's how it's done?" remarked the Sandman.

"Yes, that's the vay," replied Ginger. "Sometimes a party 'll vant a couple o' dogs for the shootin' season; and then ve asks, 'Vich vay are you a-goin'—into Surrey or Kent?' And accordin' as the answer is given ve arranges our plans."

"Vell, yourn appears a profitable and safe employment, I must say," remarked the Sandman.

"Perfectly so," replied Ginger. "Nothin' can touch us till dogs is declared by statute to be property, and stealin' 'em a misdemeanour. And that won't occur in my time."

"Let's hope not," rejoined the other two.

"To come back to the pint from vich we started," said the Tinker;—"our gemman's case is not so surprisin' as it at first appears. There are some persons as believe they never will die—and I myself am of the same opinion. There's our old deputy here—him as ve calls Old Parr,—vy, he declares he lived in Queen Bess's time, recollects King Charles bein' beheaded perfectly vell, and remembers the Great Fire o' London, as if it only occurred yesterday."

"Walker!" exclaimed Ginger, putting his finger to his nose.

"You may larf, but it's true," replied the Tinker. "I recollect an old man tellin' me that he knew the deputy sixty years ago, and he looked jist the same then as now, neither older nor younger."

"Humph!" exclaimed Ginger. "He don't look so old now."

"That's the cur'ousest part of it," said the Tinker. "He don't like to talk of his age unless you can get him i' the humour; but he once told me he didn't know why he lived so long, unless it were owin' to a potion he'd swallowed, vich his master, who was a great conjuror in Queen Bess's days, had brew'd."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Ginger. "I thought you too knowin' a cove, Tinker, to be gulled by such an old-vife's story as that."

"Let's have the old fellow in and talk to him," replied the Tinker. "Here, lazy-bones," he added, rousing the sleeping youth, "go an' tell Old Parr ve vants his company over a glass o' rum-an'-vater."

THE KING'S SON.

A BALLAD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"Why so sorrowful, my son?
Why so pallid and distress'd?
Why that look so woe-begone?
And that heaving of the breast?
Hast not wealth enough to spend
On the joys thou lovest best?"

"I have wealth enough to spend—
All thy jewels and thy gold,
All that usurers could lend,
Piled before me, fifty-fold,
Could not ease me of the pain
That consumes me uncontroll'd."

"Could not ease thee of thy pain!
Art thou longing for the hour
When thy sire shall cease to reign,
And thine enemies shall cower?
Art thou longing for my crown,
And my sceptre and my power?"

"No!—I care not for thy crown,
Nor thy sceptre, nor thy state,
Could my wishes bring thee down
Thou shouldst flourish high and great;
But thou'st done me mortal wrong,
And hast changed my love to hate.

"Thou hast done me mortal wrong—
Thou, so feeble, old, and grey—
Thou, so weak, whilst I am strong,
Thou hast stolen my bride away,
And art rival of thy son,
In the waning of thy day:

"Art the rival of thy son
For a maid that he adored;—
Hast her trusting heart undone,
Though she wept and she implored;—
But she hates thee as do I,
Thou voluptuous—thou abhorr'd!

"But she hates thee as do I,
O thou rust upon the steel!
O thou cloud upon the sky!
O thou poison in the meal!
Who hast changed our joy to woe,
Which no time can ever heal!

"Who hast changed our joy to woe,
Bringing blight upon her heart,—
Bringing tears that as they flow
Burn the eyeballs where they start:
Buying Beauty for a price,
Like a jewel in the mart.

"Buying Beauty for a price,
When the priceless gem was mine;—
When thy blood is cold as ice,
Nor can warm with love nor wine,
Trying vainly to be young,
And to kneel at Beauty's shrine.

"Trying vainly to be young,
When thy limbs with palsy shake,
And to woo with flattering tongue,
When for Jesus' blessed sake
Thou shouldst make thy peace with God
Ere the grave thy body take!"

Fiercely flash'd the old king's eye—
To his forehead rush'd the blood—
And the veins were swollen high
By the anger-driven flood.
But his tongue refused to speak,
And he trembled where he stood.

But his tongue refused to speak
All the madness of his brain;
From his eyes it seem'd to reek,
In his lips it curl'd in pain;
In each feature of his face
Swell'd in anger and disdain.

In each feature of his face
Shone a moment, like a fire,
But no longer: from his place
Falling, conquer'd by his ire,
Senseless on the ground he lay,
Struck by apoplexy dire.

O'er him bent his sorrowing son,
Weeping tears of bitter woe,
For the ill his words had done
To his father lying low,
With his venerable head
And his long hair white as snow.

And that venerable head
Burning, throbbing, up he raised,
On his knees, as on a bed,
And till succour came, still gazed
On that pain-distorted cheek,
Awed, remorseful, and amazed.

Awed, remorseful, and heart-sore,
But with courage calm and kind,
To his couch his sire he bore,
Deep repentance in his mind;
And for many a weary day
Watch'd him, patient and resign'd.

And for many a weary day,
And for many a dreary night,
Watch'd beside him, as he lay
Senseless, speechless, hopeless quite,
Until sense one day return'd,
Like a sudden flash of light.

Like a flash of light it came;
And his son beside him knelt,
Grasp'd his hand and breathed his name,
And the sorrow that he felt,
Whisper'd lowly, and implored
That forgiveness might be dealt.

Whisper'd lowly, and implored—
"Oh, forgive me, sire," he said—
"I am sad and self-abhorr'd—
I have wrong'd thine aged head,
I have mock'd thy hoary hair,
Impulse-driven and passion-led.

"I have mock'd the hoary hair
Of a sire that loved me well,
But when goaded to despair
Youthful passion will rebel,
And I loved this lovely maid
More than tongue can ever tell.

"God forgive me and the maid!
At her feet I breathed my sighs—
Doated on her, vow'd and pray'd—
Drew existence from her eyes,
Thought her love a light from heaven,
And her smile a paradise.

"Thought her love a light from heaven,
And her form its purest shrine,
And my being only given
That with hers it might entwine
Heart and soul and every sense,
Mine with hers and hers with mine.

"Heart and soul, through every sense
One as long as life should last,
One desire, one love intense—
In one mould of fortune cast;
Undivided in our love,
E'en if life itself were pass'd.

"Undivided—oh, that thought!
Thou, O father, came between,
For thy wife my bride thou sought—
Wooed this maid to be a queen,
Never asking, in thy pride,
What her agony might mean.

"Never asking, in thy pride,
If she loved thee!"—"Oh, my son!"
Stung with grief the father cried,
"Pardon what thy sire has done;
Ere this night I'll give thee back
Her thou hast not lost, but won.

"Ere this night I'll give thee back
Her thou lovest:—as for me,
If I writhe upon the rack,
Just my punishment will be;
I was selfish in my age,
I was heartless unto thee.

"I was selfish in my age—
Lustful, callous, stony-hard;
Ending life's long pilgrimage,
Swaddled in my self-regard,
Caring not so I enjoy'd,
Whose enjoyment I debarr'd.

"Caring not so I enjoy'd,
Whom I injured, whom opprest,
Whose the hope that I destroy'd,
If one moment I were blest.
But in living to repent,
I shall die with calmer breast.

"And in living to repent,
Let me hasten to atone,
She for whom thy prayers are sent;
She is thine, and thine alone,
And thy love shall be to her
Better guerdon than my throne.

"Bring her hither—let my tongue
Bless ye both before I die."
He has brought her. Lo, among
Chiefs and earls of lineage high,
In her loveliness array'd,
She has glided modestly.

In her loveliness array'd,
Downwards looking, mild and meek,
Dazzling as a star, the maid,
Happy blushes on her cheek,
Kneels beside the old man's bed,
Fill'd with joy she cannot speak.

Kneels beside the old king's bed,
Sorrow mingling with her bliss;
And he stoops his aged head,
On her forehead seals *one* kiss,
Takes his son's hand and the maid's,
Joins them, trembling, both in his.

Clasp'd his son's hand in his own,
Then upon his pillow fell,
And his eyes one moment shone
With a peace unspeakable,
As he died without a groan;—
Holy angels guard him well!

PAINTING AND DESIGN.*

"WHAT are these marbles remarkable for?" said a respectable gentleman at the Museum, to one of the attendants, after looking attentively round all the Elgin marbles.

"Why, sir," said the man, with propriety, "because they are so like life!"

"Like life!" repeated the gentleman with the greatest contempt—"Why, what of that?" and walked away.

If we are to believe Mr. Haydon, this worthy gentleman must have been a Senior Royal Academician; some contemporary or follower of Reynolds, who said, "It is better to diversify our particulars from the broad and general idea of things, than vainly attempt to ascend from particulars to this general idea;"—in fact, to form a general and broad idea of nature and life, and then to condescend to study the details by which such manifest themselves. What progress could philosophy ever have made upon such principles; and what could have been expected of painting under such tuition?

It would be a profound egotism on the part of Mr. Haydon, if he were to claim to himself the sole credit of having advocated and introduced correct principles of art into this country: it came here with the pressure from without. Long ago adopted on the Continent, it came as a natural sequence of international communication, where, opposed for a time by the great portrait painters of the day, its triumph was still sure and certain. Wilkie dissected under Charles Bell with Haydon, but Wilkie contented himself with applying the principles thus gained at the fountain-head of all knowledge—intimacy with details, which can alone lend boldness to the hand—while Haydon, from a peculiarity of mental constitution, rushed into the lists of opposition, and willingly sought and gained martyrdom in the cause of art reformation. It is hard to be in the right, and never to have it allowed; and it is equally hard to see principles we have always advocated, ultimately take the ascendant, and to remember that we have toiled without reward, and suffered without relief, in their cause. But this only shews that it is wiser for genius to prove its superiority by its works, than by its arguments. This was the manner in which Byron proved to the Edinburgh reviewers, that *he was* a poet.

Wilkie, Edwin Landseer, Eastlake, Mulready, Lance, Collins, and a host of others, have worked on the principles advocated by Burke, Haydon, and others, of drawing with an exact knowledge of the anatomy or structure of parts. Public competition, as opened by her Majesty's Commission of Fine Arts, and, it is to be hoped, by the Art Union, offers fields independent of, and equally honourable with, the acquiescences of an Academy, even if all its members had continued in their preference of colour to correct design; and we have now a commission for the improvement of design in manufactures, and it is to be hoped we shall soon have a school of design, as applied to art generally.

Reynolds was of opinion that art would rise to its greatest glory in

* Lectures on Painting and Design. By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. London: Longman and Co.

England, and Haydon, who is a generous critic, says, "I know no glory to which it can rise, where his genius will not be felt." West said, he knew no people, since the Greeks, so capable of carrying it to the greatest excellence. And Richardson said, "I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but if ever the great, the beautiful, and grand style of art revives, it will be in England;" to which, with his customary enthusiasm, Haydon adds, "Stay in Britain all ye who glory in enterprise; stay in Britain, and make her greater than Italy!"

Every painter has his beau-ideal in art. Reynolds had his Michael Angelo; Haydon has his Phidias; and far be it from us to detract from the extraordinary merits of the so-called Elgin marbles; but we doubt very much if the Greeks were acquainted with human anatomy. Mr. Haydon argues this question at length, in the affirmative; and yet his conclusions are singular, for he almost admits that the surgeons of Greece were not, as is generally admitted, till Galen's time, acquainted with human anatomy; and yet, from a passage of Hippocrates, in which that great man says that anatomy belongs less to the medical art, than to the art of design; he believes that the adorner of the Parthenon was acquainted with anatomy, while the eminent medical men of antiquity were in ignorance thereof. Is it utterly impossible for art to have moulded the back of Theseus, or the veins on Neptune's breast, without a school of anatomy? Is it not often the province of genius to seize upon those facts which are only methodically classed ages afterwards? Did not all the great masters of the middle ages, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raffaelle, Correggio, Rubens, and Vandyke, master the human head before the great principles upon which alone the standard of perfection, in this most beautiful portion of the human figure, the most important and the most intellectual, even as now advocated by Haydon, were discovered?

But admitting, as is now done by all unperverted judgments, that correctness of design is essential to a high school of art, and that such correctness can only be obtained by a study of nature and of details, still we doubt very much if either art would be advanced or benefited, or even if it is possible to establish *a standard* of perfection in the human form. "The exertions of painters and sculptors," says the author of "The Studies of Nature," "in general do them much honour; but they demonstrate the weakness of art, which falls below nature just in proportion as it aims at uniting more of her harmonies."

Such a standard would inevitably require to be modified with the qualities to be represented. Thus Haydon himself very truly points out that the muscular division of the arm in heroes of antiquity, born strong and high-bred, is stringy, neat, and elegant, and quite different from that vulgarity of a paviour's or blacksmith's arms, with which Michael Angelo, whose anatomy was always excessive, gifted his Moses; and yet such a design, unfit for an Achilles or a Theseus, would be quite correct in a Hercules—indeed, we see it carried to its extreme in the Torso.

Comparing the position of the eyes in man and in quadrupeds, it is found that in man they are generally at the centre, while those of the quadruped are above the centre; hence Mr. Haydon adopts this as the principle for a standard head, but there have been exceptions to this rule—Hippocrates, Socrates, Bacon, Buchanan, and Sir Walter Scott, had their eyes below the centre. The standard is not, therefore, applicable in painting high intellectual character.

Again, the standard of form in the head itself would not apply alike to a Socrates and a Nero, no more than the same contour of face would apply to a Diana and a Niobe. In such cases, as in all others, art must be regulated by the closest possible study of nature, and not of an admitted, fixed, and arbitrary standard; and it is by such a union of nature with the ideal, that high art will achieve perfection.*

It is a pleasing subject of contemplation to find that in these lectures upon the all-importance of design in painting, the basis reposes upon a sound doctrine, and that it embraces at the onset, the existing perfection of knowledge. Mr. Haydon's anatomy is not the superficial anatomy admitted by many; it comprises the anatomy of expression as first given to the scientific world by Sir Charles Bell, and those physiological theories for the peculiar formation of the human head which are becoming daily more accepted by rising anatomists. The principles, therefore, advocated by Mr. Haydon, however much they may be subsequently extended, are likely to remain in their elementary constitution, as stable as the frieze of the Parthenon itself. It is curious, however, to remark upon other points, how often he who is cunning of foil and fence is incompetent when thrown upon his own resources; so long as Mr. Haydon is on the offensive, he is sparkling and brilliant, but like many others, when he has to resign action for deed, he is much less successful; take for example his definition of composition as "the art of arranging the quantities composed of the parts, which make up the materials used to convey to the mind, through the eye, the story intended." Was ever anything less felicitously expressed? Much more agreeable is the following:

"Let your colour be exquisite, let your light and shadow be perfect, let your expression be touching, let your forms be heroic, let your lines be the very thing, and your subject be full of action; you will miss the sympathy of the world, you will interest little the hearts of mankind, if you do not lay it down as an irrefutable law, that no composition can be complete, or ever will be interesting or deserve to be praised, that has not a beautiful woman, excepting a series." How amusing, too, his remarks upon what he calls "amiable impostors in genius," men always going to do great things, but never doing them! characters we meet with every day in all departments of human labour. "I have known men who never began, and yet were morally sincere in their intentions to begin, and yet they have died actually without beginning;" and who has not known such, and is not he the most successful author or painter who supplies the pabulum for minds so constituted; who enable them to say, "This is what I shall do when I take up the pen or the pencil," or to mutter, with pleasing self-

* Certain general and incontrovertible principles may be obtained, as Mr. Haydon has laid down, from a comparison of man with the brute; but these principles do not constitute a standard man—an idea which concentrates in one the perfection of many men, and not points of superiority or of distinction between man and brute. Mr. Haydon, we observe, varies his standard to suit the necessities of the subject. The principles upon which it is constructed may, therefore, be indisputably correct; and yet the result cannot be called a standard, unless we read that word in the meaning of an authoritative fact, so far as it goes; but not a fact fixed and unalterable, as a steel yard in a town-hall. That man has a broad knee-pan, and a quadruped a narrow one, is an incontrovertible fact; but a broad pan-bone no more constitutes a standard man, than does a high forehead, absent in the brute; the standard would, in this case, be the perfection of the knee or forehead in man, as compared with other men.

reflection, "when I take up the pencil or the pen, I will do something better than this," and so they go on, self-complacent critics, victims of delusions, which last till the grave opens, and "voila la farce finie!" which, however, was not spoken by one of these self-imagined geniuses. We can imagine little that can be more prejudicial to youth than to lead him to believe, as many as are in the habit of doing, that industry alone is sufficient to attain eminence, and that genius is not an inherent gift. Industry, as Reynolds pointed out in his admirable discourses, will improve talents; we would add is essential to success and to all excellence, but it will not make them. Genius is not a faculty, which is another common mistake; it is a mere mental susceptibility, as various as are the intellectual powers. There may be a genius for invention, for mathematics, for poetry, for painting, and there may also be a general susceptibility for education, which is also genius; but without either general or particular genius, aided by the toil and labour of industry, there will be no real and all-conquering eminence. It is from the soundness of such principles that schools of design, although they cannot create, are essential to the success of art in every country, and it is upon the admission of correct principles of drawing and design, as the foundation of all success in composition, colour and invention, that we can ever hope to see the prophecies of Reynolds, West, Richardson, and Haydon meet with their fulfilment. The mistiness of our heaven—sad apology for inadequacy!—would disappear before a beautiful and correct outline, and beyond that, as the present state of art testifies, little is wanting to giving so great and desirable an impulse.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. XI.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEVER TO BE SUFFICIENTLY EXPRESSED.—BEES AND THEIR ELEGANCE.—THEIR ADVICE TO AN ITALIAN POET.—WAXEN TAPERS.—A BEE DRAMA.—MASSACRES OF DRONES.—HUMAN PROGRESSION.

As our Jar will close with the next number, it behoves us not to let those metaphorical honey-makers, the poets, induce us to forget the wonderful little creatures that make honey itself. We are not going to repeat more common-places about them than we can help. The grounds of the admiration of nature are without end; and as to those matters of fact or science which appear to be settled—nay, even most settled—some new theory is coming up every day, in these extraordinary times, to compel us to think the points over again, and doubt whether we are quite so knowing as we supposed. Not only are bee-masters disputing the discoveries of Huber respecting the operations of the hive, but searchers into nature seem almost prepared to re-open the old question respecting the equivocal generation of the bee, and set the electrical experiments of Mr. Cross at issue with the conclusions of Redi.

How this may turn out, we know not; but, sure we are, that it will be a long time indeed before the praise and glory of the bee can have exhausted its vocabulary—before people cry out to authors, "Say

no more ; you have said too much already of its wonderfulness—too much of the sweetness and beauty of its productions." Too much, we are of opinion, cannot be said of any marvel in nature, unless it be trivial or false. The old prosaical charge against hyperbolical praises of the beautiful, we hold to be naught. Ask a lover, and he will say, and say truly, that no human terms can do justice to the sweetness in his mistress's eyes—to the virgin bloom on her cheek. If words could equal them, Nature would hardly be our superior. Hear what is said on the point by that genuine old poet, Kit Marlowe :—

> " If all the pens that ever poets held,
> Had fed the feelings of their master's thoughts,
> And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
> Their minds, and muses on admired themes ;
> If all the heavenly quintessence they still
> From their immortal flowers of poesy,
> Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
> The highest reaches of a human wit ;
> If these had made one's poem's period,
> And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
> Yet should there hover in their restless heads
> One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
> Which into words no virtue can digest."
>
> TAMBURLAINE, First Part ; act v., scene 2.

Did any one ever sufficiently admire—did he, indeed, ever notice—the *entire elegance* of the habits and pursuits of bees ? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers ; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour ; their avoidance of everything squalid (so unlike flies) ; their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instance of carcases of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb ; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighbourhoods, thymy places with brooks ; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it ; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes ; their orderly policy ; their delight in sunshine ; their attention to one another ; their apparent indifference to anything purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good? A writer of elegant Italian verse, who recast the book of Virgil on Bees, has taken occasion of their supposed dislike of places abounding in *echoes*, to begin his poem with a pretty conceit. He was one of the first of his countrymen who ventured to dispense with rhyme; and he makes the bees themselves send him a deputation, on purpose to admonish him not to use it :

> " Mentre era per cantare i vostri doni
> Con alte rime, o verginette caste,
> Vaghe angelette de le erbose rive,
> Preso dal sonno in sul spuntar de l' alba,
> M' apparve un coro de la vostra gente,
> E da la lingua onde s' accoglie il mele,
> Sciolsono in chiara voce este parole :—
> ' O spirto amico, che dopo mill' anni
> E cinquecento rinnovar ti piace
> E le nostre fatiche e i nostri studi,
> Fuggi le rime e 'l rimbombar sonoro.

Tu sai pur che l' immagin de la voce,
Che risponde dai sassi ov' Eco alberga,
Sempre nimica fu del nostro regno:
Non sai tu ch' ella fu conversa in pietra,
E fu inventrice de le prime rime?
E dei saper, ch' ove abita costei,
Null' ape abitar può per l' importuno
Ed imperfetto suo parlar loquace.'

"Così diss' egli: poi tra labbro e labbro
Mi pose un favo di soave mele,
E lieto se n' andò volando al cielo.
Ond' io, da tal divinità spirato,
Non temerò cantare i vostri onori
Con verso etrusco da le rime sciolto.

"E canterò, come il soave mele,
Celeste don, sopra i fioretti e l' erba
L' aere distilla liquido e sereno;
E come l' api industriose e caste
L' adunino e con studio e con ingegno;
Dappoi compongan le odorate cere,
Per onorar l' immagine di Dio.
Spettacoli ed effetti vaghi e rari,
Di maraviglie pieni e di bellezze."

LE API DEL RUCELLAI.

While bent on singing your delightful gifts
In lofty rhyme, O little virgins chaste,
Sweet little angels of the flowery brooks,
Sleep seized me on the golden point of morn,
And I beheld a choir of your small people,
Who, with the tongue with which they take the honey,
Buzz'd forth in the clear air these earnest words:—
"O friendly soul, that after the long lapse
Of thrice five hundred years, dost please thee sing
Our toils and art, shun—shun, we pray thee, rhyme.
Shun rhyme, and its rebounding noise. Full well
Thou know'st, that the invisible voice which sits
Answering to calls in rocks, Echo by name,
Was hostile to us ever; and thou know'st—
Or dost thou not?—that she, who was herself
Turn'd to a hollow rock, first found out rhyme.
Learn further then, that wheresoe'er she dwells,
No bee can dwell, for very hate and dread
Of her importunate and idle babble."

Such were his words, the speaker of that choir;
Then 'twixt my lips he put some honey drops,
And so in gladness led their flight aloft.
Whence I, with such divinity made strong,
Doubt not, O bees, to sing your race renown'd
In Tuscan verse, freed from the clangs of rhyme.
Yea, I will sing how the celestial boon,
Honey, by some sweet mystery of the dew,
Is born of air in bosoms of the flowers,
Liquid, serene; and how the diligent bees
Gather and work it with such art, that men
Thence mould the tapers, odorous, fair, and tall,
Which burn seraphical on holy shrines.
O sights, and O effects, lovely and strange!
Full of the marvellous and the beautiful!

"THE BEES" OF RUCELLAI.

The reader need not be told, that the tapers here alluded to, are those which adorn catholic altars. Rucellai was a kinsman of the Medici family, and of the Popes Leo and Clement; and his first mode

of bespeaking favour for his bees, was by associating them with the offices of the church. Beautiful are those tapers, without doubt; and well might the poet express his admiration at their being the result of the work of the little unconscious insect, who compounded the material. So, in every wealthy house in England, every evening, where lamps do not take its place, the same beautiful substance is lit up for the inmates to sit by, at their occupations of reading, or music, or discourse. The bee is there, with her odorous ministry. In the morning, she has probably been at the breakfast-table. In the morning, she is honey; in the evening, the waxen taper; in the summer noon, a voice in the garden, or the window; in the winter, and at all other times, a meeter of us in books. She talks Greek to us in Sophocles and Theocritus; Virgil's very best Latin, in his Georgics; we have just heard her in Italian; and besides all her charming associations with the poets in general, one of the Elizabethan men has made a whole play out of her,—a play in which the whole *dramatis personæ* are bees! And a very sweet performance it is, according to Charles Lamb, who was not lavish of his praise. It was written by Thomas Day, one of the fellows of Massinger and Decker, and is called the "Parliament of Bees." Lamb has given extracts from it, in his Dramatic Specimens, observing, in a note, that—

> "The doings,
> The births, the wars, the wooings,

of these pretty winged creatures are, with continued liveliness, portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old drama, in words which bees would talk with, could they talk: the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies while we read them. Surely bees were never so be-rhymed before." (Vol. ii. Moxon's edition, p. 156.) Would to heaven that a horrid, heavy-headed monster called Hepatitis, —who has been hindering us from having our way of late, in the most unseasonable manner, and is at this minute clawing our side and shoulder for our disrespect of him, would have allowed us to go to the British Museum, and read the whole play for ourselves. We might have been able to give the reader some pleasant tastes of it, besides those to be met with in Mr. Lamb's book. The following is a specimen. Klania, a female Bee, is talking of her lovers :—

> "Philon, a Bee
> Well skill'd in verse and amorous poetry,
> As we have sate at work, *both on one rose*, *
> Has humm'd sweet canzons, both in verse and prose,
> Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a Bee
> (Although not so poetical as he)
> Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,
> In summer evenings on his well tuned pipe.
> *Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,*
> (Our hive being clean swept and our day's work done—)
> Would play us twenty several tunes; yet I
> Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.
> Then there's Amniter—for whose love fair Leade
> (That pretty Bee) flies up and down the mead

* "Prettily pilfered," says Lamb, "from the sweet passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where Helena recounts to Hermia their school-days' friendship :

> 'We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Created with our needles, both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.'"

With rivers in her eyes—without deserving
Sent me trim acorn bowls of his own carving,
To drink May-dews and mead in. Yet none of these,
My hive-born playfellows and fellow Bees,
Could I affect, until this strange Bee came."

It is pretty clear, however, from this passage, that Mr Lamb's usual exquisite judgment was seduced by the little loves and graces of these unexpected dramatis personæ ; for this is certainly not the way in which bees would talk. It is all human language, and unbeelike pursuits. "Rivers in her eyes" is beautifully said, but bees do not shed tears. They are no carvers of bowls ; and we have no reason to believe that they know anything of music and poetry. The bee

"Who at her flowery work doth sing,"

sings, like the cicada of Anacreon, with her wings. To talk as bees would talk we must divest ourselves of flesh and blood, and develop ideas modified by an untried mode of being, and by unhuman organs. We must talk as if we had membranaceous wings, a proboscis, and no knowledge of tears and smiles ; and as to our loves, they would be confined to the queen and the drones—and very unloving and unpoetical work they would make of it. The rest of us would know nothing about it. We should love nothing but the flowers, and brooks, and our two elegant manufactures of wax and honey, and the whole community at large—being very patriotic, but not at all amorous—more like tasteful Amazons than damsels of Arcadia ; ladies with swords by our sides, and not to be *hummed* by the beau-ideals of Mr. Thomas Day.

These same formidable weapons of the bees, their stings, remind us of the only drawback on the pleasure of thinking about them—their massacres of the drones. Every year those gentlemen have to pay for their idle and luxurious lives by one great pang of abolition. They are all stung and swept away into nothingness ! Truly a circumstance to "give us pause," and perplex us with our wax and honey. It seems, however, to be the result of an irresistible impulse —some desperate necessity of state, for want of better knowledge, or more available powers. We are to suppose them doing it unwillingly, with a horror of the task proportioned to the very haste and fury in which they perform it, as though they wished to get it off their hands and out of their minds as fast as possible, terrified and agonized at the terror and agony which they inflict. Why they leave this tremendous flaw in their polity—why they govern for the most part so well, and yet have this ugly work to do, in order to make all right at the year's end, is a question which human beings may discuss when nations have come to the years of discretion so beautifully anticipated by their present Majesties of France and Great Britain, and have grown wise enough, by the help of railroads and mutual benefits, to dispense with cuffing one another like a parcel of schoolboys. Mankind have not yet outlived their own massacres and revolutions long enough to have a right to be astonished at the massacres of the bees. What they have a right to be astonished at is, their holding up the bee-hive as a pattern of government, with this tremendous flaw in it staring them in the face. But we believe they have now become fully sensible of the

awkwardness of the analogy. Assuredly we should find no Archbishop of Canterbury now-a-days arguing in the style of his predecessor, in the play of Henry the Fifth :—

> " So work the honey bees;
> Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
> The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
> They have a king, and officers of sorts;
> Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
> Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
> Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
> Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home
> To the tent-royal of their emperor;
> Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
> *The singing masons building roofs of gold;*
> The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
> The poor mechanic porters crowding in
> Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
> The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
> Delivering o'er to executors pale
> The lazy yawning drone."

Alas! in Bee-dom, the archbishop himself, inasmuch as he was no wax-chandler, would have been accounted one of these same lazy, yawning drones, and delivered over to the secular arm. Bees do not teach men, nor ought they. We have some higher things among us, even than wax and honey; and though we have our flaws, too, in the art of government, and do not yet know exactly what to do with them, we hope we shall find out. Will the bees ever do that? Do they also hope it? Do they sit pondering, when the massacre is over, and count it but a bungling way of bringing their accounts right? Man, in his self-love, laughs at such a fancy. He is of opinion that no creature can think, or make progression, but himself. What right he has, from his little experience, to come to such conclusions, we know not; but it must be allowed, also, that we know as little of the conclusions of the bees. All we feel certain of is, that with bees, as with men, the good of existence far outweighs the evil; that evil itself is but a rough working towards good; and that if good can ultimately be better without it, there is a thing called hope, which says it may be possible. We take our planet to be very young, and our love of progression to be one of the proofs of it; and when we think of the good, and beauty, and love, and pleasure, and generosity, and nobleness of mind and imagination, in which this green and glorious world is abundant, we cannot but conclude that the love of progression is to make it still more glorious, and add it to the number of those older stars which are probably resting from their labours, and have become heavens.

We had hoped to conclude this article with a passage or two from an admirable book just published, called "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." We know not the author, and must not seek to know, for he intimates that he wishes to remain concealed; but we earnestly recommend it for its benignity, modesty, and profundity, to all who ever speculate on the origin of themselves and their fellow-creatures, and who cannot contemplate the smallest being in the universe without rising into thoughts of the greatest.

"WINTER WANDERINGS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Tarsus.—Archæological researches.—Enter into Taurus.—An invitation to dinner.—Armenian strongholds.—A mishap.—Ruins of Anazarbus.—Misadventures in the pass of Taurus.—Marash, ancient Germanicia.—Castle of the Romans.

A PLEASANT ride of a few hours, across the green and level plains of Cilicia, took us from Adana to Tarsus, renowned in antiquity as the rival of, and according to Strabo, surpassing Athens and Alexandria in its schools of philosophy and science, and endeared to Christians as the birth-place of the Apostle Paul. As we approached the broad valley of the Cydnus, we found ourselves in the midst of jungle and brushwood, intermingled with timber trees, and gradually merging into a close marshy forest, through which the road was almost impassable, except where a rare public spirit had constructed an occasional causeway. Tarsus lay in the midst of this forest, from out of which its mosques and dwelling-houses rose here and there, with a small extent of gardens, reclaimed from wood and water.

It is this positioning of Tarsus which gives to it its proverbial unhealthiness. The last English consul had died since we had been in the country, he was the second who had fallen a victim to the climate within a few years; and it is probable that, although Alexander is represented by his historians as deriving his sickness at this place from bathing in the Cydnus, that he in reality suffered from the ever enduring malaria.

Colonel Chesney and myself had rode on in advance, to secure quarters at the residence of the French consul. We found M. Gilet and his lady comfortably established in a convenient house, with a good open balcony. Our arrival took place before the dinner hour, and after a polite reception, the colonel delicately intimated slight apprehensions as to how the remainder of the party were getting on.

"What! are there more of you?" exclaimed the lady, with a somewhat clouded aspect.

"Yes, there are one or two more in the rear," was the answer given with some trepidation; and our hostess started to make preparations accordingly. The anticipatory ice had, however, been broken for them, and they arrived just in time to sit down to a European dinner, with French wines to boot.

M. Gilet, who, like all the French consuls in the East, was a person of much superior education and refinement than what our commercial representatives are generally in the same country, was, among other things, a zealous archæologist, and had been engaged for some time—albeit evidently somewhat against madame's inclination—in carrying on excavations in the chief monument of ancient times, which still exists at Tarsus.

This was an extensive walled-in space, in the form of a parallelogram, one hundred and twenty paces long by sixty broad, and the walls were seventeen feet high and fifteen thick. Within this enclosure were two solid masses of masonry, placed broadways, at its

opposite ends; and it was in one of these that the consul was carrying on his operations, but without any success, or any objects being met with that indicated the sepulchral character of the monument. It has been advanced with some degree of probability, that this is the mausoleum of the Emperor Julian, whose remains were brought from the field of slaughter, on the banks of the Euphrates, to this city; but the monument appeared, from its general simplicity and rude structure, to belong to a more remote antiquity; and it might also be asked, if sepulchral, why should there be two isolated masses within the enclosure? This ancient ruin stood in a picturesque situation in the woods, outside of the existing town.

The malaria of the country returned upon us at Tarsus; but this did not prevent an excursion to the falls of Cydnus, a wooded, rocky, and picturesque spot, close by which is a grotto, one of the many in Anterior Asia, to which the mediæval legend of the Seven Sleepers is attached.

From Tarsus we advanced into the wooded and hilly districts on the southern slopes of Taurus. We entered into these by low, undulating, naked hills, of snow-white gypsum, which led the way into open, grassy, and uncultivated valleys. The second range we arrived at was higher, wooded in parts, and in part cultivated, with interspersed villages. The third range, still in the ascending series, was composed of sandstones, which were remarkable for being divided into polygonal masses, like a tesselated pavement; and still more so, from containing numerous fossil oysters of a gigantic size, being from a foot to eighteen inches in breadth, and of great weight. Passing several villages of Turkomans, we arrived at a fourth and more extensive hilly district, on the summit of which we found a Roman arch, and the fragments of a sarcophagus, and close by, the traces of an ancient causeway, which led from Tarsus to the Cilician gates. The country after this assumed a more Alpine aspect. The valleys were narrow, and broken up by rounded hills, bearing castellated buildings, or covered with trees and shrubs, while naked rocks towered up beyond in perpendicular precipices many hundred feet in height, the crags above which were dotted with sturdy pine-trees, breaking the monotony of the wide-spreading snow.

At Mezarluk we entered a narrow and picturesque pass, having perpendicular cliffs on our left hand, in which were numerous sepulchral grottoes, whence its Turkish name, and several tabular inscriptions no longer legible. In the glen below we saw several foxes, and squirrels were playing in the trees about. We passed the night at the village of Bostan-luk Koi, situated in a wood upon the hill side, and the next morning the baggage having been sent down the valley of the rivulet, which flows out of the Golek Boghaz, with orders to stop at the first caravanserai, we proceeded up the valley to the south, to visit the lead-mines, the works at which had been lately reassumed by the pasha, under the superintendence of a Piedmontese; but were, as yet, in a very incipient state, and had not extended beyond the erection of furnaces, and the separation of useless matters from the results of former excavations.

The resident director afterwards accompanied us over the hills, by the foot of a lofty castle, which domineers over the narrowest part of the Golek Boghaz or Cilician gates, to the entrance into this ancient

and remarkable pass through Taurus, which is carried at first along the valley of a tributary to the Sarus, then ascends a hilly and wooded range, where the Egyptians erected their extensive defences, and descends through a narrow and precipitous fissure in the rocks, by the valley of a tributary to the Cydnus. We did not advance beyond this rock-obstructed gap, where the traces of a hewn causeway of ancient times are still visible, and a rock, with an inscribed tablet, lies with its face downwards in the midst of the struggling waters, but returned down the beauteous and wooded valley which leads into the Cilician plains, and where the pretty little cyclamen bloomed even in the winter season, sheltered by evergreen shrubs, while the noisy waters stole away beneath a canopy of myrtle and laurel.

In return for the civility of the director of the mines, who possessed but a sorry tenement in the mountains, the colonel invited him to proceed onwards, and take his dinner with us; and as I have often had occasion to refer to the black cook's artistic skill, it may be as well to mention here that our meals were pretty nearly always the same, and consisted of a quarter, more or less, of a goat, and when attainable, of a sheep, cut into fragments, and stewed down in the absence of bread and potatoes, with dried haricot beans, of a brown colour, but excellent eating, and flavoured with an onion or two. A copper or iron vessel was generally procured for this purpose at each station, and sufficient of this delectable stew was always made over night, that there should be enough to warm up again in the morning; Malta always rising at four, A.M., to light the fire, and we breakfasted at five, so as to start by daybreak. The colonel had also brought with him a small stock of rum and tea, which were occasionally sparingly enjoyed, in a proper admixture, after the fatigues of the day.

We tried the wooded copses on the hill side for game, but with little success; there were partridges, but they got away from us in the thick cover, and evening overtook us just as we approached the stern and windowless walls of a roofless and untenanted caravanserai. It was in vain that we sought for the commissariat; dismayed by the comfortless appearance of the khan, Malta had gone on further. We, accordingly, proceeded down the valley, a few miles distance to the next khan; but to the discomfiture of our prandial arrangements, Malta was not there either, and, as the road we intended to pursue turned off at this point, a native was procured to go in search of him, while we disposed of ourselves in two lines, along a carpetless mud divan, on the opposite sides of the interior of the caravanserai. The slight glimmer of a fire in the remote distance, just rendered visible the tattered and turbaned form of the keeper of the khan, who was busy in the important task of blowing the dying embers into a sufficiently lively condition to boil a few thimblefuls of bad coffee, and the ruddy glare which ultimately resulted from his perseverance, gave a first indistinct view of sundry countenances which had been in no slight degree lengthened by the unpleasant certainty of a dinnerless and bedless night, for our carpets and cloaks, be it also noted, were with the baggage.

The next morning Malta came up in safety, and bidding the Piedmontese, to whom we had given so cheerless a reception, farewell, we made but a short day's ride to the village of Chokahli, where we could get a meal concocted; and from whence a most magnificent prospect

was presented to us, of the whole extent of the Cilician plains, with the sea beyond, Cyprus islanded on its far-off bosom, and itself skirted by lofty Amanus, with the isolated peak of Mount Casius leading away to the indistinct outline of distant Lebanon.

The following day, while the remainder of the party were getting ready, the colonel and myself went out to try the woods for game, in doing which we got out of the proper direction, and thus lost our horses, and the ever-vanishing commissariat; nor did we rejoin them and the rest of the party, till three days' long and devious wanderings along the foot of Taurus, brought us to the ancient Armenian and patriarchal town of Sis, where we found them located in safe and snug quarters.

The ensuing morning, the colonel and myself started northwards into the mountains, to visit an old castle, called Kara Sis, or Black Sis. We advanced by a hilly and wooded country to some heights, on which was the village, called Yedezli, about six miles from Sis. Beyond this the country became irregularly mountainous, and very wild in appearance; and from the midst of this forbidding-looking tract, two rocky eminences—one to the north, the other a little east of north—made themselves prominent by their isolated position, bold precipitous sides, and table summits. Upon these stood the ruins of castles, one of which was called Andal Kal'eh; the other, Kara Sis, and to the latter of which, as the most extensive, we bent our steps.

After a long trot, by rough and stony roads, of a further six miles, we gained the foot of the hill, and clambering to the summit, found nothing but a crumbling wall of black basalt, without form or shape, to reward our toil, or attest the era of construction, and not a human being to cheer us with a local tradition. It was evidently, however, a ruin of considerable antiquity, and was, probably, with its sister rock-fort, a stronghold of the Reubinian dynasty of Armenians, who retired into the fastnesses of Cilicia before the invasion of Yengiz Khan, and for a long time made Sis the seat of their circumscribed rule. These Armenians became at one time warlike and powerful on the plains of Cilicia, upon which they descended from their mountain strongholds to harass and plunder their Christian crusading brethren, and from whence they, for a time, successfully resisted the ultimately victorious Turkomans. In the time of Diogenes Romanus, they drove back a large body of these warrior herdsmen, who were again cut off in their retreat at the bridge of Mopsuestia, by the Prince of Antioch, (called by old historians, by the absurd name of Chatagurio,) who had taken up his position at that place.

We were not at all sorry to set off on our return; but the difficulties of the road were so great, that darkness overtook us by the time we gained the acclivities of the Yedezli hills. Not to be benighted, we trusted in our steeds finding their way, and put them to a canter. Everything went on prosperously over the hills, where stones were numerous, but not large, and the myrtle bushes so small as to offer but a slight impediment to the progress of our horses, who, when not observing them in time to get out of the way, passed safely through the midst of them; but on the descent, matters altered considerably for the worse, and the aspect of the country presented a material difference. Shrubs of myrtle, Christ's-thorn, and dwarf-oaks of sturdy breed, had attained considerable size, overtopping at times horse and

rider; and the stones which had been rolled by the torrents of ages down the brow of the hills, were often of gigantic dimensions; still, the colonel sped onwards, and I, as at Kilis, when possible, gallantly followed in the rear. This was my second nocturnal ride, and a large stone soon put a stop to it. The horse stumbled with his knees right against its angular sides, and his nose and chest lay stretched over its rugged outline, while I was safely deposited on the other side, in the midst of a thick covert of spiny thorns. The ardour of progressing forward was considerably diminished by this sudden check, and recovering the open ground, I took the poor horse by the bridle, and proceeded to walk onwards, wondering what would become of the colonel. It was not long, however, before I heard a kind of moan issue from the very depths of the shrubbery, and proceeding in the direction from whence the lugubrious sound emanated, I found the colonel holding his horse in a similar plight to what I had just been placed in. On seeing me arrive he cheered up, and neither of us being hurt, we mounted again, and soon gaining the open plains, were enabled to put the spurs to our horses, and ultimately get back to the Armenian town without further mishap.

We started, strange to relate, the next day, in a body; but this pleasing coalition, not to mention the regard to proximity with the commissariat, was not destined to last long. Our direction lay across the great Cilician plain, the road was therefore easy and agreeable. I have already noticed that this plain is, in its southern portions, intersected by a range of rocky hills, called the "Mountains of Light," and which terminate in an isolated rock, bearing the castle of the King of the Serpents. The same character belongs to its northern portions. The castle of Sis crests the summit of a similarly isolated rock. At a short distance eastward, a low range of rocky limestone hills advanced far into the plain, and obliged us to follow a nearly due southerly direction, till, gaining the valley of the Pyramus, we were able to turn round its abutments. Beyond, and rising abruptly out of the plain, was another low isolated rock, bearing the ruins of a castle call Tum; and still further, to the eastward, and up the valley of the Pyramus, was a more extensive, but perfectly isolated, rocky eminence, which bore upon its summit the castle of ancient Anazarbus, once the metropolis of the country.

Several encampments of Turkomans lay on the plain, which was grassy, and well adapted for their herds; and after advancing a distance of some miles, a party, consisting of Murphy, Thomson, and the author, started to explore the ruins of a city, which, as far as I am aware, had not been previously visited by any Europeans in modern times, while Colonel Chesney proceeded onwards, with the rest of the party, in a north-easterly direction.

A considerable extent of wall, evidently of Saracenic origin, and still standing upright, stretched out from the rock in a south-westerly direction, and then curved round, to meet the bed of the river, which, flowing from the north, sweeps past the north-eastern aspect of the hill, and then suddenly turns round its base, to take a south-westerly direction, thus nearly encompassing, and, for defensive purposes, admirably peninsulating the acropolis of the city. Entering within these walls, we found the vast area included within to be naked and grassless, with scarcely the traces of a dwelling-house, or of any other

structure or public edifice. Traversing this desolate and abandoned space, we gained the foot of the rock, which we ascended, amid innumerable massive ornamented lids of sarcophagi, evidently of the Byzantine epoch, and surpassing, in number, anything I ever met with in Anterior Asia,—evidencing the former greatness and riches of the inhabitants of this episcopal city, and reminding us, as memorials of humanity, that Anazarbus had, among other learned and distinguished citizens, the poet Oppianus, and the physician Dioscoris.

There were various buildings still standing upon the crest of the hill; among which were an Imaum of Mohammedan times, and a castle, as the Turks or Arabs had left it, whoever may have been its founders. Although there was not a living being in the neighbourhood, these edifices were still in excellent keeping; and it was only with some trouble and exertion that we were able to explore all the various chambers and recesses of this lonely and tenantless fabric.

Anazarbus (Ἀναζαρβος) does not appear to have been a town of the same remote antiquity as some which we have previously described on the plains of Cilicia. It is certain, from the notices of Procopius (Hist. Arcan, cap. xviii.), and of Cedrenus (p. 299), that it became, in the middle ages, the metropolis of the second Cilicia, as Cilicia Campestris was then called; yet it obtained but occasional and passing notice in the history of the time, until it was totally destroyed by an earthquake, in the seventh year of the Emperor Justinian's reign. It may also be indistinctly gathered from Suidas that it suffered in a similar manner, in the time of Nero. It was, however, rebuilt, and obtained among some an enviable notoriety, as the spot where John Comnenus received his death-wound, while hunting the wild boar. According to the historians, his spear-hand, being forced back by the boar turning upon him, it was hurt by a poisoned arrow, which lay in a quiver at his back. The wound was slight, but the poison active, and he was recommended by the surgeons of the day to have the arm amputated; but the emperor refused, saying, that the Greek empire could not be governed with one hand; and he accordingly perished soon after.

The original name of the city appears to have been Aïn-Zerbah, from a spring which issues from the castle rock; and the Romans appear not to have understood this, for Pliny calls it the city of the Anazarbeni, now Cæsarea; Ptolemy calls it Cæsarea ad Anazarbum; and Stephanus says it was called Anazarba, from the neighbouring hill, or from being built by Anazarbus! It was called, by the first emperors, Cæsarea, a term of distinction; and, by Suidas, Dio-Cæsarea; but coins of the time of Lucius Verus and Valerian have Anazarbus simply. Several other coins mark the river as Anazarb.

After a round of distant bearings, superadded to a rough triangulation of the neighbouring area, we descended by the eastern face of the rock, through a dense growth of Christ's thorn; but we found the river quite unfordable, and had thus to turn back, round the north face of the hill, and then to continue up the bed of the river, in a northerly direction, instead of, as we had hoped, cutting across the country, to overtake the remainder of the party. We had thus to ride several miles out of our way, till we reached a bridge, which the others must have passed over in an hour or two after the time that we first separated from them. Night overtaking us, we were obliged to seek

refuge in a Turkoman encampment, and a strange enough appearance we made. We had, since our arrival in Syria, learnt a few Arabic words, but we were now among a pastoral race, who knew nothing but the language of the Asiatic uplands, from whence they descended—the original Turkish. The consequence was, that, as we ventured amid barking, biting dogs into a cleanly-looking, reed-trelliced tent, it was impossible to make our position understood, or our wishes for a night's rest intelligible. Necessity, however, knows little that is insuperable, and after several rebuffs, and going from one tent to another, the desire, apparently, to protect the ladies from our inopportune visits, more than any active hospitality, obtained for us what we desired, and we were led away to a small hut, apart from the others, and in which no one was domiciled, and where we were left to get through the night, with a good allowance of hay for beds, and not without a mess of milk and boiled wheat, produced by sundry silver signals and expressive grimaces.

We started on the pursuit with the earliest dawn; and after a ride of three or four hours, came to a stream, a little up the banks of which we found a ferry, and on the opposite side a village, in which we soon discovered, to our great satisfaction, some members of our party. There was no time, however, to stay here, the baggage was already loaded, and our appearance only waited for, for another start, which was not accomplished, however, without sundry manifestations of hostility on the part of the natives, with whom, it appears, there had been some disagreement the previous evening, from their unwillingness to furnish provender for the horses, or guides for the journey, for the village was no longer tenanted by peaceable Turkomans, but by rude, uncivil, and independent Kurds.

Our road now, again, led us into the wooded, irregular, hilly districts of Taurus; and about mid-day, we were brought to, by a river called Kaishu, and a tributary to the Pyramus, which was swollen by recent rains, and presented a formidable obstacle to our progress. After several unsuccessful trials, and much consequent delay, the Kurd guides succeeded in finding a ford, which was passed without accident, although the waters were deep and the current strong. We were overtaken, in consequence of this delay, by darkness, before arriving at any village, and while travelling through an upland forest, by a very indifferent road. At length, lights were perceived, at a considerable depth in a valley that lay to our right, and from the bottom of which they glimmered faintly, like stars reflected from the sea. By a now common accident, we had got separated in the obscurity; and as the colonel and myself, who were on ahead, announced the neighbourhood of a village, by firing an occasional gun, to collect the wanderers, this created much alarm among the villagers, whom we found, afterwards, to be quiet Armenians; and when, after some toil and trouble given by a pathless descent, we arrived at the houses, all from different quarters, we naturally found them well closed against access. After some delay, Yusuf and the guides coming up, a correspondence was established, and we were ultimately kindly received, a boy being, at the same time, sent off on the fruitless errand of finding a telescope, which had been dropped in the forest.

Quitting the kindly Armenians of Kurtali, as their home was called, the country began to rise considerably, and became much more moun-

tainous. Passing over several successive ascents, we at length reached the valley of the Pyramus, where it flowed through a narrow mountainous pass, nearly a thousand feet beneath where we stood. The path which we had to follow was carried along the nearly vertical face of the precipice; while beyond all, the stupendous heights of Taurus, here called Durdun Tagh, rose up in bluff, conical, and inaccessible points, which appeared to oppose an impassable barrier to further progress.

It is remarkable that Strabo was intimately acquainted with this little-frequented pass in Taurus, which we were the first among moderns to traverse; and he describes, minutely, the difficulties which the Pyramus has to encounter—the salient and re-entering angle of the mountains, and the precipitous fissures of such little width, that, in some places, he says, a dog or a hare might leap them.

We soon arrived at a point where the path was so narrow, that it was impossible to proceed without unloading the horses; and the baggage had to be carried on the shoulders of the Kurds, for the least touch at the side must have hurled the horses down the precipice.

We had just succeeded in getting horses and baggage over this hazardous pass, when we came to a point where the road receded inwards a little, and then struck outwards, right up the slippery face of the rock. Our Kurd guides, who had long murmured, began to give way before the difficulties, which, as they increased in number, only served to rouse the colonel's resolution the more to overcome them. They now openly refused to carry the baggage up this new ascent, till the colonel, seating himself at the foot of the pass, compelled them to the work, with his gun resting on his knee, and ready cocked. One after another, the leathern sacks were carried up without accident, till it came to the turn of the horses, which had to be whipped up the path, so as to surmount it by one effort. Unluckily, in this attempt, two got upon the pathway at the same time; and one of them, which was Murphy's riding-horse, was tumbled off the road, and rolled over twice before it was caught by a tree, and from which most fearful position it was happily extricated, with some difficulty, somewhat shook, but without any serious hurt.

These difficulties overcome, we followed in the rear; but our surprise may be imagined, on gaining the top of the pass, to find the horses, with Yusuf Saada, alone, the Kurds having, to a man, taken themselves off to the woods, to the left, and where it would have been as vain to follow them as to pursue so many ibexes.

Without guides, our onward progress was not always effective. Murphy, who had fallen into the rear, sent us word that his horse would go no further; and, indeed, most of the horses, although we walked a great deal, to spare them, were suffering from these forced marches, lasting, as they invariably did, from sunrise till after sunset. It was essential, however, that, if possible, we should attain a village before sunset, and we accordingly made a further exertion; but such was the discomfited state of the poor beasts, that it was unsuccessful; and night overtook us at the foot of some hills, where an old man and his grown-up son were tending a flock of goats. We were glad to take refuge in his hut, constructed of a few twigs and branches, and we laid all night huddled in a space of about ten feet square; and even this hospitality was unwillingly afforded by the tenants, the younger

of whom politely informed us, at our departure, that, if we came again, we should have a different reception; for which he got a whip, administered by Yusuf, across his shoulders, as a reminiscence, I suppose, to be more civil to strangers.

During the course of the next morning's ride, I stumbled upon a fine vein of plumbago, or black lead, which had a very promising appearance; this was at a spot where the country opened a little, and led the way to a large village, called Ana-bat, surmounted by a castle of the same name. Here we obtained both milk and fruit, and corn for the horses. We then started again, approaching nearer to the valley of the river, and arrived before dark at a scattered village, upon the hill-side, while, on a steep precipice, on the opposite banks of the river, was a castle, called Dun Kal'eh.

The village we had arrived at, was called Fang; and its sheikh was sought out, to procure accommodations for the night. This, however, he protested, it was not in his power to give; and it was in vain that we produced firmans, for we had now entered the sultan's territory, and offered bribes; he remained inexorable, and would do nothing for us. At length, we got angry; when he said, "Well, if you want a house, take one." Thomson and myself volunteered on this ungrateful service; and selecting what we thought to be a promising cottage, approached, to take forcible possession of the same, when we were met at the threshold, not by bearded Kurds, but by a poor woman, with several children, who imploringly begged us not to drive them on a winter's night from their home. This was too much, and effectually subdued all our ardour in house-capturing; so we returned, with feelings somewhat akin to having sustained a signal defeat, to search for the colonel, whom we found, after some time, in a covered outhouse, or, rather, a cow-stable, in which he had fairly got the unfortunate sheik driven into a corner, and where he was poking him in the ribs with the butt-end of his gun, to bring him to terms. This process of extorting compliance ultimately succeeded; and finding that resistance was vain, he yielded, in bad grace, and provided us with a hard-earned night's lodging. This skeikh was, however, afterwards reported to the Pasha of Marash, who sent a kawass to reprimand him, while we were still at that city.

A picturesque and pleasant ride, the ensuing morning, amid rocky precipices and wood-crowned hills, led us out of Taurus into the open, but still, in part, snow-clad plain of Marash; and the same afternoon, after crossing the Pyramus, by a stone bridge, we arrived at this little-frequented city, the seat of a Turkish pasha, and situate at the eastern foot of a lofty mountain, called the Yagra Tagh.

Marash is a large town, and contains about forty thousand inhabitants, among whom the Christians form a considerable body. Its houses are chiefly built of mud, but have two stories, and the usual yard-enclosed balconies. The markets appeared to be bustling, and well supplied, not only with fruit, meat, and vegetables, but, also, with European goods, as well as products of home manufacture.

This city appears to be the Germanicia of the Latins, placed by Ptolemy in Amanus, and from which a Roman road leads, in the Antonine Itinerary, by Samosata to Edessa. Being an illustrious city in antiquity, it was dignified by the title of Cæsarea, and distin-

guished from Cæsarea Anazarba, and Cæsarea Mazaca, as Cæsarea Germanicia, as may be seen on coins of the time of Severus and of Pescennius. It is said to have been at this city that the latter assumed the purple.

It is, however, most celebrated in ecclesiastical history as the country of Nestorius, and the seat of the episcopacy of Eudoxius, both rude innovators of the primitive church doctrine. The first Crusaders captured this city, which was, at that epoch, called Maresia. It was afterwards a Turkoman principality, till the time of the Sultan Suleïman I., about 1520, when it fell under Osmanli dominion. The celebrated Ferhad Pasha took the city by stratagem, after destroying the last of its princes, called Sheh Suwar Oghlu. In the campaign of Suleïman, the ensuing year (1553), when he reduced Baghdad, Musul, and Van, under Osmanli rule, his son Selim wintered at Marash. The Turkomans rebelled, however, on many occasions since, more particularly under a chieftain, of the name of Kalendah Oghlu, the Turkomans of noble family always adding "son of," to their name, and who preserved his independence, till reduced by the Wuzir Koja Murad Pasha, in the reign of Ahmed I., A.D. 1603.

The chief Turkoman tribes, occupying the country just traversed, from Adana to Marash, are the Melanjinah Oghlu, who enjoy the government of Adana, the Ramadan Oghlu, Karsan Oghlu, Tekeli Oghlu, and Kusin Oghlu. Ibrahim Pasha devastated the country of the latter of these tribes while we were in Syria, but without reducing them to acknowledge his supremacy. It is a mistake to name the Bulgar Tagh, and other portions of Taurus, as is still done in all maps, after the Turkoman tribes which inhabit them. It is a curious fact, that, till our visit to this city, within Taurus, that it was not known where to place it on the map. Theodoritus (ii. cap. 25) says, correctly enough, that it was situated on the confines of three provinces—Cilicia, Syria, and Cappadocia—and, to be more minute, it was a city in the province of Commagena, afterwards, and in the middle ages, called Euphratensis.

At Marash, the pasha was visited; and, in return, we were assailed by the whole household, from kawass, and kawatchi bashi, or head constable, and head coffee-maker, down to the scullion, in search of the perpetual bakshish, or present. The colonel, becoming anxious about the progress-making at Port William, started from hence, in advance of the remainder of the party, who left on the day following. On this occasion, the road lay across the plain of Marash, and then ascended, by a wooded range of hills, covered with snow, and from whence we descended into the valley of the Ak Su, or white water, a tributary of the Pyramus, which has its sources from a group of lakes, situated immediately below Pelvereh, the ancient Perre. A Roman road led from Germanicia to this latter place, which was the connecting point in the Antonine Itinerary and Theodosian tables between the routes to and from Cappadocia, Commagena, and Mesopotamia. We rested for the night in the valley of the Ak Su, in a Turkoman tent, where we were received with customary hospitality.

The next day's ride led us over a stony and woodless range of rocky hills, on which the snow lay deep; and by evening, we gained the great valley, called Araban Owahsi, which is watered by a tributary

to the Euphrates, and, in part, cultivated, with many villages, on its northern side. We were surprised, on arriving at one of these, for the night's halt, to find the Kurd peasants in a state of considerable excitement, and meeting us in far greater numbers than was usual. Their conduct, even after we had obtained a room, was rude and importunate to a degree; and after bearing with it a long time, and making useless endeavours to effect a clearance, we rose suddenly, by a preconcerted signal, and, making a simultaneous rush, ejected the crowd from the apartment and closed the doors. We afterwards found, that the night before, the colonel had lodged in this same village, and had, from the annoyance which he experienced, started without his baggage, which was lying in the village at the time we were there, and which they at first thought we came to reclaim; but gaining courage, on finding out their mistake, they began to consider the possibility of adding a little more to their previous perquisites. The colonel's baggage was, however, ultimately regained, through the Pasha of Marash. It was in this same valley of Araban Owahsi, that the Kurds first began to harass, by their desultory fire and attack upon stragglers, the Turks, whom I had the misfortune to accompany, in their retreat from the field of Nizib.

In the same valley, was an artificial tel, indicating an ancient site, and which, from the number of valuable coins found there, has obtained the name of Altun Tash, or the Golden Stone.

From the Araban Owahsi, we advanced, by a wooded and stony range of hills, upon which we observed a Roman arch in the distance to the left, to Rum-Kal'eh, or the Castle of the Romans, situate upon the Euphrates, and consisting of a considerable walled-in space of various architecture, but chiefly Saracenic, and within which were sundry ruinous dwelling-houses and castellated remains. Mr. Wood, now consul at Damascus, and a companion, were imprisoned in this place, as spies, on our arrival on the Euphrates; but were liberated, through the active intervention of the colonel. We visited the scene of their confinement, which was in the higher part of the castle, and having gone beyond this, to the very summit, in order to obtain a round of bearings, this brought a host of kawasses, like hornets, about our ears, and who came to order us down, as we overlooked the governor's harem.

This castle is peninsulated by a stream, which joins the Euphrates at the same point, flowing through a deep fissure in the rock, while a few houses line the opposite bank, giving to the whole site a picturesque appearance. Although surrounded by a bleak, barren, and stony country, and situated at a point of the river, where its waters are hemmed in by precipitous cliffs, and containing but a dozen or two of houses, there are some rich Turks, to judge by the bright colours of their flowing garments, who reside at this spot, the peculiar advantages of which, except as a stronghold on the river, I could not make out.

From Rum-Kal'eh, we had but a ride of some eighteen miles, amid the varied and pleasant scenery of the banks of Euphrates, to that little scene of European activity already familiar to us as Port William.

THE REBELS: A TALE OF EMMETT'S DAYS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART II.—THE LOVERS.

To throw a light upon the bad feeling entertained by Hugh Perring towards his cousins, it will be necessary to give an outline of their domestic history. Both Mrs. Perring and her sister had married men of good fortunes, and of an equal position in society; and during the childhood of their families, nothing could exceed the unity and affection subsisting between them. But, unfortunately, a jealousy arose between Mr. Perring and his brother-in-law, in consequence of some official place becoming vacant at the Castle, for which they both made application, and which the former obtained. After his decease, the sisters renewed their intercourse; but Hugh Perring perpetuated in his own breast the variance felt by his father, and long after death had set his seal on the dissensions of both parents, he continued to his unoffending cousins this feeling of jealous animosity.

Douglas Hewitt, the eldest of his uncle's sons, though equally high-spirited, was of a more forgiving and generous disposition; or, perhaps, the great secret of his forbearance to his haughty cousin was, the love with which Hugh's gentle sister Norah had inspired him. As children they had played together, and even then Norah found that her brothers were not half so gentle as cousin Douglas—dear cousin Douglas, who thought nothing of climbing the highest branches of the mountain ash to procure her the most gorgeous of its scarlet treasures, and afterwards of wreathing them amongst her dark and shining hair, till she looked like some little Indian princess, with coral circling her head.

It had never occurred to Hugh Perring that his sister's childish preference for her cousin Douglas should continue to influence her in after years; so that it was with no little surprise and chagrin that he learned that the good-looking young man in regimentals, whom he had seen on duty in the castle-yard on the day of his arrival, was no other than the plain and rather awkward-looking stripling whom he had left two years before in his trencher-cap and gown, at Trinity—and the now affianced husband of his sister. The very profession Hewitt had chosen, seemed like a display of opposition; for the republican principles of the Perrings were no secret among their fellow-collegians, between whom debating parties existed, where the politics of the period were discussed. This new, and closer connexion, therefore, Hugh determined should never take place; but as Norah's fortune was at her own disposal, he knew this was only to be compassed by some underhand machination.

Now, nature had not intended Hugh Perring for a villain, and the task he had proposed to himself was too repugnant to his feelings to allow him to go through with it. He therefore contented himself with exhibiting his unequivocal dislike of Douglas in such a manner as he hoped would lead the latter to resent it, and thus occasion a decided rupture between them. His cousin, however, for Norah's sake, determined to avoid everything that might give a pretext for his malevolence. And so the affair continued, until the unfortunate occurrence

of Sydenham's death afforded a sufficient plea for Hugh to put a decided veto on the marriage. He forbade Douglas the house; and, by alternate threats, entreaties, and cruel representations of the light in which her conduct would be viewed if she ever became the wife of her cousin, endeavoured to force Norah into a promise of discarding him; but her love had become a portion of her being, and she felt it would be easier to part with life than with the object of her affection.

Amidst this tumult of suffering, the tide of time swept on. It was a summer evening, and Norah sat alone in the little room that, in her mother's lifetime, had been the scene of so many hours of affectionate intercourse and light-hearted mirth. Her brother's frequent and prolonged absences left her now, more than ever, the prey of regretful memories. She had watched the sun's setting, and the after rising of the moon, and at length, with a feeling of almost faintness from the depressing reaction of overwrought anxiety, turned away from the window. Hours passed on—twelve, one o'clock came, and still she lingered in the room, without lights or companion. At this time, the figure of a man might be seen, not keeping the open path leading to the house, but stealing cautiously beneath the shadow of the trees. As the person drew near the windows of the sitting-room, he paused, and looking anxiously around, placed himself where the shade cast by a group of shrubs prevented the likelihood of his being discovered, and yet admitted of his perceiving the interior of the apartment. The heavy foliage of a few scattered trees in front of the windows formed the shadow of the picture, and between these, as they swayed to and fro in the night-wind, the bright, clear moon gleamed through, illuminating a portion of the apartment in which, at the open instrument, Norah Perring sat; but though her fingers occasionally touched the keys, the sounds produced were wild, unconnected, and sometimes dissonant, proving the utter abstraction of the player. As the breeze freshened, the waving of the branches became more irregular; and as the shade they caused sometimes fell upon the open music-page, or darkened the keys, she once or twice started, as if a living thing beside her had occasioned the shadow.

For a short time, Douglas remained within his hiding-place; but unable to contain himself longer, he rushed forward, tapped against the window, and the next moment held to his bosom the scarcely sensible form of Norah, who, overcome by tenderness for her lover, and terror at the possibility of her brother's return, could only weep forth her alarm and pleasure.

The brief and agitated discourse that ensued between them, was broken by a slight noise, as if the window had rebounded from a sudden pressure of the casement. Associating every fear with the presence of her fierce, remorseless brother, Norah trembled with apprehension as Douglas left her side to discover its cause. The young man gazed forth, but could see no one. The wind had gone down, and the trees stood still as if in sleep—the ramifications of each stately branch being traced against the clear sky with unerring fidelity —while the gravel-paths that intersected the flower-beds looked white and distinct in the moonshine.

"We are both nervous," said the young man, smiling. And he

beckoned her towards the window, where they stood looking out upon the lovely scene before them.

Just as Norah was restored to a state of comparative tranquillity, her fears were again excited by remarking that an old woman with a red handkerchief on her head, and wrapped in a grey cloak, crept cautiously from beneath the bushes near the window, and peering about for a moment, moved stealthily away. The bent form, and shuffling gait, discovered at once the mendicant Ansty Connelly.

Douglas was endeavouring to quell his fair cousin's uneasiness, when a bright flash of light suddenly shot up above a dark and distant part of the city, and was followed by a loud report that shook the window at which they were standing.

"My God!" exclaimed the young man, hastily. "They have risen —the city is attacked—and I am here! Let me go, Norah. I may yet save your brother. You have no need to fear; his party will not harm you, and the soldiery dare not. Farewell!" And he burst from her, before she half comprehended the fearful meaning of his words. When she did comprehend them, her first impulse was to follow him; and she ran wildly out upon the lawn, and down the avenue leading to the road, when something like a huge grey ball, just within the gate, opposed her progress. She stood still: it uncurled itself; and, throwing back the hood of her cloak, Ansty Connelly stood before her.

"Did a gentleman pass you just now, good woman?" inquired Norah, trembling with fright.

"I am surprised at sich a question from the likes of you, Miss Norah Perring. Is it watching your gates I'd be at this hour of the night?" answered the old woman, evasively.

"Perhaps he went the other way," said Norah, utterly unmindful, in her anxiety, of the covert sarcasm of Ansty's reply; "hasten to the road, good woman, and meet him as he passes. I will reward you for it."

"Find another arrant woman for yourself," exclaimed the old crone, sharply; "the time is coming whin Ansty Connelly 'ill be as good as any of you. An', signs by 'ont I make the Orange lads know it! My two fine boys at Ballyholan!—och hone! och hone! Did ye never hear your mother, Miss Norah—may the heavens be her bed!—talk ov the big fight at Ballyholan? and how the anchient Britons kilt Ansty Connelly's two sons? 'Tis that made me so fond ov the moonlight, avich! in hopes the good people 'ed take me out of my throuble, and give me my two fine boys again."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated Norah, who now remembered to have heard it said, that Ansty, was subject to fits of mental alienation. "Poor thing! what a sad example of these past times of terror! Alas! perhaps the consequences of to-night may be to make me equally desolate! Go home, Ansty; or come with me up to the house. This is no place for you, in the damp night air."

"Och! not a dhrop of the blessed dew falls on me, asthore! The fire in my ould head an' heart dhries it all up. Never mind for Ansty, the crater! the night's us't to her; an' the moon 'ed miss her, if she'd stay within."

So saying, Ansty again covered her head with her cloak; and rock-

ing herself to and fro to the monotonous measure of one of the wild and mournful death-cries of her country, seemed to have determined on remaining there for the night; and Norah, finding her persuasions useless, returned to her home, full of anxiety and apprehension. No sooner had Ansty satisfied herself that she could no longer be perceived, than she ceased her lamentations, and, with a step but slightly impeded by the lameness that distinguished her usual gait, set off in the direction of the city.

The report, which Douglas had taken for a signal of rising, had been occasioned by the explosion of a powder depot belonging to the insurgent party in Patrick Street, and which thus afforded government unequivocal proof of the means of a rebellion being in active preparation within the city. Yet no precautionary measures ensued. The next day, however, Hugh Perring returned home, and a stricter system of espionage on her actions convinced Norah that by some means he had heard of her interview with Douglas. All day long he continued in doors; but as soon as he had assured himself that she had retired for the night, he left the house, and returned no more till morning. Determined to find out whether he went alone, one night Norah followed him silently down stairs. No one was with him; and as with a boding heart she retraced her steps, her foot crushed some papers, and gathering them up, she discovered amongst them a proclamation for a general rising of the United Irishmen on the 23rd of the month. It wanted but a few days of the appointed time. Norah's resolution, therefore, was quickly taken, and as rapidly acted upon.

On the evening of the succeeding day, and an hour after sunset, a covered car drove into the castle yard, and a youth, clad in academical garb, stepped out, and walked on, until challenged by the sentinel on duty.

"Who goes there?" demanded the soldier, in a stern, peremptory voice.

"A friend!" answered the youth, in a low tone.

"Advance, friend!" rejoined the sentry, bringing his musket to the charge, "and give the countersign." But, instead of advancing, the action that accompanied the invitation had the effect of sending the collegian several paces back.

"I have no countersign," he answered. "I only want to see Lieutenant Hewitt."

"Devil a Lieutenant Hewitt you'll see, till I hears the countersign," returned the immoveable man-at-arms.

The youth, who had evidently expended his knowledge of military usages, in the customary response to the sentry's challenge, stood crushing the folds of his gown with a nervous and uncertain action; and from the working of his pale and interesting features, it was evident that he suffered much more than the chance of spending an hour in the sentry-box, until the guard came round, would have occasioned, under ordinary circumstances, to any son of Alma Mater. "Pray let me pass," he cried, taking out a purse, and speaking in accents of great distress, "I only want to see Mr. Hewitt. I am his cousin. Here is gold for you. Good, kind sentry, let me pass!"

"That's nothing to me; I must do my duty; and I can't let you pass without the parole," answered the man, doggedly.

"Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?" cried the youth, in anguish.

"I'll tell you what you'll do," answered the soldier, a little softened by the offer of the gold—"you may walk out; but if you attempt to move an inch nearer this way, you are my prisoner."

"I cannot go till I have seen Mr. Hewitt; my business with him is of life and death. Surely, good soldier, you will let me pass?"

"Not a step," returned the sentry; "either you walk off my post, or into my box, till the guard comes round. And if you give the officer no better account of yourself than you have given me, I promise you you'll pass the night in the guard-house."

At this moment, a gentleman in plain clothes came towards them; and the distress of the youth became even more perceptible.

"Here is some one coming," he said; "pray—pray let me pass! Mr. Hewitt will acquit you of any blame. I will give you all that is in my purse."

"It is more than I dare do now," returned the man. "Here comes one of the officers." And he turned to repeat to the person approaching the accustomed military challenge, while the collegian drew his robe around him, and shrank close to the side of the building. Presently afterwards the other party drew near, and whispering the talismanic reply, approached the trembling gownsman, and courteously inquired if he should pass him in. No sooner had the latter uttered his thanks, than the officer drew his arm within his own, and walked on in silence, till out of ear-shot of the sentinel, when the youth inquired, "Will you have the kindness to point out Mr. Hewitt's quarters? It is to see him I have come."

"'Pon my word he does not deserve to see you," replied the officer, in a tone of confidence that strangely and painfully affected the youth —"he has not used you well in keeping you waiting for him, and exposing you to so much annoyance."

"Mr. Hewitt is not aware of my being here," replied the other coldly.

"I wish I could persuade you to let him remain in ignorance of your coming," continued the officer. "Or if not," as he felt the fragile arm within his own suddenly withdrawn, "come into my room, and I will send for him."

"Sir!" said the affected collegian, springing from his side, "since something has betrayed my sex to you, pray do not tarnish your kindness by rudeness more insufferable than any annoyance I have previously experienced. However strange my being here, and in this disguise, may appear, I am a lady; and my motive is not only innocent but, I trust, praiseworthy. Add to my sense of gratitude for the favour you have already conferred upon me, by telling me where I shall find Mr. Hewitt. Be assured, neither he nor I will ever forget the obligation."

"I will send him to you," replied the officer, in a tone as respectful as his former manner had been bold. "Stand here, out of observation; he shall be with you in an instant."

So saying, he touched his hat and departed, while Norah remained, watching, with nervous anxiety, every shadow that crossed the mess-room windows, impatient for, yet dreading Douglas Hewitt's approach. Presently, an officer in full regimentals hastened towards her, and her heart told her it was her lover.

"I have the honour to be the individual you have inquired after," he said; "may I know to what circumstance I am in——"

"Douglas, take me where I may speak to you," faltered Norah; "I had no other way of seeing you, and I could not write what I have to tell."

"Norah, my own love! what has happened?" said Douglas, anxiously, as he drew her arm fondly within his own, and hurried her towards his apartments.

In less than a quarter of an hour after the meeting, accompanied by her cousin, Norah was on her way back to Rathfarnham. On the same night, Hugh Perring, as he entered his own gate, was seized by a party of soldiers, at the head of whom was his cousin Douglas, charged with conspiring against the state, and was conducted a prisoner to the castle garrison. Instead, however, of finding himself incarcerated in a dungeon, or subjected to the cruel privation which had been the fate of other state prisoners, he found himself in excellent quarters, supplied with all sorts of good things, in the shape of edibles, and an equal feast of mental entertainment. His situation was a mystery to himself. The longed-for day of Ireland's struggle for liberty was fast approaching, and he should appear to his friends an apostate to the cause, in its hour of extremest need! He comforted himself, however, with the idea that his arrest was too important an event to be passed over by the government journals; and that, by this means, the self-elected chief of the United Irishmen would attribute his non-appearance to its proper cause.

At length, the evening of the 23rd of July arrived. Not only had Douglas Hewitt contributed his warning voice to his friends in authority, but information had been given to the under-secretary of the intentions of the insurgents, and even of the hour of their meditated outbreak; but, on the precautionary principle of creating no alarm, few preparations were made to withstand them, beyond the strengthening of the guard at the Phœnix Lodge, by an officer and thirty men. A large dinner-party was given on this evening, by the secretary of the war department, to his military and other friends, at the castle; and amongst the guests was Douglas Hewitt.

The orthodox toasts and loyal sentiments had all been duly honoured and dismissed, and the mercurial spirits of the party were rising in proportion as the contents of cooper after cooper of bright claret disappeared; song succeeded song, and the true Anacreontic feeling was fast diffusing itself around, when a wild and piercing shriek rang through the apartment, arresting each man's hand on its way to his lips, and driving the ruddy colour from his cheek. Every one instinctively arose, as the door was thrown open, and a lady, with her long hair dishevelled, and her white dress stained with blood, rushed madly into the apartment, announcing, incoherently, the horrible catastrophe of her murdered father. It was Miss Wolfe, the daughter of Lord Kilwarden, who was most inhumanly butchered by the pikes of the insurgents. In a moment the revel was over—the military flew to revenge—the civilians to defend themselves; but the horrors of that night are for the historian, and I gladly pass them over, to follow the fortunes of Douglas Hewitt and his cousin.

About five weeks after the occurrence just related, on the afternoon of a day in the early part of September, crowds of persons were to

be met returning along the Rathfarnham road. The low tones in which they conversed—the air of depression and gloom that rested upon all, so different from their national bearing under any ordinary circumstance, was, in itself, sufficient to arouse a painful conviction of the nature of the calamity that could thus strike down their naturally elastic spirits. These persons had been to witness the unfortunate Emmett's execution.

But let us turn from the road, to the residence of the Perrings, at Rathfarnham. The blinds of the windows were closed, as if death was in the house; and on a sofa in the little room previously described, lay Hugh, pale even to ghastliness, from no physical illness, but from the nervous anguish that had preyed upon him since the apprehension of his friend. Norah knelt beside him; her eyes blinded by tears, and her hand was pressed against his pallid brow. The door opened, and Douglas Hewitt entered. Hugh raised his head, and gazed inquiringly at him.

"Is it over?" he asked quickly.

"It is," said Hewitt, mournfully.

"Thank God!" muttered Perring, dropping back on the pillow, and bursting into tears. "And but for you," he continued, when the paroxysm subsided—"but for you, my generous-hearted cousin, and you, my dear—dear sister, I, too, should have paid the penalty of disloyalty and madness with my pure-intentioned but misguided friend."

"He is at rest," interrupted Douglas; "let us hope that the sincerity of his motives may outbalance the crimes his treason has occasioned. Do not dwell upon it; but in return for the mercy so graciously extended to yourself, prove to your king and country that a pardoned rebel can make a useful citizen and a loyal subject."

Little more need be added. Norah soon afterwards became the wife of her cousin; and in the spring of the ensuing year Hugh Perring started for the Continent, to seek Gerald Hewitt, who had quitted Ireland on the day after Sydenham Perring's death, and had sought to heal the anguish of a bruised spirit by successive changes of scene and occupation. The forgiveness and re-union of his family effected what neither time nor travel could accomplish; and the cousins returned to Ireland better and wiser men for the bitter experiences of the memorable year 1803.

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

When a colony is still in its infancy, facts only are wanted,—statements of a simple but important character, which concern soil, climate, natural productions, and resources;—but when the same colony has attained a certain discretionary age, and can boast of its cities, towns, farms, cultivated lands, roads, and navigable rivers (as the creeks or inlets of the sea are always called), it is pleasant to turn from such details, to contemplate, for a moment, the new phases in which society presents itself in such a country—to look at the surface of things, as they pre-

* Notes and Sketches of New South Wales, during a residence in that colony from 1839 to 1844. By Mr. Charles Meredith. John Murray. London.

sent themselves to a fresh eye—and glance at the social state, as it appears to a stranger. First impressions, in these cases, are everything; custom wears off the salient points, and familiarity soon effaces the picturesqueness of novelty; so we rejoice when, as, on the present occasion, we meet with a little work, preluded by a sea-voyage, ensuring sympathy with a first arrival; and, still more, on entering into the country itself, to find the author engaged in simple sketches from nature, and turning attention chiefly to the general aspect of things, and to every-day topics.

It is, indeed, delightful and refreshing to enter with so light and agreeable, though not unfastidious, a companion as Mrs. Charles Meredith, into a new field of observation—to pass the mighty gates of New South Wales, and find ourselves, at once, at anchor off Fort Macquarïe—steam-boats, sailing, and rowing-boats, moving about in every direction—large emigrant-ships, often lumbering and awkward-looking enough, lying at anchor, low hills rising from the beach, dotted here and there with villas and cottages, and the handsome city of Sydney, only, as yet, in part visible at the bottom of the cove.

And then, making a step in advance, the clean, distinct outline, "so different to the diffused aspect of an English landscape;" the different kinds of gum-trees, some of which bear large and handsome flowers; the English oaks, overtopped by sombre Norfolk Island pines; the shrubbery of tea-tree, and the hedges of geraniums, cactus and acacia, leading the way to bright white villas, "seeming almost to cut into their surrounding trees," with the universal adjunct of veranda or piazza, telling of a sunny climate; the green lawns, sloping to the water's edge; the sentinels pacing to and fro, before Government House;—and then the final arrival at the "large busy town," of scarcely half a century's existence.

George Street, it appears, is the Pall Mall of Sydney; and "up and down its hot, dusty, glaring, weary length, go the fair wives and daughters of the citizens, enjoying their daily airing." Long strings of carriages are to be seen traversing it, or waiting near the "fashionable emporiums," that being the term in which Australian shopkeepers especially delight. "No 'lady' in Sydney (your grocers' and butchers' wives included) believes in the possibility of walking;' but the "turn-outs," motley enough in appearance, are often much wanting in well-appointed equipages; boxes are frequently innocent of hammercloths; and the horses are generally undersized, and terribly out of proportion with the carriage behind them.

A strong line of demarcation, as might naturally be expected, exists between the emancipated convicts, and their families and descendants (although sometimes these are the richest men in the colony) and the free emigrants and settlers.

"You may often see," says Mrs. Meredith, "a man of immense property, whose wife and daughters dress in the extreme of fashion and finery, rolling home in his gay carriage from his daily avocations with face, hands, and apparel as dirty and slovenly as any common mechanic. And the son of a similar character has been seen with a dozen costly rings on his coarse fingers, and chains, and shirt-pins glistening with gems, buying yet more expensive jewellery, yet without sock or stocking to his feet, the *shoes* to which his *spurs* were attached leaving a debatable ground between them and his trousers! Spurs and shoes

are, I imagine, a fashion peculiar to this stamp of exquisites, but among them very popular."

The market in Sydney is well supplied, and the display of fruit is very beautiful. This includes the produce of hot climates, especially all descriptions of melons. The large green water-melon, rose-coloured within, is a very favourite fruit, grows to an enormous size, and may be seen, piled up like huge cannon-balls, at all the fruit-shop-doors, "being universally admired in this hot, thirsty climate." Mrs. Meredith, however, thought it insipid; and notices, as an improved method of eating this crisp, cool, and refreshing, fruit, the mixing a bottle of Madeira, or sherry, with its cold, watery pulp! We recommend this new kind of "sherry cobbler" to the Reform Club.

Excellent fish is to be procured at Sydney; and Mrs. Meredith had here the good taste to prefer such to the preserved salmon and cod from England, which *are alone served* at a Sydney dinner-table. Rock-oysters and cray-fish are also abundant and good.

The dust is one main source of annoyance at Sydney. Unless after heavy rain, it is *always* dusty. One would suppose the phrase of "Down with the dust!" must have originated in the colony; but this Mrs. Meredith does not mention. Flies are another nuisance; they swarm in every room, in tens of thousands, and blacken the breakfast or dinner table as soon as the viands appear. But worse than these, are the mosquitoes, whose bite, Mrs. Meredith, on two different occasions, describes as being "mountainous," and their attacks so persevering, as to be always more or less successful. These fierce assailants are also aided in their nocturnal invasions by still worse, and "thrice-disgusting creatures;" to say nothing of fleas, "which seem to pervade the colony in one universal swarm."

The Cumberland hunt have a tolerable pack of hounds, and the destructive native dog, or dingo, serves them for a fox; and this is often *a bagged dog!*

There are several rival and mutually abusive papers published in Sydney, where there is, also, a public library; but literature appears to be at discount; for "the gentlemen," says Mrs. Meredith, "are too busy, or find a cigar more agreeable than a book; and the ladies, to quote the remark of a witty (?) friend, 'pay more attention to the adorning of their heads without, than within.'"

Mrs. Meredith's travelling experiences in Australia, which extend to Bathurst, about one hundred and twenty miles from Sydney, are very entertaining, although they chiefly refer to interesting little facts in natural history, and to the backwood's condition of the public inns. The latter are the perpetually recurring subjects of animadversion. The walls are smoke-stained, the floors universally dirty, the tables covered with tobacco-ashes and liquor stains; the women slipshod, the beds have a hide-the-dirt kind of aspect; and even the dark-brown fat candles smell most insufferably. The fare was always the same—'am-an'-eggs, mutton-chops, English ale at 3*s.* 6*d.* a-bottle; and for bread, "damper," a cake of stiff dough, baked in the ashes;—not bad fare, we should think, though intolerable to a delicate stomach, apparently not fitted for *roughing it* on mutton-chops.

The habitations of the working-classes are also described as the least pleasing objects met with in the colony. They are wretched (?) huts, or hovels, "built of heaped turf, or more frequently of 'slabs,'"

rough pieces of split timber, set on an end, like a strong paling,) and thatched, and which, if plastered with mud, would be weather-proof and comfortable; but for the most part, the slabs are all falling asunder, the thatch half torn off, the window, or rather the place for one, stopped with pieces of wood, hides, and old rags, and the door, without hinges, inclining against the wall. A heap of ashes and chips usually lies in front, broken bottles, old casks, old rags, " bones and shoes, and various similar articles are scattered around. Not a herb, not a cabbage, is to be seen; no attempt at making a garden, although a fence might be had for the trouble of cutting it, and, by very little labour, abundant crops of vegetables and fruit produced."

This is a state of things which evidently will not last. At present wages are so high, that, by working only a third or fourth part of his time, a man can gain an ample livelihood; and this too frequently leads to the common vice of inebriety. So great is this besetting colonial sin, that our author has occasion to recur to it over and over again, and sometimes in a serio-comic manner; at one inn, they found every individual,—man, boy, and girl,—in a state of incapable intoxication. On another occasion, Mr. Meredith was driving a friend to the races, at Parramatta, and on reaching the turnpike, the engaging female keeper was discovered seated at a table by the door, with a cup, and a half gallon bottle of rum beside her, the effect of which was already evident. She offered Mr. Meredith a ticket, which he told her was not required, as she knew him so well from his passing constantly.

" Oh, sir! you'd better take it, for I shan't know anybody by the time you come back!"

Finally, wearied out, and disgusted by the want of congenial refinement, by the heat of the sun, the dust, the wind, the want of society, the living things, the ruling vice, and all the other inconveniences of a young country and an antipodal climate, Mrs. Meredith made her escape to Van Dieman's Land, where we wonder if she finds things much changed for the better. Perhaps Mr. John Murray, junior, will inform us in a subsequent volume of his Colonial Library.

DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It is curious that we never hear of people who are doomed to extravagant expectation, though we often hear of people who are doomed to bitter disappointment. Surely there should be some of both classes. There can be no disappointment without the expectation; and, in fact, the depth of the one is always exactly measured by the height of the other, so that destiny must deal even-handedly with the two, and a man might as reasonably say, I was born to hope, as, I am destined to be disappointed.

But people do not assign the origin of their hopes and expectations to destiny, but only the provoking failure of them. They blow their own brilliantly-coloured bubbles, fast as fancy can puff them off, and when they burst, call it fate. They expect impossibilities, and complain that fate always disappoints them.

Hope is an *ad libitum* affair; entertain it, therefore, in the largest possible quantity; but fulfilment must have its limit, and if it fall short of the calculated supply, prononnce it to be your doom. Expect extravagantly, and declare with bitterness that nothing you undertake prospers, nothing answers your expectations.

The sort of people who are most prone to disappointment will be found among the miscellaneous multitudes of Sight-seekers; or, as they are sometimes called by the ridiculous omission of a letter or two, the Sight-seers. Never were such wonderful people for expecting wonders; and never were any gifted with such eyes for discovering that there is nothing to see. The Sight-seers (to borrow the facetious designation) are a race by themselves. They are always half-way up a hill where there is no view; or looking with avidity through the wrong end of a telescope, and grumbling at the insignificance of the sight. No matter what the object of attraction may be,—a civic shew or a crowned head, pageantry two miles long, or a single star pre-eminently in the ascendant,—the cry is always the same;—there never yet was a spectacle so truly magnificent, and the shabbiness of it is wofully disappointing. These two declarations are invariably to be heard in one breath. The good folks are for ever going to be completely astonished, and for ever surprised that they should have expected anything of the kind.

The sight-seer, however, full often guards himself, as he conceives, most securely, against the cruelty of a disappointment, by taking care to expect little or nothing. On some special occasion, at least, he is resolved to put it out of fate's power to disappoint him. "I have formed my own conclusion," he cries, "and know exactly what the thing will be. I anticipate no miracles of splendour, no gorgeous paraphernalia, nothing dazzling or bewildering in any way. Such are *my* simple notions. Let others look forward to what magnificence they like; that is no illusion of mine. I expect nothing—positively nothing."

And when the spectacle which is the subject of these sage and moderate views has passed by, you may instantly know the man who expected nothing, by his being the noisiest and the most indignant of the throng. As soon as he has exclaimed, in a voice heavily laden with emotion, and proclaiming him utterly disconsolate, "Well, after this!——" he takes breath for five minutes, and then freely tells you what he thinks of the show. He suggests that he has heard of a breakdown once or twice before, and has himself witnessed a few failures rather ingenious in their way. But he puts it—not to the inhabitants of that parish, but to the feeling and judgment of unbiassed and enlightened Europe—whether a mockery so truly abortive had ever been heard of before. He blushes for the country of his birth, the land of his pride yesterday, of his pity to-day. It is true, he expected nothing—but then, such a spectacle as that! He feels for the Great Metropolis—feels deeply. He cannot help, for the honest soul of him, being very sorry indeed for the City of London, and thinks that, under such circumstances, it would be better for the capital of the empire to hide its head in its own smoke, or get out of town for a week or two, till the discredit blows over. Not that he expected anything—on the contrary, he expected nothing—absolutely nothing; but he never felt so disappointed!

In such natures the feeling of expectation will generate, and will grow, until it becomes a gross and vague exaggeration; and the mind that rejects it still dwells upon its obtruding image, and experiences the shock all the same in spite of its precautions.

What is true of a show, is equally true of an opera, a pic-nic, a dance, or a novel. They have heard a great deal about it, they have thought a great deal about it, they have taken considerable pains about it, and they have hoped a great deal from it. The time comes—they are disappointed. They can't help it—so it is—they are doomed, they do believe, to disappointment.

So also with things infinitely higher, the grandest objects in nature or in art. They are disappointed with Killarney, they are disappointed with the Louvre. Mont Blanc was striking, but not what they expected; St. Peter's was fine, but, on the whole, they were disappointed.

They are not to be easily persuaded that any reasonable expectation ever can be realized—and they are confident that in their own case no such miracle has been performed. If they had stood on the deck of the "Victory," and had seen the immortal signal displayed, "England expects every man to do his duty," they would have instinctively rejoined, "Then England will be disappointed."

Try the same people on the most trivial points, and they are equally fixed. The author of the charming new song does not quite come up to their expectation; agreeable, intellectual, and gentleman-like; yes, but not the kind of person—they must say they were disappointed. As for the beauty they had burned to be presented to, what highly-wrought expectations had they not formed of her! and now she is smiling before them. They are charmed, delighted, electrified, almost wonder-stricken—they are everything, except satisfied. True, she is perfect; it is impossible to find a fault, a blemish—but then, so very different to their estimate! not a feature like!—they never were so disappointed in all their days. They are enchanted with the new picture, and recognise in it the highest grasp of the artist's genius; but they are so unlucky—it is their fate—they had a notion that it was in water-colour, and they feel wofully disappointed.

Nothing falls out according to their anticipation. If it should appear that they had not formed an enormously excessive estimate, they had still formed one so egregiously erroneous as to fill them with dismay, and impress them with the conviction that they are foredoomed to fail in every calculation.

There are some youthful disappointments which give a disheartening tone to a whole life. Of such is the shock to fresh and sensitive feeling, experienced when, in the first blush of boyhood, in early school-time, we fly to the treasuring-box for the plum-cake, and find that our faithful and beloved chum, to whom we would have given one twice as big, has pilfered it while we were in the upper-school, doing his exercise for him. How is such a blow to be warded off from the boy's heart! How are the wide-open eyes that stare into the blank box ever to become utterly closed again! From that moment, they have a habit of continually looking slily out at the corners, though apparently shut. He has suffered a disappointment; he is wary and critical. He chooses his next friend for exactly opposite qualities to the last, is tricked for that reason, and is disappointed again.

Who can describe the disappointment to which youthful enthusiasm,

youthful expectation wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, is exposed, in an incident like the following? It is some years old, but we vividly remember it :—

A youth of strong impulses, and of keen susceptibility, loving the highest productions of the theatre with a passionate delight, and regarding Edmund Kean with a sentiment akin to idolatry, had fixed upon a night, a whole week off, to see his favourite for the first time in *Othello*. In the interim, *Othello* haunted him by day, *Othello* haunted him by night. He thought, read, talked, and dreamed of nothing but *Othello!—Othello, Othello, Othello!* The happy day arrived; but, alas, at the very beginning of it, a weight of novel and most unexpected duties fell suddenly upon the excited youth. He staggered, and looked pale with affright. They would occupy him till midnight; he should not, he could not, see *Othello*.

No deferring them; postponement, hesitation, was impossible; they were heavy and solemn duties. To the task, then! With incredible energy, the boy's hand (it was hardly more) was put to a man's work. Head and heart laboured hotly, but steadily, with it, aiding every stroke of the hammer, and driving in two nails for one. Two o'clock, and with amazing perseverance, by continually repeated strokes, the neck of the difficulty is nearly broken.

Shall he see *Othello?* Will the honourable, the inevitable, duty be discharged in time? The now merry, yet anxious, anxious work goes bravely on.

Ah! there is much, very much to do, and it is half-past four. How can the serious and delicate object that employs him be accomplished in two hours—two short hours? And yet, in little more than that small space of time, Kean will be upon the stage, performing his mighty masterpiece, *Othello*.

Heart and head now seem to set both hands to work, and each hand does the work of two; so that the rapidity of progress surpasses everything conceivable, except the steadiness of application. Nearer swells the work towards a finish, but very fast all the time runs the spiteful clock. No matter; the duty is almost done—it is only six, and Kean himself is not yet at the theatre. The young theatrical will see *Othello*. He will certainly see *Othello* after all.

What! a quarter past, and, alas! no seat procurable after the doors open! Seat! who cares for seats! The devotee was positive that he could have stood, squeezed and jammed, till he was five and twenty, to see Kean in *Othello*.

Half-past—half-past six! Curtain does not rise till seven. Drury Lane only two miles and a half off; *Othello* not on in the first scene! Twenty minutes more will complete a week's eventful labour, performed almost miraculously in nine hours. The Nine will reward their labourer : he will see Kean in *Othello!*

Done!—All done! Five minutes to seven! The enthusiast felt that he could walk the distance easily in half the time! He flew off in a hackney—no cabs—as the clock struck. All his toil, all his anxiety, would be repaid; he should witness the greatest work of human passion, illustrated by the greatest master of passion known to the stage. The distance to the theatre seemed now a stone's throw, and now a hundred miles.

He is at length on the steps; the money is paid; he clears the

rotunda; an announce-bill invites his attention, on which he bestows not one momentary glance. Sounds from the stage pierce the silent lobbies; the curtain has been up some time; but he shall see *Othello!* Yes, that must be Kean's voice!

"Boxkeeper! Fly! Any place?"

"Oh yes, sir, we can give you a place! Where would you like to sit, sir?"

"Open a door anywhere!"

And as a door was instantly opened, the heart of the young enthusiast leaped up indeed. Then, in another moment, as he sprang, not very decorously, down to an excellent seat on the front row, he saw first, and then heard, a tall awkward performer, singing, with a sad cold, and in execrable taste, a passage in *Artaxerxes!*—that opera having been, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Kean, substituted for the other stage-convenience—a tragedy, entitled *Othello!*

I *was* disappointed that night!

"For I had not deserved it, and it smote me to the heart."

Disappointment is a sharp stern monitor, but often a kind one, and his lessons have this virtue—they are apt to last. Let them be remembered, but not felt too acutely. How needless was the sting, self-inflicted on that worthy honest man, who, having signed a bill of exchange for five hundred pounds, kept the cash during the three days of grace, before his conscientious eyes, ready to be paid on demand. Alas! the bill was not presented when due. The appointed day expired, and the next in turn went the way of all sunshine. Others followed, and a month had elapsed—a year. The good debtor —this happened not lately—looked at the money which was not his, and felt that its golden lustre cast a shadow upon him inwardly. Its presence was a mystery, an unpleasant, a glaring intrusion. Still he sat in the simple faith of his contract, and hoped, and hoped. But nobody came; the cash was undemanded; and he grew fidgetty and restless. Then he saddened more. His expectation melted all away. He was a disappointed man; and when he died, an alms-house was erected with some spare money.

But what disappointment can life have in store for us—fashion our foolish expectations as we may—equal in intensity to the rapture of a late long-deferred and sudden surprise! When the character we had suspected comes into light, when the conduct we had misconstrued shews clear and fair, and the face in which we had seen but a dishonest scowl, laughs out in the flush of truth, as the film of jealousy, or envy, or common prejudice, drops from our wakened eyes, what bitterness of disappointment can equal the sweetness of that discovery! Gall has less potency than balm.

Still the fact remains, and it brings us round again to the point from which we started; that while none assure us with gravity that they are doomed to expect foolishly, thousands tell us that they are doomed to be disappointed cruelly. With this impression strong on the mind, even blessings and good luck may come in the form of a disappointment. The eastern sage, when the bowstring was already round his neck, was unexpectedly respited. "You are saved, philosopher," said the professor of strangulation. "Mashallah!" cried the pardoned one, shrugging his shoulders, "I was doomed to disappointment!"

THE COUNTRY CURATE.*

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

"The virtue and other qualifications of the Rev. Mr. Adams, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that, at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handsome income of twenty three pounds a-year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little incumbered with a wife and six children."

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CURATE'S HOUSE AND FAMILY.

FEW things on earth can be more uninviting than the generality of small provincial towns. They have not the charm of rusticity, nor the animation of a metropolis; the attraction of opening prospects, nor view of grand edifices: they are not "rus in urbe," whatever they may pretend; neither can they boast the advantage of pure country air; for the houses of most of them are small and confined, the streets narrow and abutting on squalid courts, the drainage imperfect, the ventilation bad. A man might walk through London a whole day, and not have his sense of smelling so often offended as in a ten-minutes' perambulation of a country-town High Street. Now that the little life which they used to derive from the passage through them of stage-coaches has ceased, they must stagnate in utter listlessness: their inhabitants will approximate more closely than before to somnambulists; and their shops, except once a week on market-day, will be drearier than ever.

In a small tenement of one of these sleepy places, situated in the western extremity of Somersetshire, lived, about seventy years ago, a clergyman of the name of Westerwood. He officiated as curate of the parish church, of which the rector was a Doctor Bruiner. Mr. Westerwood was an accomplished scholar, and a pious man of apostolical simplicity; but being unfortunately destitute of other advantages,—that is to say, having no interest with influential persons, nor any talent for pushing his way, and manœuvring to the prejudice of others, (a thing he abhorred,)—he remained a poor curate, and never dreamed of even a *chance* of further advancement in the church. Doctor Bruiner, a wealthy pluralist, allowed Mr. Westerwood twenty pounds a-year for officiating at one of his best livings—namely, that in the town of which mention has just been made; and this salary being paid half-yearly, the poor curate could only obtain the necessaries of life through the disadvantageous medium of credit.

Mr. Westerwood had a wife and three daughters. His house, which consisted of no more than four apartments, was but scantily furnished. Two of the latter were used as bed-chambers. One of the rooms on the ground-floor was appropriated to kitchen purposes; the other answered the double purpose of the reverend gentleman's study and the family-

* The idea of this story is derived from an imaginary Journal of a Somersetshire Curate, occupying a single octavo page in a periodical work, published in 1777. Happy is it that such a story could not be written of the *present time*.

parlour. Here his books (and they were very few) were arranged in a little recess by the side of the fireplace. They consisted of an old Bible; including the "Book of Common Prayer;" Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying;" Barrow's Sermons, and a volume of the mathematical works of that great divine; Fuller's "Abel Redivivus," and (though Mr. Westerwood was not a Calvinist) the "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, over which, he used to say, a noble spirit of genuine piety prevailed. The religious poems of Dr. Donne, Milton's "Paradise Lost," an old folio Cowley, and an odd volume or two of Shakspeare's plays, completed his library. But out of these few books he drew infinite solace under the pressure of want—unfailing *amusement*, (if such a term may be used,) and still-increasing enlargement of thought.

In one event of his life, Mr. Westerwood had been eminently fortunate: he had married happily; and though condemned by indigence to live apart from the world, he found a perpetual source of varied interest in the society of his helpmate, who, by activity and laborious attention to household duties (for they could not afford a servant), lightened the burden of his necessities, and by wise and cheerful conversation, when they sat together in the evening, brightened the poverty of his home till it shone like a little paradise. The girls were too young to have any marked character; but they were affectionate and dutiful; their dispositions, moreover, were so happy, and they confided with such perfect unreserve in their parents, that they scarcely perceived the privations which they and their father and mother endured daily. It was a family of love, which Misfortune could not blight, nor even Poverty render callous.

It has been said, that Doctor Bruiner allowed Mr. Westerwood twenty pounds a-year for officiating as curate; but this, though the largest part, was not the whole of his income. A few slight church-fees were permitted to fall to him; and when the pluralist-rector, according to the faculty of dispensation, was obliged to deliver his thirteen annual sermons in the benefice of which Mr. Westerwood was curate, the latter was able to preach in other parishes. But altogether his receipts were inadequate to the supply of his daily wants, humble as these were.

In spite of all this, our curate was alert in his sacred calling. He was a *working* parson, consoling, as far as in him lay, his fellow-poor —the *other poor*, as he used to call them—visiting the sick, whom he comforted with holy words and hopes; healing animosities among his parishioners; giving ghostly comfort to the conscience-stricken by demonstrating the efficacy of repentance; and drawing from the gospels perpetual themes for new, eloquent, vital, and edifying sermons. Poor man! it is wonderful how he did all this, gnawn as he was by viper-cares.

Cowley says of writing poetry, "There is nothing that requires so much serenity of spirit: it must not be overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: like the Halcyon, it must have fair weather to breed in." True as this is, it may, with equal if not greater truth be affirmed as an almost necessary condition of *his* mind who, in composing homilies, has to meditate deeply, in order that his words may be effectual in reclaiming the vicious, the

cruel, the selfish, and other ungodly persons from the error of their ways. Had the rector thought fit to shake even some of his superfluities into the lap of his poor curate, he would have given him the frame of mind described by Cowley. Nevertheless, though he lacked this, the good man went on zealously in his vocation. Mr. Westerwood's character resembled that which Chaucer has given to the parish priest in his Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:—

> "A good man there was of religioun
> That was a pourè parson of a toun;
> But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
> He was also a learnèd man, a clerk,
> That Cristès gospel *trewèly* wolde preche;
> His parishens devoutly wolde he teche;
> Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
> And in adversitè ful patient."

Patient, indeed, "in adversity," was our Somersetshire curate; and his patience grew the greater the more it was exercised. He recollected the words of the apostle Peter, in his first epistle: "If when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called." Thus was our curate comforted.

One evening, when his little stock of money was exhausted—when the importunity of those who supplied him with necessaries was too strong to permit any further application to them, and the morrow threatened to rise dismally—Mr. Westerwood received a letter from Doctor Bruiner, saying he might come to him the next day and receive his half-yearly payment. This was good news indeed.

"Courage, my dear!" said he to his wife. "We shall be in cash to-morrow. I shall start early in the morning, so as to return in time to make our payments on the same day. The rector is at his other living in Devonshire, only eleven miles off. Let me see; how long will it take me to walk two-and-twenty miles? Three hours there, and an hour for rest, are four; and three back, make seven. Good. Then, if I start at six in the morning, I shall be at home by noon. How much do we owe, Constance?"

"Nearly nine pounds."

"I feared it was more: excellent! Then we shall be able to acquit ourselves of debt, renew our credit, and have a pound in store. Out of this pound we must buy shoes for the girls, so that they may appear more respectably at church. Though my half year's salary is due, I did not, I must confess, expect it so soon. Courage, my dear! After all, we shall sleep happily to-night, not dreading the morrow."

"Never was there so grateful a heart as yours, Godfrey," returned Mrs. Westerwood.

"Besides shoes for the girls," pursued the curate, not noticing his wife's remark, "you, my dear Constance, shall have a new bonnet."

"No, no," responded she; "with a fresh riband, the old one will look smart enough. Your own raiment," she added, gazing with tearful eyes at her husband—"your own raiment, Godfrey, is much worn, and ——"

"Think not of it," interrupted Mr. Westerwood. "You forget that the cassock hides a multitude of imperfections in a clergyman's other garments."

"And sometimes in the clergyman himself," returned the wife. "Is it not so? Alas! all do not resemble my husband!"

"Constance!" exclaimed the curate. "This is not like you. For years, I have not heard a word of bitterness escape your lips—no, not even during our greatest trials. Why, then, do you select this moment of relief for uttering a sarcasm?"

"Because, Godfrey, when I look at your careworn face, and reflect on the struggle to which we are condemned—a struggle, not for the comforts of life, but for bare subsistence, for actual avoidance of starvation—when I think that after all your hard work—your earnest and faithful discharge of your duties—we should be left in such tribulation as to regard the receipt of your pittance, when it is due, as a moment of relief, as a cause for rejoicing, I confess I cannot suppress a feeling of anger. Far more than in this *relief*, necessary as it is for you and me and the poor girls, do I rejoice at hearing you say that till now no word of bitterness has escaped my lips; but though I have not spoken, I have thought, and thought bitterly, not only of our condition, but of him who suffers us to remain in it while he rolls in luxury."

"Be still patient, as you have hitherto been, my own Constance," said the curate. "We have placed our trust where alone a Christian can place it," added he, looking upwards. "Depend on it, all will go right at last."

"Meanwhile," rejoined she, "we have trials to undergo; the more trying, because of their sordidness. We deserve to be freed from them. 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' is a precious maxim of our Saviour. How can one of his ministers dare to disobey it? We are stung beyond endurance. Do you call Doctor Bruiner a Christian?"

Mr. Westerwood was astonished at this burst of passion from his meek wife. He took her hand, kissed it, and then said, sorrowfully, "We must remember, my dear, another admonition from the same divine source: 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' Let us, therefore, hold fast to our Redeemer, not for the sake of treasure here or anywhere, but out of faith and humble love."

The curate's wife felt his mild rebuke; she returned the fond pressure of her husband's hand; and with a prayer on their lips, the good couple betook themselves to repose.

CHAPTER II.

INTERVIEW WITH THE RECTOR.

The morning dawned auspiciously. A July sun arose in all its fervid grandeur on a cloudless sky. No sooner did our curate, whose window looked eastward, behold rays of gold shoot like crowds of flaming arrows above the houses, than he left his bed and prepared for his walk. "I shall be home again at noon," said he to his wife; "keep up your heart, Constance. During the night, I have been thinking it would be as well to let Doctor Bruiner know how hardly we fare. He may not be aware of it. Perhaps he will do something for us. Who knows?"

Mrs. Westerwood shook her head distrustfully, as her husband left the room.

Our curate, on his road to the rector's house, had to mount and descend several of those lofty hills which lie on the borders of Devonshire. According to the presage of dawn, the morning was cloudless and sultry; and before Mr. Westerwood had walked five miles, he felt almost burned by the sun's fierce rays, and nearly blinded by the white, glaring, and dusty road. Large weeds under the hedges hung their broad leaves flaccidly; and the lately-shorn meadows looked in their bareness as though it had been cruel to rob them of their green defence and leave them parched and cracking beneath the unrelenting solar-tyranny. In his haste to depart from home, and possess his half-year's salary, our curate had altogether forgotten breakfast, so that his thirst by this time was tormenting. Willingly would he have stopped at some of the cool-looking way-side inns to refresh himself; but, alas, he had no money! He must, therefore, toil on through the hot air, which breathed on him like a furnace, and endeavour to beguile the weary way by thinking of the happiness he should soon convey to his home. "Besides," thought he, "the rector will, doubtless, offer me both meat and drink."

Thus solacing himself, our curate stepped out amain; and in little more than three hours, came within sight of the rectory,—a pleasant house, on a wide and green lawn, dotted with low shrubs and circular patches of flowers, and shaded towards the east by a grove of beech-trees. It was with difficulty he suppressed a rising feeling of envy, on contrasting the fragrant paradise with his own narrow tenement in a close street.

Wiping his brow, and striking with his handkerchief the dust from off his shoes, in order to make the best appearance possible, he rang the gate-bell, and in a little time a powdered and liveried lackey appeared, fresh, trim, careless in face, and plump in person. *He* wouldn't have walked eleven miles under a July sun; not he. Such things might do very well for poor gentlemen, but were altogether beneath the dignity of a footman.

Our tired curate being admitted, was consigned to the hall, while the menial went to his master. Oh, how Mr. Westerwood enjoyed the grateful coolness of this porch, as he stood waiting to be summoned to Doctor Bruiner! He was glad that the rector was in no haste, as he felt the interval would restore his heated face to its natural colour.

In a short time, our curate was conducted to the library, where the pluralist, in a flowing morning-gown and slippers, sat on his cushioned sofa. Green Venetian blinds, excluding sun, but admitting air, threw a subdued and grateful light over the richly-furnished apartment. A tempting breakfast, odorous with coffee, and lacking not the substantial adjuncts of cold fowl and ham, stood before the doctor, who had no idea of mortifying the flesh. The animal part of our nature seemed to predominate in him, though the perfect whiteness of his thick hair gave him a sanctimonious, if not a reverend look. Snow-white damask, bright silver, and transparent porcelain, made a goodly show on the table. Gladly would Mr. Westerwood have been asked to sit and partake, for he was tired, and hungry, and thirsty.

"You have had a long walk this hot morning, and look rather fatigued," said the rector, "therefore I will not keep you. Let me see," he added, opening a drawer, which, as he drew it forth, made a rattling sound of coin, "I have to pay you ten pounds. Well, then,

here are nine guineas, half a guinea, and sixpence, making the amount. Just sign my memorandum-book, and then, you know, you need not wait longer. You must be anxious to get back to your family."

Mr. Westerwood took the money, and signed the acquittance, when, mustering up a little courage, he thus fulfilled the purpose of which he had apprised his wife.

"Will you permit me, Doctor Bruiner, to say a few words before I go?"

"Of course,—certainly. What are they?"

"Why, sir," rejoined the curate, "it gives me much pain to say that I find my income inadequate to my wants. My half-yearly payments are always anticipated by debt, from the contraction of which I cannot disenthral myself. I know you will forgive me for thinking, that if I should mention this to you, you would make some little addition to my means, rather than see me thus perplexed."

Doctor Bruiner's countenance suddenly became grave—a symptom which threw his poor curate quite aback.

"Debt!" exclaimed he, with a strong emphasis—"debt!—nothing can be worse than running in debt. You should avoid it in future. Much mischief accrues from it—much unseemly humiliation—especially to men of our cloth."

"But I cannot avoid it," returned Mr. Westerwood, sorrowfully. "My wife and children," added he, with a strong effort to maintain the steadiness of his voice, and prevent it from becoming hysterical—"my wife and children would starve."

"You should eke out your income, Mr. Westerwood, by keeping a school," pithily observed the pluralist.

"I have thought of that, sir," returned our curate; "but you know my house is too small and too mean to receive pupils, and I have no funds to get a better and furnish it adequately."

"That is a pity," remarked Doctor Bruiner. "How much are you in debt?"

"About nine pounds."

"Indeed! almost all you are now receiving. How, then, do you mean to get on?"

"By satisfying the claims against me," returned the curate, "and thus obtaining fresh credit."

"Very bad indeed!" exclaimed Doctor Bruiner, looking (so Mr. Westerwood thought) with an aspect of commiseration at him. "Why, you are only lengthening the links of your chain. You speak, my good sir, of your wife and children. How many children have you? It is not mere curiosity that prompts my inquiry."

This was striking a tender chord, and it was stricken with an appearance of tenderness. The curate's heart heaved and palpitated and swelled under the idea that his hard case was recognised, and that relief would soon be announced. Long-endured sorrow and coming joy were too much for him; his manhood gave way, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he replied,

"I have three daughters, sir—three helpless girls."

"Well," returned the rector, "we cannot call that a *large* family. I myself have one more child than you."

This was a discouraging remark. Mr. Westerwood did not exactly see its pertinence; he could not perceive what affinity existed

between the rector and his four children, waited on by obsequious servants, living in a handsome house surrounded by gardens, and amused every now and then by change of scene and pleasant diversions,—and himself, wife, and three ill-clad girls, cooped up in a dwelling little better than a hovel, and condemned to toil and never-varying gloom, and the pain of straitened means. Nevertheless, he did not lose all hope. So he stood patiently waiting for what was to come.

"Then, Mr. Westerwood, it appears," resumed the rector, "that, after your debts are paid, you will have only one pound in ready money for the next half-year, except what you may earn by preaching elsewhere than in my parish."

"No more, sir," replied our curate, again receiving the doctor's words as a favourable omen.

"But," said Doctor Bruiner, "I understand your sermons are very popular. You must therefore be industrious, and get money."

"Industrious!" echoed Mr. Westerwood, as a pardonable consciousness of his own exertions arose within him, "all the town where I officiate knows me for a hard-working man. I hardly ever preach the same sermon twice, and I believe that the sick or the troubled in mind do not call in vain on me for ghostly consolation. Forgive me for talking thus. I spoke unawares. To boast does not become a Christian minister; let me say rather that I *strive* to fulfil the duties of my calling."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied the doctor; "and I trust you will be rewarded, if not here, at least in heaven."

"I seek not *reward* in the common acceptation of the word. My faith teaches me differently," replied Mr. Westerwood. "I want, nevertheless, the common means of life, which, alas, at present I scarcely possess!"

"I am precisely of your opinion," rejoined the pluralist. "But it is as necessary for me to *preserve* the means of life, as for you to *procure* them. I humbly thank Heaven that it has given me a heart capable of sympathizing deeply with all my fellow-creatures. I wish to do good to you and to every one; but I must take care of myself. You have children dependent on you; so have I. I repeat that I must take care of myself. Far be it from me, Mr. Westerwood, to put you to the least inconvenience; but, now I think of it, let me tell you that a gentleman has offered to fill the cure you now serve for fifteen pounds a year—one fourth less than I pay you."

"He would starve!" exclaimed the curate.

"No," pursued Doctor Bruiner. "He is a single man, and has a school which he would transfer to the town."

"And do you intend to take him?" gasped our curate, bewildered at the unexpected turn the conversation had taken.

"Why, not just at present. I mean to act kindly by you, Mr. Westerwood; therefore you will not be displaced for the next half year. But even when you shall no longer be my curate, you may rely on my doing anything in my power to serve you. Be assured, that to Doctor Bruiner" (he liked sometimes to magnify himself by speaking in the third person) "it will always be a source of gratification to hear of your welfare."

So saying, Doctor Bruiner rose and rang the bell. The poor, almost heart-broken curate took this hint, and, without uttering a syllable,

bowed and left the apartment wherein he had neither taken refreshment nor even sat down. The sleek and pampered footman conducted him along a corridor, through the hall, and across the well-kept and fragrant garden, when he again found himself in the burning road. How should he break such gloomy news to his wife? As he thought of what had passed between him and Doctor Bruiner—of the callous selfishness of which he had been the victim—the wanton raising of his hopes, only that they might be more signally crushed—the cruel and gratuitous inquisition into his affairs—the cold-blooded affectation of sympathy, united with real tyranny gloating on distress—(a cat-like pretence of dalliance ending in laceration)—when he thought of all this, the spirit of Adam was strong within him. But as he reflected on the meekness of Him who bore all wrongs, even the cross, without repining, our curate's resentment was stilled, and he was calm.

What ensued, on his return to his wife and children shall be told in the next chapter.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

Theatrical salaries are usually paid on Saturday mornings; but we, Stratford-upon-Avon actors, were informed, on the arrival of our first pay-day, that "the ghost would not walk"* until the evening; and, during the performance, Mrs. Manager desired me to call upon her for my salary, the following morning, "after church," as she should pay me herself then, presuming, as she said, it could make no difference to me, and that I should be able to "carry on the war" until that time.

I did not fail to fulfil my engagement; and at the time specified I hastened to the residence of my governess, which was within a few doors of the house where "Sweet Willy Shakspeare" was born. As I approached the residence of my treasuress, I saw her looking out of the parlour window, and, on my reaching it, she held forth her hand, and placed in mine—not twenty-one shillings, but *three—only three!*

I ventured to say, "This is not my salary, ma'am."

"There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that, young gentleman," she replied. "I am well aware of it, for your letter of engagement, or rather a copy of it, is now before me, for I am very methodical in my affairs; but Mr. ——, the prompter, stands indebted to me the sum of two shillings and sixpence; as thus, sir—I gave him a sovereign this morning, his salary is seventeen and sixpence per week, he could not give me change, therefore is my debtor. You must wait upon him for the balance due to me; keep it—you will then have received from me five shillings and sixpence; return hither after your dinner, and more money shall be yours. Adieu."

I lost no time, but was prompt in calling upon the prompter for the said two and sixpence, preferring "eating my mutton cold," to losing "the means whereby I (was to) live." He paid me the enormous sum, quoting the words of *Charles Surface*—"somebody else may call who has a better right to it."

* A very old theatrical term for the paying of salaries.

My dinner over, I repeated my visit to my instalment salary-payer, and received from her five shillings more, with a further command to call upon her in the evening at eight o'clock, when the balance due should be paid in full.

All this appeared very odd to me, especially as the lady could not be receiving money on a Sunday, and I was greatly puzzled to find a reason for my being paid thus by driblets; however, as the town clock struck eight I knocked at her door—"the third time of asking," and was desired by the servant to wait. After a short delay she returned, and handed me four shillings, with "Missess's compliments, and she'll give you the rest of your money to-morrow, at the *The-a*-ter;" and, sure enough, I did then and there receive it.

I inquired of one of the actors, how it was I had *thus* received my salary?

"I cannot tell," said he; "she is a very strange lady, as you will find; but be thankful you have received it anyhow. Be happy, and study hard whilst you have money in your purse; for when that shall become empty, you will find it as difficult, my young gentleman, to get words into your head as food into your stomach. We shall have good business, I dare say; but our sovereign lady left so many bills unpaid here last season, which must be paid now, or we can't go on, that I fear we shall not often receive full salaries. But don't despair; eat lightly, drink water, and sit in an old coat in the house, 'my constant custom in the afternoon.' I have an old acquaintance here with whom I dine nearly every day; on my first coming, he requested I would do so, as he was satisfied a single man could never dine comfortably in a lodging, therefore there would always be a knife and fork for me, and he hoped I would use it as often as I possibly could. And so I do—four days out of the seven, at least. Why, how you stare! *I do it upon principle:* if he really meant it, of course he must be delighted to see me; and, *if he did not*, it is a just punishment for his hypocrisy."

"That is capital," I ventured to say.

"Capital, indeed. If you ever have such a chance, don't throw it away."

During our stay in Stratford, an actor in want of an engagement "crossed the company," as travelling from one company to another in search of a situation is called; his name, I think, was Dendale, and as our company was thin, (short of numbers,) he was instantly engaged, to make himself "generally useful"—that is, to do anything and everything. He had very recently left a "sharing scheme," a sort of bubble, where "share and share alike" was the order of the day—the manager receiving one share for his management, one for his acting, and one for his scenery, books, and wardrobe; one also for his wife, if she were an actress.

In the "palmy days of the drama" sharing schemes flourished, so much at times, as to give eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and occasionally, twenty-five shillings per week to each individual; but the joint-stock company from which our new comrade came had not, he told us, yielded more than four, five, or six shillings per week, although the company was very thin, (not numerous.)

"I heard," said he, "that you were very shy here as to numbers, so I thought I would walk my body over to you, although 'the rumour

had reached me,' that the ghost did not walk regularly with you every week.* I can make myself useful in any company, and play anything and everything—the first or second lights,† the heavies,‡ the eccentrics,§ or the low comedy bits—the testy old men or country boys; am up to any dialect, can play Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, sailors, Germans and Jews—Harlequin, Clown, or Pantaloon—can sing comic songs, and dance anything, from a minuet to a clog-hornpipe. I went on‖ for everything at Sutton, and stood my ground in the juveniles and sailors at Wedgbury—made a great hit in *Daran*, in 'The Exile,' and astonished the natives in *Chimpanzee*—played them both in the stock-business,¶ and took them for my Ben.** afterwards; cleared by it two pounds three and sixpence—the manager only beat me on his night seven and sixpence, though he stuck at the bottom of the bills that all demands upon him would be discharged the following day—not a bad gag†† that, my boys, leave the Manager alone!"

This gentleman was an exceedingly merry, careless, funny fellow; his age somewhere about forty-five, height middling, very short legs, pot-bellied, small, piercing dark eyes, and jet black hair, long and flexible. On first presenting himself before the company at rehearsal, immediately after his arrival in Stratford, he was dressed in a rusty black coat, exceedingly long in the skirts, somewhat white in the seams, high in the collar, and here and there void of a button—several of those which remained were casting their coats, the moulds peeping forth like half-hatched chickens from their shells—a waistcoat of doubtful colour and material—it was either a very dirty white, or a very pale yellow—buttoned as high up on the breast as the make would permit; thence to his throat pins sufficed to hide, effectually, his linen; his neck was adorned with a faded, red cotton 'kerchief; he wore no shirt collar, at least not in sight; nankeen trowsers, which, from repeated (not recent) washing, had evidently lost their colour, graced his lower extremities—they were made very wide, long and loose, (Cossack trowsers were the rage then;) black worsted hose, strong shoes, tied with black worsted binding, and a rusty, narrow-brimmed hat completed his costume.

The evening after his arrival I required a pair of black "unmentionables" for the character I was to perform, and on requesting our "mistress of the wardrobe" to let me have the said, the only pair we possessed of that colour, she wished I would wear something else, "it would so accommodate," she said.

"Why should I?"

"Well, sir, I think anything else would look better; you can have the yellow plushes, if you please."

"They wont do," said I. "Who ever saw *Lawyer Endless*, or any lawyer, in yellow plushes?"

"Well, sir, I am very sorry to say, you *can't* have our blacks; and there's an end of it."

"But why can't I have them, I should like to know?"

"You will promise not to mention it, if I tell you?"

"Certainly."

* Salaries not paid.
† The light or genteel comedy.
‡ Pizarro, the King in Hamlet, &c.
§ Dr. Pangloss, Ollapod, &c.
‖ Acted.
¶ The nights not appropriated for benefits.
** Benefit.
†† Puff.

"Well, then, I have lent them to the new gentleman—he as was engaged yesterday—to wear, poor man, till he gets his own nankeens washed and mended!"

We acted only one of Shakspeare's plays during our season in Stratford, "The Merchant of Venice;" for Shakspeare, the inhabitants said, was a drug there, and no wonder, for I found every strolling company, on obtaining permission to act in the town, invariably announced something "from the text of Shakspeare"—*from* indeed! and that, too, without any reference to the number of characters, or the persons required to sustain them. If a representative was wanted for such or such a part, "cut it out," or "double it" with so and so, was the order of the day.

A party of two or three had, occasionally, on passing through Stratford, halted there, and announced (frequently in written bills) "celebrated scenes from Shakspeare,"—"no reckoning made" as to the *how* they could be executed, "but sent with all their (the actors') imperfections on their head."

The following is a copy of a bill shewn to me in Stratford:—

"Mr. and Mrs. ——, accompanied by Mr. ——, from the Theatre Royal Glasgow, on their way to the metropolis, will, by permission of the Right Worshipful the Mayor, and by particular desire, deliver an entertainment calculated to amuse and enlighten the most fastidious, selected with the greatest care and attention from the works of the Immortal William Shakspeare, the *Swan of Avon*, and NATIVE OF THIS TOWN. The evening's entertainment will commence with *Hamlet's* celebrated Soliloquy upon Death—'To be, or not to be,' which will lead to 'Collins' Ode on the Passions.' *Iago's* comments upon Jealousy—'Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy.' The angry quarrel between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, from the historical play of 'Julius Cæsar.' The terrific curse of *King Lear*. *Mercutio's* unparalleled description of Dreams—'Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.' *Portia's* sublime definition of Mercy—'The quality of mercy is not strained.' The celebrated scene between *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, in the exact costume of that day, commencing with—'Is this a dagger which I see before me?' Two scenes from the comedy of 'As You Like It,' by Mr. and Mrs. ——, in the characters of *Rosalind* and *Orlando*; *Touchstone* by Mr. ——. Between the first and second parts Mr. —— will sing Grimaldi's most laughable song of 'Tippity-witchit.' Front seats, one shilling; back ditto, sixpence. Ladies' cloaks, shawls, and bonnets, taken care of. Private families and schools attended at an hour's notice, and on reasonable terms. An excellent assortment of plays and farces lent to read at one penny each."

Such announcements and exhibitions sufficiently accounted for the "beggarly account of empty boxes" whenever a play of Shakspeare's was acted; and, assuredly, the receipts were considerably less on the occasion of our acting "The Merchant of Venice" than on any other.

My benefit produced me a clear profit of six pounds some odd shillings—a mine of wealth—a never-to-be-exhausted treasure, as I then fancied, especially as our salaries were very regularly paid, the business being "good—very good!" We were pronounced to be

"the best set as ever acted in Stratford." I have no doubt that the goodness of our houses, the regularity with which we were paid, and the applause bestowed upon us, worked a wondrous change in all.

The effects of our treasury regularly answering all demands were soon visible in our "new comer," as we always called Mr. Dendale. His rusty black coat was renovated—his waistcoat, of doubtful colour, regenerated—*the* nankeens returned to him reduced in size, and of a decided reddish yellow, the effects of the laundress' dying and mending—his black hose gave way to unbleached cottons—his shoes were tied with ferret, and a figured cotton cravat adorned his neck—he was a new man!

"A burnt child dreads the fire;" and I was so fearful of our stopping payment some day, and being compelled to change my fifer, (five-pound note,) as to determine me to live very frugally, and upon humble fare. I lodged in the same house with a brother actor; we boarded together, each paying an equal share; our weekly expenses were soon settled—our housekeeping not requiring any great book-keeping.

My brother lodger and self became very fond of fishing—our company's propensity—and we indulged in the piscatorial exercise whenever an opportunity offered, often supplying our table at a cheap rate. We could fish and study, study and fish. I made myself perfect in *Bob Acres* whilst fishing in the Avon, and committed the words to my memory as I committed the fish to my basket.

It was perfectly immaterial to us what we caught—trout, roach, or gudgeon—all was fish that came to our net, and considered excellent when placed on our table; but, alas! there were times when the scaly inhabitants of the Avon could not be induced to patronise our lines of performance, or swallow the bait thrown out for them, and so enable us to save our bacon—they too often floated before us in impudent mockery—passed by us in sportive play, with, as I fancied, a malicious smile in all their faces, a sort of "don't you wish you may get it?" or "a hooky" expression in all their eyes, wagging their precious tails in idle waggery; the water was, at times, too transparent, and so, to the finny tribe, were our intentions. We often laboured in vain to tickle them into compliance and a dryer situation; and frequently we might have whistled for a dinner, with quite as much success as we fished for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley were announced to act with us for "one night only," on their way from Birmingham. The pieces selected were "Isabella" and the "Irishman in London." Mrs. Bartley acted *Isabella*; Mr. Bartley, *Biron* and *Edward*. All the seats in the boxes were let, and two rows taken in from the pit in addition; the front seats in our barn theatre being the boxes, the middle seats the pit, and the back the gallery—three shillings, two, and one.

The female portion of our company consisted of only four ladies—viz., the manageress; a young lady, very juvenile in appearance; a somewhat older lady, engaged to act "principal characters only"—a sort of double for our mistress; and an elderly person for the old women, who was to act the *Nurse*, in "Isabella;" but, to our consternation, she died very suddenly the day before, and how to supply her place at the moment we knew not.

Our juvenile lady's acting the *Nurse* was quite out of the question; and our principal lady, upon principle, refused to do it, though solicited.

"If," said she, to the acting-manager, somewhat pompously, "I once go out of my line, I shall be continually required to do some such preposterous thing or other. No, sir; let the great lady, our manageress, do it herself; she's a good figure for the part, is thirty years older than I am, and therefore much fitter for it. I must preserve my consequence in the theatre, sir. If the play were to be acted without a star, *I* should be the *Isabella*, of course, unless Mrs. Heavysides, as I call her, should choose to expose herself in it; (and there would be a riot in the house, if she did; for I am too great a favourite here to be trifled with, sir.) Let her play the *Nurse* herself, for *positively I shall not.* 'Good name, in man and woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls, sir!' And for *me* to sink down to the fat old woman, at *my* time of life, and in *my* position, would be to cut the throat of my professional reputation. 'Who steals my purse, steals trash;' but I'll take care and not be robbed of good parts, and then thrust into bad ones, sir! 'I know my price.' My kind regards to the manageress, sir, hoping, if she undertake the *Nurse*, she may make a decided hit in it, and take to that line of business. Adieu, you have our answer."

The manageress was thus compelled to become *Isabella's Nurse*, to our no small amusement, "for that night only," as the bills stated; and certainly not a "dry nurse," as the sequel will shew.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley did not arrive in time for a rehearsal, therefore they were not acquainted with our stage arrangements, and must have been very greatly astonished when they beheld them.

The house was crammed; the play went off really very well, until the last scene, in which *Isabella* is torn from the dead body of *Biron*, and dragged by the servants from the stage.

Our numbers being few, and the management not in good odour with the *corps*, there was considerable difficulty as to who should, could, or *would* assist in removing *Isabella*. "I *can't* do it," said one. "I *wont* do it," said another. "If *Isabella* be not carried off, till *I* do it," said a third, "she will remain till I have my salary doubled, or my Tamworth arrears be paid; and I don't see much chance of either."

It was at length arranged that the manageress herself, as the *Nurse*, assisted by the "gent" who was to play *Count Baldwin*—a short, thin old man, with an affection of the lungs, accompanied by a wearying, wearing cough—should "bear the body off."

The time for removing *Isabella* arrived, but, alas! *Count Baldwin's* cough seized him at the moment, so that he could not move; and the *Nurse*, having, it was charitably suggested, had an attack of an old complaint, during the evening, had taken an over-dose of *eau-de-vie*, a sovereign remedy with her; in consequence of which, when she knelt down to assist in raising *Isabella* from the ground, she found herself incapable of so much exertion, and fell prostrate by her side.

"Oh, my countrymen, what a fall was there."
"Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?"

Count Baldwin coughed, but could not assist the *Nurse;* the *Nurse* lay prostrate, and could not assist *Isabella* or *herself;* neither could *Isabella* bear herself off. Here was a scene!—all, as *Puff* says, were "at a dead lock;" and must have remained so, had not our scene-

shifter, seeing things in such a desperate plight, rushed on the stage, in his shirt-sleeves, and carried the heroine off, "by force of arms."

We styled the person who acted the serious old men, "Old Quotem," his conversation being generally interlarded with quotations, which were frequently most oddly applied. Quoting was so much a habit with him, that to speak entirely from himself appeared impossible. "Custom had made it in him a property of easiness," and to divest himself of it, would have proved a task of exceeding labour.

On my first seeing him, his salutation was—

> "'The grace of heaven,
> Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
> Enwheel thee round.'*

"I am glad to see you well."

"'We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.'† But still, 'Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, not to out-sport discretion.'‡ I like my glass of ale, sir, for, as *Squire Richard* says, 'It never hurts me, and I sleep like a hound after it:'

> 'But in my youth, I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.'§

'I have fed purely upon ale, and I always sleep upon ale.'"‖

Old Quotem was a good-natured fellow, but had a very great objection to lending any of his stage properties—that is, wigs, buckles, feathers, &c.—his invariable answer to any "Will you lend me so-and so?" was—

> "'Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'"¶

To an imperfect actor, who was what he termed "shy of the syls," (imperfect in the text,) and boasted of his having scarcely read his part, and yet got through it without being hissed, he said—"Ay, sir, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'** But you distressed me sadly by your being so imperfect; you cut me out of several of my best jokes; and,

> 'He that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.'"††

Our season at Stratford-upon-Avon terminated very favourably for all, and we repaired to Warwick, for the race week, where "most disastrous chances," and "moving accidents" awaited us. Our shifts there were *very* strange, and numerous; we clearly proved that "one man in his time plays many parts," Mr. Dendale, the gent with *the* nankeens, on the first night shewing his *extraordinary* convertibility, utility, and humility. Our band was a most singular one, in Stratford, (a fife and tamborine,) as I have already stated; but our orchestral arrangement in Warwick was still more strange, nor could I have believed it, "without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes."

* Othello. † Hamlet. ‡ Othello. § As You Like It.
‖ Beaux Stratagem. ¶ Hamlet. ** Sterne. †† Othello.

LEVER'S "TOM BURKE OF OURS."

That this recent addition to a successful series of works is written upon the plan and principle of its predecessors has doubtless been sufficient to secure it immediate popularity, and possibly that favour would have been risked, or at least lessened, if for the expected variety of brilliant, stormy, and exciting scenes, continually shifting, a regularly constructed story, and a plot elaborated and laid down with military exactness, like a plan of battle, had been substituted. Who is to expect an author to employ the ingenious agencies of the most careful and deeply studied art, when it is precisely by the want of them that he works his charm! Mr. Lever produces his effects, not by one grand and startling conception steadily pursued and worked out, but by the number and impressiveness of a series of pictures, each of which is the story itself while it lasts, and must kindle its own emotions of laughter or fear, pity or horror, or it fails. What such works want of laboriously wrought out effect as a whole, in the long-deferred catastrophe, they clearly gain in the animation and force which characterize all their component parts, and make each chapter in succession a romance in itself. The reader, at the end, feels that he has, "supped full" of terror, pathos, whimsicality, or life-like adventure, as the case may happen, and has read a narrative the course of which required no long, tedious detail, or dry explanatory interlocutions, to elucidate character by character and connect scene with scene. Though the strain upon him has been long maintained, and his curiosity has been kept protractedly upon the stretch, yet he is nevertheless thankful for having escaped the dulness which the circumstantial and steady-going narrator often finds it impossible to avoid.

But although Mr. Lever has not yet thought it expedient to take up his position on the field of literature with a display of great generalship in his plans and arrangements, and although the present, like his other works, does not evince any forethought with regard to his design, or any constructive power beyond the simplest order of arrangement, yet it is not to be inferred that some necessary art is wanting, or that there is not a needful sense of method and order in the management, not of the story, but of the chief character, which keeps alive its interest. On the contrary, there is in Tom Burke a manifestation of considerable art in this respect, under circumstances which commonly imply the absence of it.

Tom "of ours" is truly Irish, yet he seems a kind of Frenchman. He is a patriot of '98 engaged on the French stage; an ardent lover of liberty, yet smitten to desperation with the heroism of Buonaparte, and fighting for the military despotism which it establishes; a youth who always thinks rightly, and generally acts wrongly; who is, under all circumstances, true to his trust, and half his time on the very verge of betraying it; who is to the inmost core faithful to friend and master, and yet is continually found in the company of their enemies, and is often compromised; who is all honour and patriotism, yet contrives to get mixed up with secret plotters and blood-shedders in Ireland, and with the infuriate and remorseless Chouans in France; who never

harboured a dishonourable thought, or committed a disgraceful deed, and yet is tried for treason in one country and felony in another.

Is this enough to imply the thoroughly Irish temper and condition of our poor, perplexed, entangled hero? There is more behind. "Burke of Ours" has a father who loves him, but disowns and beggars him; a brother who never sees, but delights to ruin him; guardians, after a fashion, who are his deadly foes; a country he is anxious to die for, that thirsts for his life as her enemy while yet a boy; a country by adoption, from which he is glad to escape with all of the gallant and honourable blood he has not shed in her defence. He has enemies ever on his track; friends who are continually conducting him into traps and pitfalls; companions who invite him to a duel once a day; and lastly, a mistress whom he passionately adores, but who, maiden as she is, and loving him with equal purity and excess, bears, by the obligation of the marriage ceremony, the name of another, and is indeed the wife of his benefactor!

Here, at least, should be enough to stimulate curiosity. But all these contradictions are accounted for and reconciled with no common art, and every inconsistency is regulated upon a plan that renders it a fitting and well-adjusted portion of the character or the position. In fact, Tom Burke is entirely natural, but strictly Irish; in habits, disposition, and fortunes, he is gloriously Irish.

The author's principal object in this work is the portrayal of the general features of military life in France, during a period unquestionably most favourable to its display, and destined to be ever famous, beyond all modern precedent, in the annals of the world. The time was, we need not say, the time of the Consul and the Emperor. The events and characters, or what is more vaguely called the "lights and shadows," of that extraordinary period, were chosen as a subject which might be treated with little aid from fiction. The subject, too, had been long meditated upon, but it appears that distrust and difficulties arose in the course of it, and the original plan was departed from. Mr. Lever says at the close, what is more to be regretted, that these, "combined with failing health, rendered what might have been a matter of interest and amusement to the writer, a tale of labour and anxiety." The announcement is not to be read without sympathy and concern; but as regards the narrative itself, we venture to say, that such a declaration could nowhere be anticipated. The power of the work is especially strong and vivid in several of the closing scenes, and the admirable expositions in an Irish court of justice, with its superb touches of character and humour, are no whit inferior to those graphic scenes in which Irish barbarism and refinement, Irish cunning and fidelity, above all, Irish poverty, oppression, and love of country, are so splendidly portrayed in the opening of the story.

The scene between these two Irish points, and throughout the whole body of the narrative, lies in France, under the very eye of Napoleon, who is constantly on the scene. His shadow is over it, like a spell. The image introduced does not violate our conceptions of truth, or disappoint expectation. It is no disjointed or inflated impersonation of glory; but a delineation real enough, and coloured only up to the character of the scene it moves through. It is neither theatrical, nor abstract and idealized; neither merely formal, nor highly fantastic. Mr. Lever writes with enthusiasm; if he had written otherwise, he must have written most flatly; but his estimate of the great military

genius, of the mighty capacity that controlled men, and the power of character that shed its influences over all, seldom outstrips bare justice, and he carefully discriminates between the hero and the despot —the gigantic deeds and their desolating consequences.

Equal success marks the hasty but graphic sketches of the marshals, the statesmen, and the agents, courtly and military, surrounding the grand figure. Still greater ability is shewn in the portraitures of the chiefs of the Bourbon party, and in the narrative of the struggle, capture, and imprisonment of the desperate Chouans and their terrible leader. Amongst the characters most ably drawn, or exhibited in a light the most picturesque, is the loyalist Beauvais; but still more masterly is the sketch of the wily and accomplished Chevalier Duchesne.

The character of this subtle person, his spirit of intrigue, his unsated desire for revenge when once injured, the scoffing principle of his nature, the tendency of his powerful mind to depreciate what all around him loved or respected, to strip life of every beautiful illusion, and reduce the noble to the utterly selfish, is very nicely conceived; and in the execution of the conception, exhibiting the evil influences with which he mysteriously works out his ends, a high power, both of the dramatic in art, and the moral in purpose, is quietly but strikingly displayed.

There is another set of characters, drawn, as may be supposed, with an intimate knowledge of all the general features of active military life, and with a keen insight into the peculiarities of the situations in which they are represented. These are the soldiers, whether in bivouac, or the charge, in the mad laughing revel, in the hopeless march, or in the ghastly litter borne along to exulting cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Chief amongst these is a character, old Pioche, who will ever be famous among corporals—a rank in the army which literature has rather delighted to honour. In connexion with his touching story, will be remembered the fate and character of one of the feminine powers of the work—the charming, the irresistible Vivandiere, thus known only by her military designation—the good angel of the army, and at once the most soft and daring, the boldest and most delicate, of her sex. Out of the exaggeration and melo-dramatic adventure which surround her, still rises an image, true to nature, and exquisitely womanly; and of the other female characters of the story, all that it is necessary to say is, that they are drawn with purity of taste, and power of painting, and that an influence is thus skilfully derived, which materially softens the savage and revolting associations of the narrative.

Yet another class of characters there is, in which great fidelity and power may be discerned; and these are more entirely of the Irish order. The characteristic sketches are numerous; but they all fade before Captain Bubbleton, who is a farce-hero of the first water, and must have astonished Lord Castlereagh. But he is, after all, a common-place, when measured with Darby M'Keown—the lying, daring, villanous, unconscionable, yet most conscientious, brave, faithful, honest, Ireland-loving piper! He is a creature to know, and in many of the finest qualities that lift man out of his native grossness, often in spite of himself, into almost angelic endeavours for his kind, ranks with Pioche and the Vivandiere.

Of the hero himself, the gallant and agreeable "Tom Burke of

Ours," the protegé of Josephine, (whose figure glides with grace and dignity through the Court scenes of the story,) and the favoured of Napoleon whom he idolized, it is fair to say, that his chequered course carries everywhere its moral with it. The voluntary soldier of Buonaparte, he had never borne arms against England; but signalized his devotion to his adopted chief, by rejoining him in the decline of his fortunes. He seals that devotion at Fontainbleau, and is rewarded with the hand he had ever sought—a maiden hand, though a widowed one; the virgin wife of his venerated general, who, by a stroke of Buonaparte-policy, had entered into a contract of marriage, that Josephine's maid-of-honour might be reserved, through every peril, for such a destiny. Thus, "Burke of Ours," it may be seen, obtained his wife, at last, in a rather Irish way.

Tom Burke merited more than half his misery, by his blindness to error, until entangled in it; by his foolish idea of combining two allegiances, or supposing that he could possibly have more than one at a time; and by his youthful and fatal mistake of confounding a dream of military glory with the golden visions of enlightenment and liberty.

The animated and brilliant narrative of party struggle and intrigue, as well as of the most exciting military contention, which form the larger portion of these volumes; the pictures of social strife; the powerful sketches of battle-adventure; would alone fix the eager attention of every intelligent reader, even if the story wanted the charm of fictitious interest, and the happiest combinations of natural character.

SONNET FROM CAMOENS.*

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE quiet beauty of this verdant hill;—
The shadow of these green-embowering trees—
The gentle sweep of sunlit shores, whose breeze
All sorrow banishes;—the evening still;
The murmurs of the sea,—the wild bird's thrill
Of vesper song;—day's dying glory please.
The folding herds—the hum of home-wing'd bees—
The golden fleecy clouds that paint each rill:—
Yes! all that wondrous nature from her breast
With lavish love—and varied bounty throws—
Flowers, meads, and woods—earth—heaven in beauty drest—
If thee I see not, yield me no repose—
Absent, in vain by every charm carest—
I meet fresh dawn, or loveliest evening's close.

* In one of the late Mr. Beckford's letters from Lisbon, (November 8th, 1787,) in which he recounts a conversation which he had with a young Portuguese poet, named Manuel Maria, there occurs the following interesting passage relating to the works of the great Camoens. "Perceiving how much I was attracted towards him, he said to me, 'I did not expect an Englishman would have condescended to pay a young obscure modern versifier any attention. You think we have no bard but Camoens, and that Camoens has written nothing worth notice but the Lusiad. Here is a sonnet worth half the Lusiad. . . . . Not an image of rural beauty has escaped our divine poet; and how feelingly are they applied from the landscape to the heart! What a fascinating languor, like the last beams of an evening sun, is thrown over the whole composition! If I am anything, this sonnet has made me what I am.'"—*Beckford's Italy*, &c., pp. 11, 205, 206.

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

WHEREIN HARLEY ATTAINS THE HIGHEST POINT OF HIS AMBITION; AND THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD IS DISPOSED OF.

SHORTLY afterwards, Mr. Bussiére, an eminent surgeon, residing near Saint James's Park, arrived, and while examining the extent of injury sustained by the sufferer, the penknife-blade fell from the waistcoat into his hand. Seeing this, Harley took it from him, observing, with a smile, that it belonged to him, and requesting that the handle of the knife might be preserved. He then demanded of the surgeon, whether his hurts were likely to prove mortal? "If you think so," he said, "do not hide your fears from me. I profess no idle disregard of death, but there are some family affairs which it is necessary I should arrange before I am driven to extremity."

"I am not apprehensive of any serious consequences, sir," replied Bussiére; "but as a slight fever will probably ensue, it may be well not to allow anything to disturb your mind. If you have any arrangements, therefore, to make, I would recommend you not to postpone them."

"I understand you, sir," returned Harley, "and will not neglect the caution."

His wounds were then probed and dressed. He bore the operation, which was necessarily painful with great fortitude, not once uttering a groan, and jestingly remarking, as the incision was enlarged, that the surgeon's knife was sharper than Guiscard's. The dressing completed, Bussiére declared that there was not the least danger, and that he would be answerable for his patient's speedy and perfect cure—an announcement which was heard with the liveliest satisfaction by every one present except the assassin, who, as he lay bound in a corner, gave vent to his disappointment in a deep execration. This drew Harley's attention to him, and he begged Bussiére to examine his wounds.

"Better let me die," cried Guiscard; "for if I recover I will make such revelations as shall for ever blast your credit."

"Ungrateful dog!" exclaimed Saint-John; "actuated, as you

evidently are, by vindictive motives, any statement you may make will be disregarded."

"You yourself are equally guilty with Harley, Saint-John," rejoined Guiscard. "I denounce you both as traitors to your country and your queen, and I desire to have my words written down, that I may subscribe them before I die."

"It is useless," cried the Duke of Ormond. "No one will believe the accusation of an assassin."

"You are all in league together," cried Guiscard. "If you will not listen to me, let a priest be sent for. I will make my confession to him.

"Better let the villain speak," remarked the Earl of Rochester, who, it may be remembered, was Harley's opponent, "or it may be said hereafter that his charges were stifled."

"I perfectly agree with you, my lord," said Harley. "Let one of the secretaries take down his declaration."

"Do not trouble yourself further," interposed Bussiére. "Any excitement will retard your recovery, and may possibly endanger your safety."

"Be advised, Harley," urged Saint-John.

"No," replied the other; "I will stay to hear him. I am well enough now. Say on, prisoner. What have you to allege against me?"

Guiscard made no reply.

"Why do you not speak, villain?" demanded the Earl of Rochester.

"He cannot, my lord," replied Bussiére; "he has fainted. Some time must elapse before he can be brought round, and then I doubt whether he will be able to talk coherently."

"If such is your opinion, sir, it is useless to remain here longer," rejoined Harley. "Saint-John, will you acquaint her majesty with the attempt made upon my life, and assure her, that, so far from repining at the mischance, I rejoice in the opportunity it affords me of testifying my fidelity? Had I not been true to the queen, her enemies would not assail me thus."

"I will faithfully deliver your message," replied Saint-John; "and I am sure the queen will be as sensible of your devotion as we are of your courage."

With this, Harley, assisted by Bussiére and the Duke of Ormond, entered the sedan chair which had been brought into the room, and was conveyed in it to his own residence.

Bussiére next turned his attention to the prisoner, and after dressing his wounds, which were numerous and severe, a litter was brought, in which he was transported to Newgate, under the care of two messengers, who had orders to watch him narrowly, lest he should attempt his life.

In compliance with Harley's request, Saint-John hastened to the queen to inform her of the disastrous occurrence. She was much shocked by the intelligence, as well as touched by Harley's

message, and expressed the most earnest hopes for his recovery, that she might have opportunity of proving her sense of his devotion. Next day, addresses were made by both houses of parliament, expressive of their concern at the "barbarous and villanous attempt" made upon Mr. Harley's person, and beseeching her majesty to give directions for the removal of all papists from the cities of London and Westminster. An act was afterwards passed, making it felony, without benefit of clergy, to attempt the life of a privy-councillor.

For nearly a week Harley continued in a precarious state, owing to the sloughing of his wound, and more than a month elapsed before his perfect recovery was established. His first step was to wait upon the queen at Saint James's, to offer thanks for her frequent inquiries after him.

"Heaven be praised?" exclaimed Anne, "that the malice of our enemies—for your enemies are mine—has been disappointed. I shall take care to let them see that each demonstration of their hatred only calls forth fresh favours from me."

On Harley's first appearance in the House of Commons, congratulations on his escape were offered him by the Speaker, to which Harley replied with much emotion:—"The honour done me by this house so far exceeds my deserts, that all I can do or suffer for the public during the whole course of my life, will still leave me in debt to your goodness. Whenever I place my hand upon my breast, it will put me in mind of the thanks due to God; of my duty to the queen; and of the debt of gratitude and service I must always owe to this honourable house."

Harley's return to business was signalized by the introduction of a grand project which he had long entertained for paying off the national debts and deficiencies, by allowing the proprietors of such debts six per cent. interest, and granting them the monopoly of the trade to the South Sea; a scheme which afterwards gave rise to the establishment of the South Sea Company. This scheme, though little better than a bubble, as it eventually proved, was admirably adapted to the speculative spirit of the age, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. The bill was instantly carried, and a new mine of wealth was supposed to be opened. Most opportunely for Harley, just at this juncture, while his popularity was at its zenith, his rival, the Earl of Rochester, died suddenly; and the queen having no longer any check upon her impulses, at once yielded to them; and having first created Harley Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, on the anniversary of the restoration of her uncle, Charles the Second, to the kingdom, placed the treasurer's staff in his hands.

Thus Harley's ambitious designs were at length crowned with success.

Brought to Newgate, Guiscard was taken to an underground cell on the Common Side of the gaol, the dismal appearance of which struck him with so much horror, that he implored his

attendants to let him have another chamber; and absolutely refused to lie down upon the loathsome bed allotted to him. His condition was supposed to be so dangerous, that force was not resorted to; and he was allowed to lie on a bench until the following morning, when the surgeon visited him, and found him in so alarming a state, that he instantly caused him to be removed to an airy apartment in the Master's Side. Here his attire was taken off, when another wound was discovered in the back, which, from want of attention, had already assumed a very dangerous appearance. As soon as it was dressed, he was put to bed; but his sufferings were too great to allow him to obtain any repose. About the middle of the day, the door was opened by the turnkey, who informed Guiscard that his wife desired to see him, and the next moment Angelica was ushered in.

"What brings you here, madam?" demanded Guiscard, fiercely.

"I have come to see you—to know whether I can be of use to you—to implore your forgiveness," she replied, in trembling accents.

"Then you have come on an idle errand," he rejoined. "Begone! and take my curse with you!"

"Oh, pity me!" she cried, still lingering—"pity! and forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" echoed Guiscard. "But for you, I should not be what I am!—But for you, I should now be the inmate of a magnificent mansion, reposing on a downy couch, full of hope and health, instead of lying here on this wretched bed, and in this narrow chamber—a felon—only to go hence to the gallows! Off with you, accursed woman! your presence stifles me. May your end be like mine—may you die in an hospital, shunned by all—a leprous, loathsome mass!"

"Horrible!" shrieked Angelica. "Oh, let me out! let me out!"

As the door was opened for her by the turnkey, another person was introduced. It was Bimbelot, who could not repress his curiosity to behold his victim.

"Ah, monseigneur! ah! my dear master! do I behold you in this deplorable condition!" whimpered the hypocritical valet.

"Ha!" exclaimed Guiscard, starting bolt upright in bed, and glaring at the valet with so fierce an expression that the latter retreated towards the door. "Are you come here to deride my misery?"

"On the contrary, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot, trembling. "I am come to offer my services. I deplore your situation, and will do anything in my power to relieve it."

"Get hanged, then, at the same tree as myself," rejoined the marquis, savagely.

"I am sorry I cannot afford you that satisfaction, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot; "but there is no need to talk of hanging

at all. I am the bearer of good news to you. Her majesty offers you a pardon, if you will make a full confession."

"Ah, villain! you are at your damnable practices again!" cried Guiscard. "You think to delude me further. But you are mistaken."

"No, monseigneur, I am your friend," replied the valet.

"Well, I will trust you once more," said Guiscard, changing his tone; "I have something to say to you. Come near that I may whisper in your ear."

"You may place perfect reliance on me," replied Bimbelot, winking at the turnkey, as he advanced towards the prisoner.

But as he came within reach, Guiscard caught him by the throat, dragged him upon the bed, and would have strangled him, if the turnkey had not flown to the poor wretch's assistance. As he was dragged out of the cell, more dead than alive, the marquis gave vent to a loud, demoniacal laugh.

But the exertion proved fatal to him. Ere long, he became delirious, uttered the most frightful blasphemies and imprecations, and evinced his terror of the ignominious death which he fancied awaited him, by clasping his hands round his throat, as if to protect himself from the hangman. An attempt was made later in the day, when he became calmer, to obtain a confession from him; but he was so oppressed by an extravasation of blood, which filled part of the cavity of the chest, that he was unable to speak, and indeed could scarcely breathe. His wounds had now become excessively painful, and some operations were performed by the surgeons for his relief. In this state of suffering, he lingered on till late in the following night, and then expired.

A shameful indignity was offered to his remains. The surgeons having received instructions to preserve the body, placed it in a large pickling-tub, in which state it was exhibited to a host of lovers of horrible sights by the gaolers. The body was afterwards interred, without any ceremony, in the common burying-place of the malefactors dying in Newgate.

Such was the end of the gay and once-admired Marquis de Guiscard! the shame of his race.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

CONTAINING THE FINAL INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

All friendly intercourse between Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough had, for some time, ceased, and the latter becoming sensible, at last, of the ascendancy of her rival, Mrs. Masham, and of the utter impossibility of regaining the influence she had lost, wrote to remind the queen of a promise she had extorted from her in a moment of good-nature, to bestow her

places upon her daughters, and entreated permission to retire in their favour.

Anne replied, that she could not think of parting with her for the present; but being again importuned, peremptorily desired not to be troubled again on the subject. Notwithstanding this interdiction, the duchess addressed another long letter of remonstrance and reproach to her royal mistress; after which, she withdrew altogether from court, and retired to the lodge at Windsor, held by her in virtue of her office as keeper of the Great and Home Parks. Advantage was immediately taken of her absence to circulate a number of reports to her disadvantage, some of which, reaching the ears of the duchess, she immediately returned to court, with the intention of exculpating herself before the queen. Anne received her with the greatest coldness, in the presence of the Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Masham, and refused to grant a private audience. Unable to brook the sneers with which she was regarded, the proud duchess drew herself up to her utmost height, and glancing scornfully at Mrs. Masham, observed —"Since your majesty compels me to do so, I declare, openly, and in the hearing of all, that the basest falsehoods have been propagated concerning me by your unworthy favourite, and that she now prevents my justification from being heard."

"It is false, duchess!" replied Mrs. Masham. "But for my intercession, her majesty would not have received you, after your insolent letter to her."

"But for *your* intercession, minion!" cried the duchess, advancing towards her, and seizing her arm with violence. "Is it come to this? Can I have indeed sunk so low, that you—a creature whom I have raised from abject poverty—should tell me that you have interfered in my behalf with the queen?"

"Duchess!" exclaimed the queen, angrily.

"You will find her out in time, madam," rejoined the duchess, "and you will then learn whom you have trusted. The best proof of her uneasiness is afforded by the fact that she dares not let me speak in private with you."

"I would spare her majesty a scene—that is my only motive for opposing the interview," replied Mrs. Masham.

"So you admit that you *do* control her majesty's actions, minion," cried the duchess, bitterly. "She is governed by you —ha!"

"Whenever the queen deigns to consult me, I give her the best counsel in my power," replied Mrs. Masham.

"And most pernicious counsel it is," observed the duchess, furiously, "venemous serpent that you are!"

"To put an end to this dispute, duchess," interposed Anne, with dignity, "I will grant you a final interview. Present yourself at six, this evening."

"I thank your majesty," replied the duchess, "the rather that your permission is accorded against the expressed wishes of Mrs.

Masham. You will bitterly repent the favour you have shewn her."

"Her majesty cannot repent it more bitterly than she regrets the favours she has lavished upon you, duchess," observed Mrs. Masham, "and which have been requited by such base ingratitude."

"It is for her majesty to judge my conduct, and not you, minion," cried the duchess, proudly. "I will justify myself to her, and to the whole nation. Nay, more; I will open her eyes to your duplicity and treachery."

"I am too secure of her majesty's good opinion, and too confident in my own honesty to fear your threats, duchess," replied Mrs. Masham, derisively.

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the duchess.

"Insolent!" responded Mrs. Masham.

"No more of this," cried the queen; "these broils distract me. I agreed to an interview with you, duchess, on the understanding that nothing more should pass here. If you persist in this quarrel, I withdraw my assent"

"I have done, madam," rejoined the duchess, restraining herself. "It shall not be said that I failed in proper respect to your majesty; neither shall it be said that any court favourite insulted me with impunity. This evening, I shall not fail to avail myself of your gracious permission to wait upon you." And with a profound obeisance to the queen, and a look of haughty defiance at the others, she withdrew.

"Her insolence is insufferable," exclaimed the queen. "I almost repent that I have promised to receive her."

"Why not retract the promise then, madam?" said Abigail. "Bid her make her communication in writing."

"It shall be so," replied Anne, after a moment's hesitation.

"I am glad your Majesty has so decided," said Mrs Masham. "It is not likely that the duchess will be satisfied with the refusal; but it will convince her that she has nothing to expect."

And so it proved. The message being delivered to the duchess, she begged the queen to make a new appointment. "Your Majesty cannot refuse me one last interview," she wrote; "neither can you be so unjust to an old and faithful servant as to deny her an opportunity of justifying herself before you. I do not desire any answer to my vindication, but simply a hearing."

"What shall I do, Masham?" said the queen to her favourite, who was present when the message was delivered.

"Decline to see her," replied Mrs. Masham; "but if she forces herself upon you, as will probably be the case, take her at her word, and do not vouchsafe any answer to her explanation, which, rely upon it, will rather be an attack upon others than a defence of herself."

"You are right, Masham," returned the queen. "I will follow your advice."

Mrs. Masham's conjecture proved just: on that same evening, without waiting for any reply from the queen, the duchess repaired to Saint James's Palace, and proceeding to the back staircase, of the door of which she still retained the key, mounted it, but was stopped on the landing by a page.

"Do you not know me, sir?" cried the duchess, angrily.

"Perfectly, your grace," replied the page, bowing respectfully; "but I am forbidden to allow any one to pass through this door without her majesty's permission."

"And the Duchess of Marlborough, especially, sir—eh?" she rejoined.

"It would be improper to contradict your grace," returned the page.

"Will you do me the favour, sir, to acquaint her majesty that I am here, and add that I crave a few minutes' audience of her—only a few minutes?" rejoined the duchess.

"I may incur her majesty's displeasure by so doing," answered the page. "Nevertheless, to oblige your grace, I will hazard it."

"Is the queen alone?" asked the duchess.

"Mrs. Masham, I believe, is with her," replied the page. "Her majesty has just dined."

"Mrs. Masham—ha!" exclaimed the duchess. "No matter. Take in the message, my good friend."

Nearly half an hour elapsed before the page returned, during which time the duchess was detained on the landing. Apologizing for the unavoidable delay, he begged her to follow him.

"You have tarried long enough to settle all that is to be said to me, sir," observed the duchess.

"I know nothing, your grace," replied the page, walking forward discreetly.

The next moment the duchess was ushered into a cabinet, in which she found the queen alone.

"Good evening, duchess," said Anne. "I did not expect to see you. I was just about to write to you."

"I am sorry to intrude upon your majesty," replied the duchess; "but I have some important communications to make to you."

"Ah—indeed!" exclaimed Anne. "Can you not put them in writing?"

"They will be quickly told, gracious madam," said the duchess.

"Better write to me," interrupted Anne.

"But, madam——"

"Write—write," cried Anne, impatiently.

"Oh, madam! you are indeed changed, if you can use me thus!" cried the duchess. "You never yet, to my knowledge, refused to hear any petitioner speak, and yet you refuse me—your once-favoured—once-beloved friend. Be not alarmed, madam. I do not intend to trouble you on any subject disagreeable to

Unexpected disappearance of Old Parr.

LONDON JOHN MOXON 25 ADELAIDE STREET 1844

you. I simply wish to clear myself from the imputations with which I have been charged."

"I suppose I must hear," cried Anne, with a gesture of impatience, and averting her head.

"Oh! not thus, madam," exclaimed the duchess—"not thus! For pity's sake, look at me. You were not used to be so hard-hearted. Evil counsellors have produced a baneful effect upon your gentle nature. Be to me, if only for a few minutes, while I plead my cause, the Mrs. Morley you were of yore."

"No, duchess," replied Anne, in a freezing tone, and without looking at her—"all that is past. You have to thank yourself for the change which has been wrought in me."

"Hear me, madam," cried the duchess passionately; "I have been much wronged before you—grievously wronged. There are those about you, whom I will not name, who have most falsely calumniated me. I am no more capable of saying aught against you majesty, than I am of taking the lives of my own offspring. Your name never passes my lips without respect—never, I take Heaven to witness!"

"You cannot impose upon me thus, duchess," said Anne, coldly. "Many false things are told of you no doubt, but I judge not of them so much as of your own deportment and discourse."

"I am willing to amend both, madam," returned the duchess.

"It is useless," said Anne, in the same tone as before.

"Is the quarrel, then, irreparable?" demanded the duchess. "Notwithstanding your majesty's assurance, I am certain my enemies have prevailed with you. Give me an opportunity of clearing myself. What has been told you?"

"I shall give you no answer," replied Anne.

"No answer, madam!" cried the duchess.—"Is this kind—is it just? Is it worthy of you to treat me thus? I do not ask the names of my accusers. Nay, I promise you not to retort upon them, if I should suspect them. But tell me what I am charged with?"

"I shall give you no answer," replied the queen.

"Oh, madam—madam!" cried the duchess, "the cruel formula you adopt convinces me you have been schooled for the interview. Be your kind, good, gracious self, if only for a moment. Look at me, madam—look at me. I am not come here with any hope of winning my way back to your favour, for I know I have lost it irrecoverably; but I have come to vindicate my character as a faithful servant. You cannot refuse that plea, madam."

"You desired no answer, and you shall have none," replied the queen, rising, and moving towards the door.

"Oh! do not go, madam!" cried the duchess, following her, and throwing herself at her feet—"do not go I implore of you."

"What would you more?" demanded Anne, coldly, and still with averted looks.

"I would make a last appeal to you, madam," said the duchess, as soon as she could command herself. "By all that is right and just I implore you to answer me. Have I not despised my own interest in comparison with serving you well and faithfully? Have I ever disowned the truth? Have I ever played the hypocrite with you? Have I ever offended you, except by over-zeal, and vehemence—or, if you will, arrogance? If this is true, and it cannot be gainsaid, I am entitled to credit, when I avouch that my enemies have belied me behind my back. Do not turn a deaf ear to my entreaties, madam; but tell me what I am charged with? Answer—oh, answer!"

"You compel me to reiterate my words," replied the queen, "You shall have no answer."

"You deny me common justice, madam," cried the duchess losing all patience, "in refusing me a hearing—justice, which is due to the meanest of your subjects. You owe it to yourself to speak out."

"Just or unjust, I will give you no answer," replied the queen. "And here our conference must end."

"So be it then," returned the duchess, resuming all her haughtiness. "I have loved you sincerely, madam—ay, sincerely—because I believed my affection requited; but since you have cast me off, I shall crush all feelings of regard for you within my breast. If you were but an instrument in my hands, as some avouch, I at least used you to a noble purpose. Such will not be the case with her who now governs you. She will degrade you; and the rest of your reign will be as inglorious as its opening was splendid and triumphant. Let my words dwell upon your memory. Farewell—for ever, madam." And without another word, and without an obeisance she quitted the apartment.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Masham entered from an adjoining chamber.

"Your majesty acted your part to admiration," she cried, "I did not give you credit for so much firmness."

"I had hard work to sustain my character," replied Anne, sinking into a chair; "I am truly thankful it is over."

"It is not yet quite over," said Mrs. Masham; "one step more requires to be taken."

"True," replied the queen. "I must call upon her to resign her places. But I do not like to give them to her daughters; and yet I believe I made a promise to that effect."

"Heed it not, madam," said Mrs. Masham. "Her grace has forfeited all title to further consideration on your part."

"I must own I should like to make you keeper of the privy purse, Masham," said Anne.

"And I admit I should like the place excessively, madam," replied Mrs. Masham.

"Would I could get rid of my scruples," said Anne, ruminating.

"I will relieve you of them, madam," replied Mrs. Masham, "the promise was extorted, and is therefore *not* binding."

"I will make another, then, freely, that shall be so, Masham," rejoined the queen. "You shall have the place."

"I am bound to you for ever, madam, by this and a thousand other obligations," returned the artful favourite, in a tone apparently of the most fervent gratitude.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IN WHAT MANNER THE GOLD KEY WAS DELIVERED UP BY THE DUCHESS.

THE duchess's dismissal, though fully resolved upon, as has just been shewn, was, with Anne's customary irresolution, long postponed. At length, however, on the duke's return from the campaign of 1710, it was resolved to bring matters to a crisis, and accordingly, when he waited upon her, the queen received him very coldly, studiously avoiding making any allusion to his successes, but observing, with some harshness, "I trust your grace will not allow a vote of thanks to be moved to you in parliament this year, because my ministers will certainly oppose it."

"It pains me to hear your majesty speak thus," replied Marlborough. "Such unmerited honours have ever been unsought by me; and I have welcomed them chiefly because I thought they redounded to your glory. I shall take care to avoid them in future."

"You will do well, my lord," replied Anne.

"Here is a letter from the duchess, which she entreated me to present to your majesty," pursued the duke. "Will you deign to take it?"

"I pray you excuse me," rejoined Anne, with freezing dignity; "all communication is closed between the duchess and myself."

"It is a letter of apology, madam," replied the duke—"of humble apology. Her grace wishes to give you an assurance, under her own band, of her contrition for any faults she may have committed. She is willing and anxious to do anything that may be deemed reasonable, to prove the sincerity of her regrets, and since her presence has become irksome to your majesty, she is desirous of resigning her offices."

"I am glad to hear it, my lord," interrupted the queen, quickly.

"On the understanding, of course," pursued the duke, "that she is succeeded as groom of the stole by her eldest daughter, Lady Ryalton; and as keeper of the privy purse by Lady Sunderland. With your gracious permission, she would willingly retain the great and home parks, as well as her pension from the privy purse."

"I assent to the latter part of the proposition," replied the queen. "She shall have the parks and the pension, which will give her three thousand five hundred a-year; but the other offices I shall reserve for my friends."

"How, madam!" exclaimed the duke. "I trust it will not be necessary to remind you of your promise."

"It was extorted from me," replied the queen.

"Even if it were so, madam, which it was *not*," rejoined Marlborough, proudly, "your royal word once passed, should be kept."

"There must be some reservation in these matters, my lord," replied Anne, colouring; "my promise was conditional on her grace's good behaviour."

"Your pardon, madam," returned the duke; "I have always been given to understand by the duchess—and she is incapable of asserting an untruth—that it was unconditional. Nay, the very nature of the boon bespeaks it to be so."

"My word is as good as that of the duchess, my lord," cried the queen, angrily; "though you would seem to insinuate the contrary."

"Your majesty misunderstands me," replied the duke. "I do not design to cast a shadow of imputation on your veracity. That you made the promise with the tacit understanding you describe, I am satisfied; but that the duchess was unconscious of any such mental reservation I am equally satisfied. It is with this conviction that I beseech your majesty, on parting with your old friend and servant, not altogether to overlook her many services, nor give to strangers what is due to her."

"I have done all I think needful," said the queen; "and more, much more than I am advised to do. I accept her grace's resignation. You will bid her deliver up the gold key to me within three days."

Marlborough looked as if stricken by a thunderbolt.

"Three days!" he exclaimed. "If your majesty is indeed resolved upon the duchess's dismissal, and is deaf to my remonstrances, at least grant me an interval of ten days, during which I may concert means of rendering the blow less mortifying to her."

"On no account," replied the queen, alarmed; "I now repent giving so much time, and shall limit the space to two days."

"Well, it matters not since it is to be," sighed the duke. "I would now speak to your majesty on another subject."

"Do not trouble yourself, my lord," replied the queen, sharply. "I will talk of nothing till I have the key."

"I take my leave then, madam," replied the duke, "lamenting that I should have lived to see you so changed."

And he bowed and departed.

"Well, Masham," said the queen, as a side door in the cabinet opened to admit the favourite, "are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, madam," replied Mrs. Masham. "You will have the key to-night."

"You think so?" cried Anne.

"I am sure of it," returned the other. "I would not for all the honours the duke has gained be the bearer of your message to the duchess."

"Nor I," replied the queen, with a half smile.

Marlborough fully sympathized with these opinions. He had never felt half the uneasiness before the most hazardous engagement he had fought that he now experienced in the idea of facing his wife. He would willingly have broken the disagreeable intelligence he had to communicate by a note or in some indirect manner; but the duchess met him on his return, and rendered his intentions nugatory. Perceiving from his looks that something had gone wrong, she came at once to the point and asked—"You have seen the queen—what says she?"

"Give me a moment to recover myself," replied Marlborough.

"If you are afraid to answer the question, I will do so for you," rejoined the duchess "My resignation is accepted. Nay, do not seek to hide it from me—I know it."

"It is so," replied the duke.

"But she has granted the places to our daughters? At least, she has done that?" cried the duchess.

"She refuses to fulfil her promise," returned Marlborough.

"Refuses! ha!" cried the duchess. "She is the first queen of England who has acted thus dishonourably. I will tell her so to her face. And all the world shall know it."

"Calm yourself," replied Marlborough. "This passion is useless. The queen requires the key within two days."

"She shall have it within two minutes," rejoined the duchess, snatching it from her side. "I will take it to her at once."

"But consider——" cried the duke.

"I will consider nothing," interrupted the duchess. "She shall, at least, know how much I hate and despise her. If I perish for uttering them, I will let her know my true sentiments."

"You shall not go forth in this state, Sarah," cried Marlborough, detaining her. "Tarry till you are calmer. Your violence will carry you too far."

"Are you, too, joined with them, my lord?" cried the duchess, furiously. "Let me go, I say. I will not be hindered. My indignation must out, or it will kill me."

"Go, then," replied the duke, releasing her. And as she rushed out of the room, while he sank upon the sofa, he ejaculated "No rays of glory can gild a life darkened by tempests like these!"

Still in the same towering passion, the duchess reached the palace. In spite of all opposition, she forced herself into the ante-chamber of the cabinet, and Anne, who chanced to be there,

had only time to retire precipitately, ere she entered. She found Mrs. Masham alone, who could ill disguise her uneasiness.

"Where is the queen?" demanded the latter.

"You see she is not here," replied Mrs. Masham. "But I must demand, in her name, the meaning of this strange and most unwarrantable intrusion."

"So you are the queen's representative, hussey," cried the duchess. "It must be confessed that the majesty of England is well represented. But I will not bandy words with you. I wish to enter the cabinet to speak with the queen."

"You shall not enter," replied Mrs. Masham, planting herself before the door.

"Dare you prevent me?" cried the duchess.

"Yes, I dare, and I do," replied Mrs. Masham; "and if you advance another footstep, I will call the guard to remove you. Her majesty will not see you."

The duchess looked as if she meditated further violence, but at last controlled herself by a powerful effort. Glancing at Mrs. Masham with unutterable scorn, she said, "Your mistress has required the key from me. Take it to her." And as she spoke, she flung it upon the ground.

"Say to her," she continued, "that she has broken her word—a reproach under which none of her royal predecessors have laboured. Say to her, also, that the love and respect I once entertained for her are changed to hatred and contempt." And with a glance of defiance she quitted the room.

"Is she gone?" cried the queen, half opening the door, and peeping timidly into the room.

"She is, madam," replied Mrs. Masham, picking up the key; "and I am thankful to say she has left this behind her. At last, you are rid of her for ever."

"Heaven be thanked!" ejaculated Anne.

"Will it please you to take the key?" said Mrs. Masham.

"Keep it," replied Anne. "Henceforth you are comptroller of the privy purse. The Duchess of Somerset will be groom of the stole. But I have better things in store for you. The Duchess of Marlborough shall not insult you thus with impunity. On the earliest occasion, I will give your husband a peerage."

"The duchess says you do not keep your promises, madam," cried Mrs. Masham; "but I have found it otherwise."

"It is the duchess's own fault that I have not kept them with her," returned Anne. "I loved her once as well as you, Masham—nay, better."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

SHEWING HOW THE SERJEANT QUITTED THE SERVICE.

RECALLED to the scene of war in Flanders, the serjeant remained with his regiment till the termination of the campaign of 1711.

He had been absent nearly two years, and having been severely wounded at the seige of Bouchain, in the autumn preceding his return, had been incapacitated from writing home; neither had he received for nearly three months, tidings from those in whom he was interested, in consequence of which his heart misgave him so much, that he determined before proceeding to Marlborough House, to seek out Proddy. Accordingly, he repaired to the palace, and inquiring for the coachman, was told he was in his room, whither he directed his steps. Full of the pleasurable surprise which he imagined his appearance would occasion the coachman, he entered the room, and closing the door after him, made a military salute to Proddy, who was seated beside a table, in a semi-somnolent state, with a pipe in his mouth, and a mug of ale before him. On raising his eyes, and beholding the unlooked-for apparition, the coachman dropped his pipe, pushed his chair back, and with eyes almost starting out of their sockets, and teeth chattering, remained gazing at him the very picture of terror and astonishment.

"What!—don't you know me?" cried Scales, greatly surprised.

"I *did* know you once, serjeant," gasped Proddy; "but I don't desire any further acquaintance with you."

"Pooh—pooh!" cried the serjeant; "what's the matter?—what are you afraid of? You must come with me."

"Oh, no, thank'ee—much obleeged, all the same," replied Proddy, getting as far back as possible.

"Well, if you wont go with me, I must stay with you," replied Scales, taking a chair. "I don't mean to leave you any more, Proddy."

"You don't!" exclaimed the coachman, with a look of increased affright.

"No, we shall part no more," replied Scales. "I've got a pretty long furlough, now."

"Why, you don't mean to say they give leave of absence from below?" cried Proddy.

"From below!" echoed the serjeant. "Oh, I see—you mean from the Low Countries."

"You may call it by that name if you please," rejoined Proddy; "but we generally give it another and less pleasin' happellation."

"Well, we wont quarrel about names," returned the serjeant. "What I mean to say is, I'm no longer in the service. I'm the same as a dead man."

"I know it," returned Proddy, shuddering.

"But I shan't give up my former habits," said Scales; "I shall beat the drum as heretofore, and clean the duke's boots. I shall still haunt the old spot."

"Oh! don't—don't!" cried Proddy.

"Why not?" returned the serjeant.

"Has anything happened to prevent me? Why do you stare so hard at me, man? D'ye think me altered?"

"Not so much as I expected," replied Proddy.

"I dare say I *am* changed," ruminated the serjeant. "The last three months have tried me hard. I've had terrible quarters —hot as h——"

"Oh, don't mention it," interrupted the coachman. "What a relief it must be to get away."

"You'd think so if you tried it," replied Scales. "How cool and comfortable you feel here! I shall often pass an hour with you."

Proddy groaned audibly.

"By the bye," pursued the serjeant, "talkin' of my looks, do you think they'll find me changed?"

"What, the women-folk!" cried Proddy. "Do you mean to appear to them?"

"Of course, and this very night," returned Scales.

"Lord help 'em!" cried Proddy; "how frightened the poor creaters will be. It's as much as I can do to bear you. Why, you don't mean to say you care for 'em now?"

"Not care for 'em!" replied Scales. "It's anxiety about 'em as has brought me to you!"

"Well, this beats everythin'!" said Proddy. "I thought your last bullet must ha' settled that long ago."

"Not a bit of it," replied Scales. "Here's your health, and glad to see you, Proddy!" he added, taking up the mug, and emptying it, very much apparently to his satisfaction.

"What! can a ghost drink ale?" cried Proddy, in surprise.

"Why, zounds!—you don't take me for a ghost, sure*ly?*" cried the serjeant, looking up.

"I *did*," replied the coachman, drawing nearer to him; "but I begin to think I must be mistaken. We heard you were killed at the siege o' Bushin."

"Wounded, but not killed, Proddy," replied the serjeant. "My hurt was at first supposed mortal; but here I am, as you see, alive and kicking."

"Oddsbodikins! how delighted I am!" cried the coachman, throwing his arms round his neck. "I never expected to behold you again."

"Well, I thought your reception rayther odd," said the serjeant, as soon as he had extricated himself from his friend's embrace. "So you took me for a sperrit, eh!—very flatterin', ha! ha! You ought to have known that ghosts never walk in broad daylight—to say nothin' o' my substantial and earthly appearance."

"I was puzzled woundily, I must own," returned Proddy; "but arter the han'kicher stained wi' blood, and torn into two pieces, which you sent home to Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, none of us could doubt your disserlution."

"Eh! what!" cried the serjeant. "Do *they* think me dead, too?"

"To be sure," replied Proddy. "There came a letter from the fifer o' your regiment, Tom Jiggins—him as played at your 'Drum,' you remember, enclosing the bloody relics, and saying you was grieviously wounded, and couldn't recover."

"But I *have* recovered, howsomedever," replied the serjeant. "Poor Tom Jiggins! two days after he wrote the letter, he was shot through the head by a carabineer."

"Poor fellow!" echoed Proddy; "then *he* really is dead."

"Dead as your great grandfather, if you ever had one," replied Scales. "But I'll tell you how my mischance came about. Bouchain, you must know, is a strongly fortified town, with the river Sanzet flowing right through it, and the Scheld almost washin' its walls. Round about it, there are broad, deep ditches, filled to the brim wi' the waters of the two streams I've mentioned; and besides these, there are miles of great flat swamps capable of inundation, so that the place is as difficult of approach as a besieged garrison could desire. Our general's object, you must understand, after investing the place, was to draw a line o' circumwallation round it; but in accomplishin' this, he experienced great obstacles. It would be no use tellin' you how Marshal Villars, who was posted wi' his army in the open space betwixt the two rivers, threw bridges across the Sanzet—and how we demolished 'em—how entrenchments were constructed under General Albergotti, by means o' which, and the batteries o' Bouchain, Villars intended to sweep the intermediate ground wi' a cross-fire—how the duke passed over the Scheld in the night time to interrupt these operations, and how he was foiled by the marshal, and obligated to return—how he covered the front from Haspres to Ivry wi' a line of redoubts and lunettes—and again crossed the Scheld at the head of fifty battalions, and as many squadrons, when, perceivin' that the enemy were rapidly extendin' their works, he ordered the line o' circumwallation to be forthwith commenced between their entrenchments and the town. Upon which four thousand men were set to work, and, notwithstandin' a heavy fire from the garrison, and repeated volleys from the hostile entrenchments, the line o' circumwallation was continued to the inundation o' the Sanzet——"

"Come to the point, serjeant," interrupted Proddy. "Your circumwallations and nunindations confuse me sadly."

"To make a long story short," replied Scales, laughing, "the marshal, finding himself driven hard, was more than ever anxious to keep up a communication with the garrison; and he contrived to introduce a reinforcement o' fusileers into it by means o' a small dam, together with a supply of powder and flour, of which they were runnin' short. Havin' accomplished this, he next attempted to fortify the dam by means of fascines attached to an avenue of willows, though the water was at least four feet deep."

"D—n the dam," cried Proddy, "I'm a-gettin' out o' *my* depth again."

"I'll land you presently," returned Scales. "Behind the dam ran a cattle-track, on which were posted four companies o' French grenadiers, together wi' the king's brigade, to protect the work. To dislodge these troops, and check the operations of the workmen, was the duke's object. Accordingly, a fascine road was made across the inundated morass; and under cover o' night, six hundred British grenadiers, sustained by eight battalions of infantry, made the attempt. It was a hazardous enterprise, for we had to wade for near a quarter of a mile sometimes up to the middle, and sometimes up to the very shoulders in water, and to keep our muskets high and dry above our heads all the time. Two-thirds o' the distance had been safely accomplished, when the duke, who was with us, and who had been sufferin' from ague, began to feel fatigued. I besought him to mount upon my shoulders; he consented; and, nerved with the glorious burthen, I pressed forward wi' redoubled ardour. It was impossible to advance so silently as not to betray our approach to the enemy, and when we came within shot, they fired a volley at us, but owing to the darkness it did little execution. A ball, however, had struck me in the breast; but I said nothing about it, determined to go on as long as my strength lasted. Despite my exhaustion, I was the first to reach the traverse, where I deposited the duke, and then dropped, luckily not into the water, or I must ha' been drowned. I had no share, as you may suppose, in what followed; but I afterwards learnt that the French were compelled to evacuate their posts, while the duke was enabled to extend the road across the marsh, and so complete the circumwallation."

"Bray-vo!" exclaimed Proddy, rapturously. "I'm sure the duke didn't forget you, serjeant?"

"Hear it out, and then you'll learn," replied Scales. "When I came round, I found myself in my tent, whither I had been conveyed by the duke's orders, and with the surgeon dressin' my wounds. I asked him what he thought o' my case; and he said that knowin' as how I didn't fear death, he must say he thought my chance but a poor un. 'Very well,' says I, 'I shan't go unprepared.' So I sends for Tom Jiggins, and I bids him write a farewell letter for me to the two women; and I tears the han'kercher with which the blood had been stanched, in two, and encloses a half to each of 'em. This done, I felt more comfortable. Half an hour afterwards, the duke himself came to see me, and expressed the greatest concern at my sitivation. 'I owe my life to you, my brave fellow,' he said; 'and if you recover, I'll give you your discharge, and make you comfortable for the rest o' your days. Live for my sake.' 'Always obey orders, general,' I replied, 'since you command me to live, I *will* live.' And so I did."

"Bray-vo, again!" exclaimed Proddy. "Walour ought to be

rewarded. I've no doubt when I'm superanivated, and no longer able to drive, that her majesty 'll perwide for me."

"No doubt of it," returned Scales. "Well, as soon as I was able to be moved, I was taken to the hospital at Douay, where I remained till the end o' the campaign. I wasn't able to write, but I got a comrade to indite a letter for me; but I dare say it miscarried."

"Most likely," said Proddy.

"It's an awkward question to ask," said Scales, hesitating; "but did the women seem at all afflicted at the news of my supposed death."

"Werry much," replied Proddy—"werry much, especially Mrs. Plumpton. Mrs. Tipping cried a good deal at first, but her eyes soon got as bright as ever. As to Mrs. Plumpton, she looks like a disconsolate widow."

"Poor soul!" cried Scales. "Poor soul!"

"I may say a word for myself, serjeant," pursued Proddy; "I was as much grieved as if I'd lost a brother."

"Thankee, thankee!" cried Scales, in a tone of emotion, and grasping his hand with great cordiality. "You are a true friend."

"You've just come back in time, serjeant, if you still have any likin' for Mrs. Tipping," remarked Proddy, significantly.

"How so?" asked Scales, becoming suddenly grave. "Isn't she true to her colours, eh?"

"She encourages Bamby a great deal more than I like," replied Proddy; "and I've been half expectin' her to throw herself away upon him."

"The devil!" exclaimed Scales, angrily. "That little rascal is always in the way. But I'll settle him this time."

"I say, serjeant," said Proddy, after a moment's reflection; "have you made up your mind which of the two women you'll take for a wife?"

"Pretty nearly," replied Scales; "but why do you ask, Proddy?"

"For a partik'ler reason o' my own," returned the coachman.

"Very likely I may decide to-night," said Scales. "Do you mind which I choose?"

"Oh, no; it's quite immaterial to me," answered Proddy, with an air of unconcern—"quite immaterial."

"An idea has just struck me, Proddy," said the serjeant; "they suppose me dead. What if I appear to 'em as a ghost, to-night?"

"Don't frighten 'em too much," replied the coachman, or the consequences may be serous. I know how I felt just now. But how will you contrive it?"

"Oh, it's easily managed!" replied the serjeant. "As soon as it becomes dark, I can steal into the house unperceived, and get into my den."

"You'll find it undisturbed," said the coachman. "Mrs.

Plumpton wouldn't suffer a single article in it to be moved. She cleans it regularly."

"Bless her!" exclaimed Scales, in a voice rendered hoarse with emotion.

"Bamby and Savagejohn are sure to be there to-night," pursued Proddy, "so that any scheme o' wengeance you may meditate can be put into execution."

"All falls out as I could desire," said Scales. "Now, then, let's lay our heads together, and arrange our plans of attack."

"First of all, let me get you a pipe, and replenish the mug," said the coachman.

This done, they held a close conference, which lasted till about eight o'clock in the evening, by which time they had smoked nearly a dozen pipes, and discussed at least three mugs of strong ale. They then thought it time to set forth, and while Scales stole into Marlborough House, through the garden gate in Saint James's Park, Proddy entered boldly from Pall Mall.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

IN WHICH THE SERJEANT'S GHOST APPEARS TO HIS OLD FRIENDS; AND IN WHICH MRS. PLUMPTON AND MRS. TIPPING FIND EACH A HUSBAND.

Preparations were making for supper, and most of the household were assembled in the servant's hall, including, of course, Fishwick, Parker, Brumby, and Timperley. Neither Mrs. Plumpton nor Mrs. Tipping, however, were present; but as Proddy was inquiring after them, the last-named tripped into the room. She had evidently been taking unusual pains with her toilette, and it must be confessed, looked extremely piquante and pretty. A rose-coloured paduasoy dress, with short open sleeves, edged with crow's-foot, displayed her trim little figure; a laced cap and lappets adorned her head; and a patch here and there set off her complexion, and heightened the brilliancy of her eyes. Her roguish and coquettish air proclaimed that she was bent upon conquest.

"You expect Mounseer Bambyloo, I see," said the coachman.

"Why, yes; it's just possible he may come," replied Mrs. Tipping; "he and Corporal Sauvageon generally drop in about supper-time; and very pleasant company we finds 'em."

"Werry pleasant, indeed!" echoed Proddy, drily. "You seem to have quite forgotten the poor serjeant."

"The serjeant! puff!" cried Mrs. Tipping. "What should I think about him for, eh? Would you have me sit sighin' and groanin' all day, like that poor fool Plumpton?"

"Ay; she's a model o' constancy," said Proddy; "there are few o' your sex like her."

"The fewer the better, to my thinkin'," cried Mrs. Tipping, spitefully. "Oh! here she comes! I declare it gives one the wapours to look at her."

As she spoke, Mrs. Plumpton entered the room. She was clad in deep mourning, and evinced by her altered demeanour the sincerity of her affliction.

"You must take care o' yourself, my dear Mrs. Plumpton," said the coachman, kindly; "you are quite a-losin' your good looks."

"Why should I preserve them, supposing that I ever had any?" she answered, with a melancholy smile.

"You may find another admirer—one you may like as well as the serjeant," he urged.

"Never!" she replied, firmly.

"Mrs. Tipping has done so," he said, glancing maliciously at the lady's-maid.

"Mrs. Tipping is no rule for me," returned Mrs. Plumpton, gravely.

At this moment, a great shuffling in the passage announced the arrival of Bimbelot and Sauvageon. The former was dressed with extraordinary smartness, wore a laced velvet coat, diamond, or what looked like diamond, buckles, speckled silk stockings, a full-bottomed peruke, a clouded cane, and a silver-hilted sword. He was patched and perfumed as usual, and carried his feathered hat in the points of his fingers.

Nodding in reply to the little Frenchman's bow, Proddy inquired gruffly, "if he had got a place, seein' he was so sprucely rigged out?"

"Oui, mon cher Proddy, oui," he replied; "I have got a new place, certainly; but I am no longer a valet. I am employed by my Lord Oxford."

"Oh! indeed!" exclaimed the coachman. "May I ask in what capacity?"

"I regret I cannot answer you; c'est un secret," he replied, mysteriously—"un grand secret."

"But you will tell me?" said Mrs. Tipping.

"Tout à l'heure, ma chére," he replied; "dans un tête-à-tête. Oh! I must tell you, I have sush a sharming aventure dis mornin' on de Mall. I meet sush a pretty lady, and she give me sush tender glances. Oh, ma foi!"

"And you returned them, no doubt?" said Mrs. Tipping, in a tone of pique.

"Oh! mon Dieu! oui," cried Bimbelot. "You wouldn't have me insensible to a lady's advances! Ven she ogle me, I ogle her again."

"Very pretty proceedings, indeed!" cried Mrs. Tipping, bridling up. "And you've the audacity to tell me this to my face?"

"Ah, pauvre chérie—dear little jealous fool!" cried Bimbelot; "don't fly into a passion."

"Leave me alone—I don't wish to speak to you—I hate you!" cried Mrs. Tipping.

"Au contraire, chère petite; you love me so much you can't live vidout me," rejoined Bimbelot. "Soyez raisonable, cher ange."

"Vain coxcomb!" muttered Mrs. Tipping. "I'll lower his pride."

At this moment, supper was announced. Bimbelot offered his arm to Mrs. Tipping, but she turned from him disdainfully, and took that of Proddy.

The supper passed off pleasantly enough, for Mrs. Tipping, to mortify Bimbelot, chattered incessantly to Proddy; and the latter, who was secretly anticipating the fun that was to ensue, was in high good-humour. The only person who seemed out of place was Mrs. Plumpton. She sat silent and abstracted, ate little or nothing, and neither the lively sallies of Bimbelot, nor the tender assiduities of Sauvageon, who still continued to pay court to her, could draw a smile or a word from her. But an occurrence took place which somewhat altered the complexion of the party. When supper was nearly over, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door of the passage, and Timperley got up to answer the summons.

"Who can it be, I wonder?" said Proddy, wondering whether the serjeant had made any alteration in his plans.

"Perhaps it's the fair lady that Monsieur Bimbelot met this morning on the Mall," observed Mrs. Tipping, maliciously.

"Oh! non ce n'est cette dame—j'en suis sur," replied Bimbelot, with an uneasy look.

"It's a woman, however," cried Fishwick, as female tones in a high and angry key were heard in the passage.

As the voice reached his ears the little Frenchman turned pale and rose suddenly.

"Bon soir, messieurs et mesdames," he stammered; "I feel very ill; de supper disagree vid me; bon soir."

"Stop a bit," cried Proddy, laying hold of his arm. "What's the matter?"

There was a slight struggle heard outside, and a shrill female voice exclaimed, "Let me come in. I know he's here. I *will* see him."

"Oh, je suis perdu!" cried Bimbelot, with a distracted look at Sauvageon; "c'est elle! Vat sall I do?—vere sall I go?"

"Sit down, I tell you," cried Proddy, still detaining him in his grasp.

"No, I tank you—no; I must go," cried Bimbelot. And in his efforts to extricate himself, he pulled the coachman backwards upon the floor, while his own coat was rent in the effort up to the very shoulders. Just at this moment, an enraged female burst into the room, and shaking her hand menaciugly at Bimbelot, who retreated from her, cried, "I knew you were here. Oh, you base little deceiver!"

And she forthwith proceeded to pull off his peruke, and cuff him tremendously about the ears.

"Pardon—pardon, ma chère," cried Bimbelot. "C'est la dernière fois. I vill never do so again—never, je te jure!"

"I know better," cried the lady, "You've deceived me too often. Oh, you wicked little creature!—there's for you." And she gave him a sounding buffet, that made him put his hand to his ear.

"He has deceived me as well as you, ma'am," said Mrs. Tipping, getting up, and boxing him on the other side.

"He hasn't married you, I hope," cried the strange lady. "If so, I'll hang him for bigamy."

"No, he's only perposed," replied Mrs. Tipping.

"That's nearly as bad!" cried Madame Bimbelot.

"Very nearly," replied Mrs. Tipping. "Oh, you base little wretch!"

Upon which they both began to box him again, while Bimbelot vainly endeavoured to shelter his head with his hands.

"We'll teach you to play these tricks again!" cried Madame Bimbelot.

"Yes, we'll teach you," added Mrs. Tipping.

The well-merited punishment of the little Frenchman gave great entertainment to the spectators, and even drew a smile from Mrs. Plumpton. Proddy, who had got up from the floor, was so convulsed with laughter, that he had to hold his sides. At length, however, thinking the chastisement had proceeded far enough, he good-naturedly interfered.

"Come, come, ladies, let him alone," he said. "You, at least, ought not to be so hard upon him, Mrs. Tipping, for you're quite as much to blame as him."

"I don't doubt it," cried Madame Bimbelot, gazing spitefully at her. "I dare say she gave him every encouragement."

"Oui, ma chère," cried Bimbelot, piteously, "dat she did."

"Oh! you base, hypocritical little monster!" cried Mrs. Tipping, in a fresh access of passion. "Didn't you give me to understand you were single?"

"Well, never mind, if he did," said Proddy, "you can't misunderstand him now. Come, make it up, and let us finish supper."

Fishwick and Brumby, joining their solicitations to those of Proddy, peace was at length restored; and Bimbelot, having resumed his peruke, sat down again with a very crest-fallen air. Madame Bimbelot was accommodated with a seat near Mr. Parker. Now that she was a little more composed, and the company were at leisure to examine her features more narrowly, she proved to be a very fine woman—a little erring on the score of *embonpoint*, but far surpassing Mrs. Tipping in attraction. She was very tawdrily dressed in a blue and silver sack, highly rouged, with her neck considerably exposed, and

covered, as were her cheeks, with patches. Her features were small, but excessively pretty, the mouth inclining to the voluptuous, and the eyes bright and tender. Her hair was powdered, and dressed in the *tête de mouton* style. As Proddy looked at her, he thought he had seen her before, but could not recollect when, or under what circumstances. Madame Bimbelot wanted little pressing from Parker to partake of the supper. She ate of everything offered her—cold fowl, ham, game pie, pickled oysters, stewed cheese, fish *rechauffée;* and when the butler himself thought she must be satiated, begged for a taste of the corned-beef,—it was so very tempting,—and devoured a large plateful. Notwithstanding this inordinate display of appetite, her charms produced a sensible effect upon Mr. Parker, and without saying a word, he went in search of some choice old Madeira, which he kept in a little press in his pantry. Returning with a bottle under each arm, he drew the cork of one of them, filled a bumper for Madame Bimbelot, who, requiting the attention with a tender look, tossed it off in a twinkling, and held out the glass to be replenished. Parker gallantly complied, drank a bumper to her health, and passed the bottle round the table. The effect of this generous wine on the company was magical and instantaneous. All tongues were loosened at once, and the conversation became loud and general. Even Bimbelot recovered his spirits, and ventured to cast an imploring look at Mrs. Tipping, who, however, took no notice of him, but put on her most captivating airs to Proddy. One person only amid this noisy assemblage was silent—one person only refused the wine—need it be said it was Mrs. Plumpton. As time flew on, and the bottle went round, Mr. Parker seemed to grow more and more enamoured of Madame Bimbelot; they drew their chairs close together, whispered in each other's ears, and a complete flirtation seemed to be established between them.

"I say, Bamby," said Proddy, nudging him, "where are your eyes, man? Don't you see what love Mr. Parker is a-makin' to your wife?"

"He does me great honour," replied Bimbelot, shrugging his shoulders with an air of supreme indifference. "A jealous husband is a fool."

"Well, he has *one* recommendation, at all events," observed Mrs. Tipping. "I suppose *you* would be jealous, Mr. Proddy?"

"Of you,—werry," replied the coachman, with a slight wink.

"La, Mr. Proddy, how am I to understand that?"

"I'll tell you more about it an hour hence," returned the coachman.

"O gemini! you quite confuse me," she rejoined, casting down her eyes, and forcing a blush.

In this way another hour passed. More Madeira was brought by Parker, who was unwilling to let the flame he had excited expire for want of aliment. Proddy discovered beauties in

Mrs. Tipping which he had never discerned before, and the lady on her part almost gave him to understand that if he found his bachelor life solitary she was ready to enliven it with her society. All were extremely happy and comfortable, and all apparently very unwilling to separate.

About this time, Proddy cast his eye towards the clock, and, seeing it only wanted a few minutes to twelve, thought it high time to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Mrs. Plumpton," he said, calling to her across the table, in a voice calculated to attract general attention—"I hope you haven't lost the poor serjeant's han'kercher."

"Lost it!—oh, no," she replied, drawing forth the ensanguined fragment; "it's my only comfort now."

"I've mine safe enough, too," said Mrs. Tipping, drawing the other half from her pocket. "Here it is—heigho!" And she heaved a deep sigh.

"Those are the halves of a han'kercher sent home by poor Serjeant Scales when he was mortally wounded," observed Parker to Madame Bimbelot. "They're stainded with his blood."

"So I see," she replied. "How purely shocking!"

"Talkin o' the serjeant," said Proddy, mysteriously, "somethin' werry extraordinary happened to me last night."

"About the serjeant?" cried Mrs. Plumpton, starting.

"About the serjeant," replied Proddy, still more mysteriously.

"In Heaven's name, what is it?" demanded Mrs. Plumpton, eagerly.

"Thus adjured, I must speak," replied the coachman, in a solemn tone, "but I don't expect you to believe me."

There was a general movement of curiosity, and all conversation ceased. Mrs. Plumpton seemed as if her very being were suspended.

"I had been a-bed and asleep, as far as I can guess, about an hour," proceeded Proddy, "when I suddenly waked up wi' a strange and unaccountable feelin' o' dread about me. Why, I can't tell, but somehow the poor serjeant came into my head, and I thought of his lyin' far avay in a gory grave."

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Plumpton, bursting into tears, and pressing the handkerchief to her lips.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed Mrs. Tipping, folding up her half, preparatory to putting it into her pocket.

"Don't cry, ladies, or I can't go on," said Proddy. "Well, I was a-thinkin' of the serjeant in this way, and a-tremblin' all over, when all of a sudden, wi' a rattlin' o' rings, that made my blood rush to my 'art, the curtains was drawn back, and I saw—*the serjeant!*"

"The serjeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton.

"Or raythe his ghost," replied Proddy. "There he was, lookin' as pale as a corpse, and holdin' his hand to his left breast, just where the bullet as caused his death struck him. I

tried to speak, but my tongue clove to the roof o' my mouth, and I couldn't get out a word. After lookin' at me steadfastly for a short time, the spirit says, in a hollow voice, 'You wonder what I'm a-come for, Proddy. I'll tell you. I want that ere torn han'kercher again. I must have it to-morrow night."

"Oh dear! did he say so?" cried Mrs. Plumpton.

"Here's my half," screamed Mrs. Tipping; "I wouldn't keep it another minute for the world."

"And what happened next?" asked Fishwick.

"Nothin'," replied Proddy. "The happarition wanished."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" asked Mrs. Plumpton, reproachfully.

"I didn't want to spoil the pleasure of the evenin'," answered Proddy; "besides, I thought midnight the fittest season for a ghost story."

As he spoke, the clock struck twelve, slowly and solemnly.

There was a deep silence. Each one looked round anxiously; and Mrs. Tipping whispered to Proddy, that she was sure the lights burned blue.

All at once, the ruffle of a drum was heard, proceeding apparently from the other end of the passage. Every one started, and the women with difficulty repressed a scream.

It was a strange, mysterious, hollow, death-like sound.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!—Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

Then it stopped.

"Surely, my ears haven't deceived me?" cried Fishwick. "I heerd a drum."

"Oh, yes, I heerd it plain enough," returned Brumby, "and so did all the others."

"Oh, yes; we all heard it," they rejoined.

There was a pause for a few moments, during which no one spoke. Alarm and anxiety were depicted in every countenance.

Again the drum was heard, but more hollowly than before.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!—Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

"It's the serjeant's call," cried Proddy. "I shall go to his room. Who will accompany me?"

There was no reply for a moment. At length Mrs. Plumpton got up, and answered—"I will."

"Don't be so wentersome!" cried Fishwick; "you don't know what you may see."

"I shall see *him*, and that will be sufficient," replied Mrs. Plumpton.

"I should like to go if I durst," said Mrs. Tipping, her curiosity getting the better of her fears; "but I'm sure I should faint."

"I'll take care of you," said Proddy.

"We'll all go," said Fishwick; "we'll see whether it really is a ghost!"

"Yes, we'll all go," rejoined the others.

At this moment the drum sounded for the third time, but so hollowly and dismally, that the hearers shrank back aghast.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra! Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

"Come away," cried Proddy, taking Mrs. Plumpton under one arm, and Mrs. Tipping under the other.

"Yes, we're all a-comin'," replied Fishwick, half-repenting his temerity.

Emboldened, however, by numbers, he followed Proddy and his companions down the passage. Parker and Madame Bimbelot brought up the rear, and the lady was so terrified that the butler found it necessary to pass his arm round her waist to support her, though his own apprehension did not prevent him from stealing a kiss—an impropriety which escaped the notice of her husband, no lights having been brought with them. All was silent, for the beating of the drum had ceased. Arrived at the door of the den, Proddy paused before it. It was a thrilling moment, and Mrs. Tipping declared she was ready to faint.

After a brief delay, the door was thrown open, and a cry of terror was raised by all the spectators, as they beheld the serjeant at the end of the room. There he stood, erect as in life, in his full regimentals, with his three-cornered hat on his head, his sword by his side, and a drum-stick in either hand. Before him, on his three-legged stool, was his drum. The black patch was still visible on his nose, so was the other on his forehead. A lamp, placed out of sight in a corner, threw a ghastly green glimmer upon his face, which had been whitened with pipe-clay.

At the sight of this frightful spectre, a universal cry of alarm was raised by the beholders. Mrs. Tipping screamed aloud, and threw herself into the arms of the coachman, while Madame Bimbelot sank into those of Parker, who carried her off, as fast as he could, to the servants' hall.

Amid this terror and confusion, the spectre struck the drum.

Rat-a-tat!

"What d'ye want?" demanded Proddy.

Rat-a-tat-a-r-r-r-r-a-r-a!

"What d'ye want, I say?" repeated Proddy, as the hollow ruffle died away.

"My han'kercher," answered the ghost in a sepulchral tone.

"Here's my half," said Mrs. Plumpton.

"Give him mine," murmured Mrs. Tipping to Proddy.

"You must give it yourself," replied the coachman; "the sperrit wont take it from any other hand."

"I da-r-r-r-arent," she rejoined.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Plumpton had advanced slowly and tremblingly, and holding out the fragment of the handkerchief. When she came within reach, the ghost stretched out its arms, and folded her to its breast.

"He's alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton; "alive!" And she became insensible.

"Halloa, Proddy!" shouted Scales, in most unspiritual tones; "she has fainted. Some water—quick!"

"Why, what the devil's the meaning o' this?" cried Fishwick. "Are you alive, serjeant?"

"Alive?—to be sure I am," he replied. "But stand aside for a moment. You shall have a full explanation presently."

And hurrying off with his burthen, he was followed by most of the spectators, who could scarcely credit their senses.

"Oh! good gracious, Mr. Proddy," cried Mrs. Tipping, who had remained behind with the coachman. "Is the serjeant come to life again?"

"He has never been dead at all," replied Proddy.

"Not dead!" echoed Mrs. Tipping. "Oh! then let's go after 'em immediately." And she flew to the servants' hall, where she found the others crowding round the serjeant and Mrs. Plumpton.

A little water sprinkled in the housekeeper's face revived her. As she opened her eyes, she gazed fondly and inquiringly at the serjeant.

"I see how it is," she murmured; "you have played me this trick to try my fidelity."

"At all events, it has quite satisfied me of it," replied Scales, pressing her to his heart. "I'll tell you how I recovered from my wound, which at first was supposed mortal, anon. At present, I shall only say that I have quitted the service—that my noble master has promised to provide for me—that I mean to take a wife—and that wife, if you will have me, shall be yourself. How say you?"

She buried her face in his bosom.

"Serjeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, reproachfully.

"You're too late," said Proddy, detaining her. "Since you've come to the resolution of marryin', I can't do better than follow your example; and since you've at last made a choice, the only difficulty I had is removed. Mrs. Tipping, have you any objection to become Mrs. Proddy?"

"None in the world," she replied; "on the contrary, it will give me a great deal of pleasure."

"Then we'll be married at the same time as our friends," said the coachman.

"And that'll be the day after to-morrow," cried Scales; "I can't delay my happiness any longer."

"Pray accept my best compliments and congratulations, mon cher sergent," said Bimbelot, stepping forward.

"And mine, too, mon brave sergent," added Sauvageon, advancing.

"I had an account to settle with you, gentlemen," said Scales, stiffly; "but I'm too happy to think of it."

"Oh! pray don't trouble yourself," replied Bimbelot. "Allow

me to present Madame Bimbelot. Angelique, ma chère, où es tu?"

"Madame's too much engaged with Mr. Parker to attend to you," replied Proddy.

"So it seems," said Bimbelot, with a disconcerted look.

At this moment, the door suddenly opened, and two tall men, of stern appearance, with great-coats buttoned to the throat, pistols in their belts, and hangers at their sides, entered without ceremony. They were followed by an elderly man in a clerical cassock, and a female about the same age.

"Hippolyte Bimbelot," said one of the men, advancing, "and you, Achille Sauvageon, we arrest you of high treason in the queen's name. Here is our warrant."

"Arrêté!" exclaimed Bimbelot, in extremity of terror. "Oh, mon Dieu! what for?"

"You are accused of treasonable correspondence with France," replied the messenger. "Come along. We have a coach outside. We learnt at your lodgings that you were here."

"Ma pauvre femme!" cried Bimbelot; "vat vill become of her if I'm taken to prison!"

"Don't be uneasy about her—I'll take care of her," rejoined Parker.

"Here are two of her relations, who wanted to see her, so we brought 'em with us," said the messenger.

"Jelly!" cried the elderly lady, rushing forward, "don't you know me—don't you know your poor distracted father?"

"What, mamma, is it you?" cried Madame Bimbelot. "Well, this is purely strange."

"I meant to scold you severely," cried Mrs. Hyde, embracing her, and shedding tears, "but I find I cannot."

"Come along," said the messenger, laying hold of Bimbelot's shoulder. "We can't wait here any longer."

"Eh bien, I sall go!" replied Bimbelot; "but you'll find yourself in de wrong box, bientôt. Mr. Harley vill take up my case."

"Why, it's by Mr. Harley's order you are arrested," rejoined the messenger, with a brutal laugh.

"Oh dear, it's all over vid us," groaned Bimbelot. "Ve sall be hang, like de pauvre Greg."

"Most likely," replied the messenger. "Come along." And he dragged forth Bimbelot, while his companion led out Sauvageon.

As this was passing, Angelica threw herself at her father's feet, and, with tears in her eyes, implored his forgiveness.

"I will forgive you, my child," he said, "and grant you my blessing, on one condition," namely, that you return with us into the country at once. The Essex wagon starts from the 'George,' Shoreditch, at three o'clock to-morrow morning. Will you go by it?"

"Willingly,, father," she replied, rising; "willingly. I have not known a day's real contentment since I left your roof."

"Then you shall have my blessing," cried her father, extending his arms over her.

"And mine, too," added her mother.

And fearing if they tarried longer that her resolution might change, they took a hasty leave of the company, and hurried to the George, from whence they left for Essex, in the wagon, about two hours afterwards.

Angelica, it may be added, became a totally changed person. The former fine lady would not have been recognised in the hard-working, plainly-dressed woman, who was to be seen, ere a month had elapsed, actively employed in her daily duties in Mr. Hyde's humble dwelling.

The day but one after this eventful evening two couples were married at Saint James's Church. They were Serjeant Scales and Mrs. Plumpton—Proddy and Mrs. Tipping. Both unions turned out happily, though Mrs. Proddy became a widow, two years afterwards—her husband dying of apoplexy, about a week before the decease of his royal mistress. The serjeant was appointed superintendent of the gardens at Blenheim, and had a pretty cottage allotted him by his noble master, which was charmingly kept by his wife, who made him a most excellent and affectionate helpmate. And here they both passed many happy years, enlivened occasionally by a visit from Mrs. Proddy.

TWO POEMS BY FRIEDRICH VON SALLET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.

THE GIANT'S DEATH.

Along the earth a noble giant stalks,
Bathing his proud head in the deep blue sky;
The ant and mole are lab'ring where he walks;
He heeds them not—his glance is fix'd on high.

He thinks the stars his daring hand invite,
With such high majesty they meet his gaze;
And he would twine them to a wreath of light,
Which from his head should dart afar its rays.

Heav'n* smiles, as it perceives his bold intent,
And says,—"Ah, long ago the law was made,
That thou, who in the herb find'st nourishment,
My garden of bright stars should'st ne'er invade."

The giant lifts his arm—his hand will close
Upon the nearest star-flow'r—no, not yet!
He finds, while on his way he blindly goes,
His feet already in the soil are wet.

He heeds it not—besotted with his pride,
Higher he reaches, but he sinks more deep;
The heavy soil impedes that giant-stride—
Blood-sucking reptiles round his body creep.

* "Der alte Gott," altered for an obvious reason.—J. O.

He strives for liberty with all his might—
  He stamps upon the earth, and still sinks in;
The more he struggles, worse becomes his plight,
  The mud and water cover o'er his chin.

The uninvaded stars above him smile,
  But now to look on them he has forgot;
The ant and mole in humble safety toil,—
  How willingly would he accept their lot!

'Tis all in vain!—The giant meets his death—
  The dread eternal law has spoke his doom;
He who from stars would twine himself a wreath,
  In the foul mud of earth has found a tomb.

II.

THE COMET.

Once in my path a lovely star I shone,
  While mighty harmonies were rolling round,
To the vast hymn I join'd my humble tone,
  Happy, that even I was bless'd with sound.

When hymns were thunder'd forth, when all was still,
  When order ruled, when, wild, I rush'd along;
There woke in me at last a godless will,
  And the world's music seem'd a paltry song—

A childish lay,* become quite weak and old—
  A ditty, fashion'd by some feeble brain;
And I—within whose heart new music roll'd—
  Should I toil on to such a homely strain?

Resolved to bear this weary state no more,
  I snatch'd myself away with reckless force;
The adamantine bonds of order tore,
  That I might choose my own—my glorious course!

Ah, from that peaceful stream of music torn,
  The very sense of self has pass'd away;
Through the still vault of heav'n thus wildly borne—
  A maniac, with dishevell'd hair, I stray.

A nobler song, how vainly I essay'd!
  Harshly upon the planets' hymn I break;
Only for Him, by whom they all were made,
  Will the world-organ in sweet music speak,

Would I were once more in my bounded sphere!
  But by that fault to endless doom I rush'd,
And now I reel along, in constant fear,
  Lest, by my shock, some planet should be crush'd.

Forth from my bosom flows a burning stream,
  As I am through the world, loud-yelling, tost;
It breaks to streaks of light, that wildly gleam,
  Would it were in the floods of ether lost!

* I give the original of this verse, to shew the modifications which have been made :—

"Der alte Gott schien kindisch und voll Schwäche,
Sein hirnlos Lieblingsliedlein abzuklimperm
Und ich—im Busen frische Liedesbäche,
Soll mit am alterschwachen Biertakt stümpern?"

The reasons for the alteration must be evident to all who can read the verse.—J. O.

MR. W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH'S TRAVELS IN THE TRACK OF THE TEN THOUSAND GREEKS.*

The Anabasis of Xenophon is not only known to all scholars as the choicest piece of ancient military history extant, but the profound interest and exceeding beauty of the narrative, have been themes of applause for centuries. The chief episodes of the Advance, are the collecting of the troops in Asia Minor, the pass of the Cilician and Syrian gates, the descent by the great river Euphrates, and the battle delivered by Artaxerxes, which terminated in the overthrow and death of Cyrus. The retreat by Opis and by the valley of the Tigris, of the Ten Thousand Greeks, treacherously misled, harassed, and assailed by the surrounding Persian and Babylonian hosts; the wonderful and unexampled forcing of the passes of Taurus, defended by a hardy and warlike race of mountaineer Kurds; the long and devious wanderings over the snow-clad uplands of Armenia; the final arrival at Trebizond, and return by the coast of the Black Sea, constitute the points of prominent interest in a retreat which has been designated, on all hands, as the most splendid of all the military events recorded in ancient history.

But at the same time, from the very nature of these events, it was essential to the perfect understanding of this remarkable narrative, to be able to follow the movements made by the Grecian warriors, and appreciate the difficulties surmounted by their endurance, that accurate delineations of territory and places should be given, and a correct knowledge of the geography of the country be obtained. In the case of so important a work as that of Xenophon, this want has been endeavoured to be supplied by a number of cabinet geographers; but naturally, unsuccessfully, as the materials for such an inquiry were not in existence.

By the advantages which belonged to Mr. Francis Ainsworth, in having accompanied the Euphrates Expedition during its first navigation of that great river—having explored various parts of Asia Minor, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society—and in having been the first traveller in modern times, who succeeded in attaining the uplands of Armenia, by the same rude and well-defended passes of Kurdistan, which were the scene of the oft-repeated combats delivered by the Greeks,—he has been enabled to accomplish much towards this point. Out of a journey estimated by the historian at three thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles, there is not above six hundred miles that Mr. Francis Ainsworth has not personally explored.

In such a long tract of country it is impossible that every identification made can be quite perfect and satisfactory; but the best materials for arriving at such a result are now first presented to the admirers of Xenophon, and Mr. Francis Ainsworth's work henceforth will inevitably form the starting point from which any future commentaries must emanate, while it gives the value of place and spot to a work that has immortalized its author.

* Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks; being a Geographical and Descriptive Account of the Expedition of Cyrus, and of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, as related by Xenophon. By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq. John W. Parker, London.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

III.

THE HAND AND THE CLOAK.

A FURIOUS barking from Mr. Ginger's dogs, shortly after the departure of the drowsy youth, announced the approach of a grotesque-looking little personage, whose shoulders barely reached to a level with the top of the table. This was Old Parr. The dwarf's head was much too large for his body, as is mostly the case with undersized persons, and was covered with a forest of rusty black hair, protected by a strangely-shaped seal-skin cap. His hands and feet were equally disproportioned to his frame, and his arms were so long that he could touch his ancles while standing upright. His spine was crookened, and his head appeared buried in his breast. The general character of his face seemed to appertain to the middle period of life; but a closer inspection enabled the beholder to detect in it marks of extreme old age. The nose was broad and flat, like that of an orang-outang; the resemblance to which animal was heightened by a very long upper lip, projecting jaws, almost total absence of chin, and a retreating forehead. The little old man's complexion was dull and swarthy, but his eyes were keen and sparkling.

His attire was as singular as his person. Having recently served as double to a famous demon-dwarf at the Surrey theatre, he had become possessed of a cast-off pair of tawny tights, an elastic shirt of the same material and complexion, to the arms of which little green bat-like wings were attached, while a blood-red tunic with vandyke points was girded round his waist. In this strange apparel his diminutive limbs were encased, while additional warmth was afforded by the great coat already mentioned, the tails of which swept the floor after him like a train.

Having silenced his dogs with some difficulty, Mr. Ginger burst into a roar of laughter, excited by the little old man's grotesque appearance, in which he was joined by the Tinker; but the Sandman never relaxed a muscle of his sullen countenance.

Their hilarity, however, was suddenly checked by an inquiry from the dwarf, in a shrill, odd tone—"Whether they had sent for him only to laugh at him?"

"Sartainly not, deputy," replied the Tinker. "Here, lazy-bones, glasses o' rum-an'-vater, all round."

The drowsy youth bestirred himself to execute the command. The spirit was brought; water was procured from the boiling copper; and the Tinker handed his guest a smoking rummer, accompanied with a polite request to make himself comfortable.

Opposite the table at which the party were seated, it has been said, was a stiarcase—old and crazy, and but imperfectly protected by a broken hand-rail. Midway up it, stood a door, equally dilapidated, but secured by a chain and lock, of which Old Parr, as deputy-chamberlain, kept the key. Beyond this point, the staircase branched off on the right, and a row of stout wooden banisters, ranged like the feet of so many cattle, were visible from beneath. Ultimately, the staircase reached a small gallery, if such a name can be applied to a narrow passage, communicating with the bedrooms, the doors of which, as a matter of needful precaution, were locked outside; and as the windows were grated, no one could leave his chamber without the knowledge of the landlord, or his representative. No lights were allowed in the bedrooms, nor in the passage adjoining them.

Conciliated by the Tinker's offering, Old Parr mounted the staircase, and planting himself near the door, took off his great coat, and sat down upon it. His impish garb being thus more fully displayed, he looked so unearthly and extraordinary that the dogs began to howl fearfully, and Ginger had enough to do to quiet them.

Silence being at length restored, the Tinker, winking slily at his companions, opened the conversation.

"I say, deputy," he observed, "ve've bin a-havin' a bit o' a dispute vich you can settle for us."

"Well, let's see," squeaked the dwarf. "What is it?"

"Vy, it's relative to your age," rejoined the Tinker. "Ven wos you born?"

"It's so long ago, I can't recollect," returned Old Parr, rather sulkily.

"You must ha' seen some changes in your time?" resumed the Tinker, waiting till the little old man had made some progress with his grog.

"I raythor think I have—a few," replied Old Parr, whose tongue the generous liquid had loosened. "I've seen this great city of London pulled down, and built up again—if that's anything. I've seen it grow, and grow, till it has reached its present size. You'll scarcely believe me, when I tell you, that I recollect this Rookery of ours—this foul vagabond neighbourhood—an open country field, with hedges round it, and trees. And a lovely spot it was! Broad Saint-Giles's, at the time I speak of, was a little country village, consisting of a few straggling houses, standing by the road-side, and there wasn't a single habitation between it and Convent Garden, (for so the present market was once called;) while that garden, which was

fenced round with pales, like a park, extended from Saint Martin's Lane to Drury House, a great mansion situated on the easterly side of Drury Lane, amid a grove of beautiful timber."

"My eyes!" cried Ginger, with a prolonged whistle; "the place must be preciously transmogrified indeed!"

"If I were to describe the changes that have taken place in London since I've known it, I might go on talking for a month," pursued Old Parr. "The whole aspect of the place is altered. The Thames itself is unlike the Thames of old. Its waters were once as clear and bright above London Bridge as they are now at Kew or Richmond; and its banks from Whitefriars to Scotland Yard, were edged with gardens. And then the thousand gay wherries and gilded barges that covered its bosom—all are gone—all are gone!"

"Those must ha' been nice times for the jolly young watermen vich at Blackfriars wos used for to ply," chanted the Tinker, "But the steamers has put their noses out o' joint."

"True," replied Old Parr; "and I, for one, am sorry for it. Remembering, as I do, what the river used to be when enlivened by gay craft and merry company, I can't help wishing its waters less muddy, and those ugly coal-barges, lighters, and steamers away. London is a mighty city, wonderful to behold and examine, inexhaustible in its wealth and power; but in point of beauty, it is not to be compared with the city of Queen Bess's days. You should have seen the Strand then—a line of noblemen's houses—and as to Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, with their wealthy goldsmiths' shops—but I don't like to think of 'em."

"Vell, I'm content vith Lunnun as it is," replied the Tinker, "'specially as there aint much chance o' the ould city bein' rewived."

"Not much," replied the dwarf, finishing his glass, which was replenished at a sign from the Tinker.

"I s'pose, my wenerable, you've seen the king as bequeathed his name to these pretty creaters," said Ginger, raising his coat-pockets so as to exhibit the heads of the two little black-and-tan spaniels.

"What! old Rowley?" cried the dwarf—"often. I was page to his favourite mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland, and have seen him a hundred times with a pack of dogs of that description at his heels."

"Old Rowley wos a king arter my own 'art," said Ginger, rising and lighting a pipe at the fire. "He loved the femi-*nine* specious as well as the ca-*nine* specious. Can you tell us anythin' more about him?"

"Not now," replied Old Parr. "I've seen so much, and heard so much, that my brain is quite addled. My memory sometimes deserts me altogether, and my past life appears like a dream. Imagine what my feelings must be, to walk through

streets, still called by the old names, but in other respects, wholly changed. Oh! if you could but have a glimpse of Old London, you would not be able to endure the modern city. The very atmosphere was different from that which we now breathe, charged with the smoke of myriads of sea-coal fires; and the old picturesque houses had a charm about them, which the present habitations, however commodious, altogether want."

"You talk like one o' them smart chaps they calls, and werry properly, penny-a-liars," observed Ginger. "But you make me long to ha' lived i' those times."

"If you *had* lived in them, you would have belonged to Paris Garden, or the bull-baiting and bear-baiting houses in Southwark," replied Old Parr. "I've seen fellows just like you at each of those places. Strange, though times and fashions change, men continue the same. I often meet a face that I can remember in James the First's time. But the old places are gone —clean gone!"

"Accordin' to your own showin', my wenerable friend, you must ha' lived uppards o' two hundred and seventy year," said Ginger, assuming a consequential manner. "Now, doorin' all that time, have you never felt inclined to kick the bucket?"

"Not the least," replied Old Parr. "My bodily health has been excellent. But, as I've just said, my intellects are a little impaired."

"Not a little, I should think," replied Ginger, hemming significantly. "I don't know vether you're a-deceivin' of us or yourself, my wenerable; but von thing 's quite clear—you *can't* have lived all that time. It's not in nater."

"Very well, then—I haven't," said Old Parr.

And he finished his rum-and-water, and set down the glass, which was instantly filled again by the drowsy youth.

"You've seen some picters o' Old Lunnun, and they've haanted you in your dreams, till you've begun to fancy you lived in those times," said Ginger.

"Very likely," replied Old Parr—"very likely."

There was something, however, in his manner calculated to pique the dog-fancier's curiosity.

"How comes it," he said, stretching out his legs, and arranging his neckcloth,—"how comes it, if you've lived so long, that you aint higher up in the stirrups—better off, as folks say?"

The dwarf made no reply, but covering his face with his hands, seemed a prey to deep emotion. After a few moments' pause, Ginger repeated the question.

"If you wont believe what I tell you, it's useless to give an answer," said Old Parr, somewhat gruffly.

"Oh, yes, *I* believe you, deputy," observed the Tinker; "and so does the Sandman."

"Well, then," replied the dwarf. "I'll tell you how it comes to pass. Fate has been against me. I've had plenty of chances,

but I never could get on. I've been in a hundred different walks of life, but they always led down hill. It's my destiny."

"That's hard," rejoined the Tinker—"werry hard. But how d'ye account for livin' so long?" he added, winking as he spoke to the others.

"I've already given you an explanation," replied the dwarf.

"Ay, but it's a cur'ous story, and I vonts my friends to hear it," said the Tinker, in a coaxing tone.

"Well then, to oblige you, I'll go through it again," rejoined the dwarf. "You must know I was for some time servant to Doctor Lamb, an old alchemist, who lived during the reign of good Queen Bess, and who used to pass all his time in trying to find out the secret of changing lead and copper into gold."

"I've known several indiwiduals as has found out that secret, wenerable," observed Ginger. "And ve calls 'em smashers, now-a-days—not halchemists."

"Doctor Lamb's object was actually to turn base metal into gold," rejoined Old Parr, in a tone of slight contempt. "But his chief aim was to produce the Elixir of Long Life. Night and day he worked at the operation;—night and day I laboured with him, until at last we were both brought to the verge of the grave in our search after immortality. One night—I remember it well,—it was the last night of the sixteenth century,—a young man, severely wounded, was brought to my master's dwelling on London Bridge. I helped to convey him to the laboratory, where I left him with the doctor, who was busy with his experiments. My curiosity being aroused, I listened at the door, and though I could not distinguish much that passed inside, I heard sufficient to convince me that Doctor Lamb had made the grand discovery, and succeeded in distilling the Elixir. Having learnt this, I went down stairs, wondering what would next ensue. Half-an-hour elapsed, and while the bells were ringing in the new year joyfully, the young man whom I had assisted to carry up stairs, and whom I supposed at death's door, marched down as firmly as if nothing had happened, passed by me, and disappeared, before I could shake off my astonishment. I saw at once he had drunk the elixir."

"Ah!—ah!" exclaimed the Tinker, with a knowing glance at his companions, who returned it with gestures of equal significance.

"As soon as he was gone," pursued the dwarf, "I flew to the laboratory, and there, extended on the floor, I found the dead body of Doctor Lamb. I debated with myself what to do—whether to pursue his murderer, for such I accounted the young man; but on reflection, I thought the course useless. I next looked round to see whether the precious Elixir was gone. On the table stood a phial, from which a strong spirituous odour exhaled; but it was empty. I then turned my attention to a receiver, connected by a worm with an alembic on the furnace.

On examining it, I found it contained a small quantity of a bright transparent liquid, which, poured forth into a glass, emitted precisely the same odour as the phial. Persuaded this must be the draught of immortality, I raised it to my lips: but apprehension lest it might be poison, stayed my hand. Reassured, however, by the thought of the young man's miraculous recovery, I quaffed the potion. It was as if I had swallowed fire, and at first I thought all was over with me. I shrieked out; but there was no one to heed my cries, unless it were my dead master, and two or three skeletons with which the walls were garnished. And these, in truth, did seem to hear me; for the dead corpse opened its glassy orbs, and eyed me reproachfully; the skeletons shook their fleshless arms and gibbered; and the various strange objects with which the chamber was filled, seemed to deride and menace me. The terror occasioned by these fantasies, combined with the potency of the draught, took away my senses. When I recovered, I found all tranquil. Doctor Lamb was lying stark and stiff at my feet, with an expression of reproach on his fixed countenance; and the skeletons were hanging quietly in their places. Convinced that I was proof against death, I went forth. *But a curse went with me!* From that day to this, I have lived, but it has been in such poverty and distress, that I had better far have died. Besides, I am constantly haunted by visions of my old master. He seems to hold converse with me—to lead me into strange places."

"Exactly the case with the t'other," whispered the Tinker to the Sandman. "Have you ever, in the coorse o' your long life, met the young man as drank the 'lixir?" he inquired of the dwarf.

"Never."

"Do you happen to rekilect his name?"

"No, it has quite escaped my memory," answered Old Parr.

"Should you rekilect it, if you heerd it?" asked the Tinker.

"Perhaps I might," returned the dwarf; "but I can't say."

"Wos it Auriol Darcy?" demanded the other.

"That *was* the name," cried Old Parr, starting up, in extreme surprise. "I heard Doctor Lamb call him so. But how, in the name of wonder, do you come to know it?"

"Ve've got summat, at last," said the Tinker, with a self-applauding glance at his friends.

"How do you come to know it, I say?" repeated the dwarf, in extreme agitation.

"Never mind," rejoined the Tinker, with a cunning look; "you see I does know some cur'ous matters as vell as you, my old file. You'll be good evidence, in case ve vishes to prove the fact agin him."

"Prove what?—and against whom?" cried the dwarf.

"One more questin, and I've done," pursued the Tinker.

"Should you know this young man agin, in case you chanced to come across him?"

"No doubt of it," replied Old Parr; "his figure often flits before me in dreams."

"Shall ve let him into it?" said the Tinker, consulting his companions, in a low tone.

"Ay—ay," replied the Sandman.

"Better vait a bit," remarked Ginger, shaking his head, dubiously. "There's no hurry."

"No, ve must decide at vonce," said the Tinker. "Jist examine them papers," he added, handing the pocket-book to Old Parr, "and favour us vith your opinion on 'em."

The dwarf was about to unclasp the book committed to his charge, when a hand was suddenly thrust through the banisters of the upper part of the staircase, which, as has been already stated, was divided from the lower by the door. A piece of heavy black drapery next descended like a cloud, concealing all behind it, except the hand, with which the dwarf was suddenly seized by the nape of the neck, lifted up in the air, and, notwithstanding his shrieks and struggles, carried clean off.

Great confusion attended his disappearance. The dogs set up a prodigious barking, and flew to the rescue—one of the largest of them passing over the body of the drowsy waiter, who had sought his customary couch upon the coals, and rousing him from his slumbers; while the Tinker, uttering a fierce imprecation, upset his chair in his haste to catch hold of the dwarf's legs, but the latter was already out of reach, and the next moment had vanished entirely.

"My eyes! here's a pretty go!" cried Ginger, who, with his back to the fire, had witnessed the occurrence in open-mouthed astonishment. "Vy, curse it! if the wenerable a'n't a-taken the pocket-book with him! It's my opinion the devil has flown away with the old feller. His time was nearer at 'and than he expected."

"Devil or not, I'll have him back again, or at all events the pocket-book!" cried the Tinker. And dashing up the stairs, he caught hold of the railing above, and swinging himself up by a powerful effort, passed through an opening, occasioned by the removal of one of the bannisters.

Groping along the gallery, which was buried in profound darkness, he shouted to the dwarf, but received no answer to his vociferations, neither could he discover any one, though he felt on either side of the passage with outstretched hands. The occupants of the different chambers, alarmed by the noise, called out to know what was going forward; but being locked in their rooms, they could render no assistance.

While the Tinker was thus pursuing his search in the dark, venting his rage and disappointment in the most dreadful imprecations, the staircase door was opened by the landlord, who

had found the key in the great-coat left behind by the dwarf. With the landlord came the Sandman and Ginger, the latter of whom was attended by all his dogs, still barking furiously; while the rear of the party was brought up by the drowsy waiter, now wide awake with fright, and carrying a candle.

But though every nook and corner of the place was visited—though the attics were searched, and all the windows examined—not a trace of the dwarf could be discovered, nor any clue to his mysterious disappearance detected. Astonishment and alarm sat on every countenance.

"What the devil can have become of him?" cried the landlord, with a look of dismay.

"Ay, that's the questin!" rejoined the Tinker. "I begin to be of Ginger's opinion, that the devil himself must have flown avay vith him. No von else could ha' taken a fancy to him."

"I only saw a hand and a black cloak," said the Sandman.

"I thought I seed a pair o' hoofs," cried the waiter; "and I'm quite sure I seed a pair o' great glitterin' eyes," he added, opening his own lack-lustre orbs to their widest extent.

"It's a strange affair," observed the landlord, gravely. "It's certain that no one has entered the house wearing a cloak such as you describe; nor could any of the lodgers to my knowledge, get out of their rooms. It was Old Parr's business, as you know, to lock 'em up carefully for the night."

"Vell, all's over vith him now," said the Tinker—"and vith our affair, too, I'm afeard."

"Don't say die jist yet," rejoined Ginger. "The wenerable's gone, to be sure; and the only thing he has left behind him, barrin' his top coat, is this here bit o' paper vich dropped out o' the pocket book as he wos a-takin' flight, and vich I picked from the floor. It may be o' some use to us. But come, let's go down stairs. There's no good in stayin' here any longer."

Concurring in which sentiment, they all descended to the lower room.

IV.

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A WEEK had elapsed since Auriol Darcy was conveyed to the iron-merchant's dwelling, after the attack made upon him by the ruffians in the ruined house; and though almost recovered from the serious injuries he had received, he still remained the guest of his preserver.

It was a bright spring morning, when a door leading to the yard in front of the house opened, and a young girl, bright and fresh as the morning's self, issued from it.

A lovelier creature than Ebba Thornicroft cannot be imagined. Her figure was perfection—slight, tall, and ravishingly proportioned, with a slender waist, little limbs, and fairy feet that would have made the fortune of an opera-dancer. Her features were almost angelic in expression with an outline of the utmost delicacy and precision—not cold, classical regularity—but that softer and incomparably more lovely mould peculiar to our own clime. Ebba's countenance was a type of Saxon beauty. Her complexion was pure white, tinged with a slight bloom. Her eyes were of a serene summer blue, arched over by brows some shades darker than the radiant tresses that fell on either cheek, and were parted over a brow smoother than alabaster. Her attire was simple, but tasteful, and by its dark colour threw into relief the exceeding fairness of her skin.

Ebba's first care was to feed her favourite linnet, placed in a cage over the door. Having next patted the head of a huge bull-dog who came out of his kennel to greet her, and exchanged a few words with two men employed at a forge in the inner part of the building on the right, she advanced further into the yard.

This part of the premises, being strewn with iron-work of every possible shape, presented a very singular appearance, and may merit some description. There were heaps of rusty iron chains flung together like fishermen's nets, old iron area-guards, iron kitchen-fenders, old grates, safes, piles of old iron bowls, a large assortment of old iron pans and dishes, a ditto of old ovens, kettles without number, sledge-hammers, anvils, braziers, chimney-cowls, and smoke-jacks.

Stout upright posts, supporting cross-beams on the top, were placed at intervals on either side of the yard, and these were decorated, in the most artistic style, with rat-traps, man-traps, iron lanterns, pullies, padlocks, chains, trivets, triangles, iron rods, disused street lamps, dismounted cannon and anchors.

Attached to hooks in the cross-beam nearest the house, hung a row of old horseshoes, while from the centre depended a large rusty bell. Near the dog's kennel was a tool-box, likewise garnished with horse-shoes, and containing pincers, files, hammers, and other implements proper to the smith. Beyond this, was an open doorway, leading to the workshop where the two men before mentioned were busy at the forge.

Though it was still early, the road was astir with passengers, and many wagons and carts, laden with hay, straw, and vegetables, were passing. Ebba, however, had been solely drawn forth by the beauty of the morning, and she stopped for a moment at the street-gate, to breathe the balmy air. As she inhaled the gentle breeze, and felt the warm sunshine upon her cheek, her thoughts wandered away into the green meadows in which she had strayed as a child, and she longed to ramble amid them again. Perhaps she scarcely desired a solitary stroll; but however this might be, she was too much engrossed by the reverie to notice a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, who regarded her with the most fixed attention, as he passed on the opposite side of the road.

Proceeding to a short distance, this personage crossed over, and returned slowly towards the iron-merchant's dwelling. Ebba then, for the first time, remarked him, and was startled by his strange, sinister appearance. His features were handsome, but so malignant and fierce in expression, that they inspired only aversion. A sardonic grin curled his thin lips, and his short, crisply-curled hair, raven black in hue, contrasted forcibly and disagreeably with his cadaverous complexion. An attraction like that of the snake seemed to reside in his dark blazing eyes, for Ebba trembled like a bird beneath their influnce, and could not remove her gaze from them. A vague presentiment of coming ill smote her, and she dreaded lest the mysterious being before her might be connected in some inexplicable way with her future destiny.

On his part, the stranger was not insensible to the impression he had produced, and suddenly halting, he kept his eyes riveted on those of the girl, who, after remaining spell-bound, as it were, for a few moments, precipitately retreated towards the house.

Just as she reached the door, and was about to pass through it, Auriol came forth. He was pale, as if from recent suffering, and bore his left arm in a sling.

"You look agitated," he said, noticing Ebba's uneasiness. "What has happened?"

"Not much," she replied, a deep blush mantling her cheeks. "But I have been somewhat alarmed by the person near the gate."

"Indeed," cried Auriol, darting forward. "Where is he? I see no one."

"Not a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak?" rejoined Ebba, following him cautiously.

"I say, Ned, I'm a-thinkin' our master'll soon have a son-in-law. There's pretty plain signs on it at yonder door."

"So there be, John," replied Ned, peeping round. "He's a good-lookin' young feller that. I vish ve could hear their discoorse."

"No, that aint fair," replied John, raking some small coal upon the fire, and working away at the bellows.

"I would not for the world ask a disagreeable question," said Ebba, again raising her eyes; "but since you are about to quit us, I must confess I should like to know something of your history?"

"Forgive me, if I decline to comply with your desire," replied Auriol. "You would not believe me, were I to relate my history. But this I may say, that it is stranger and wilder than any you ever heard. The prisoner in his cell is not restrained by more terrible fetters than those which bind me to silence."

Ebba gazed at him as if she feared his reason were wandering.

"You think me mad," said Auriol; "would I were so!—But I shall never lose the clear perception of my woes. Hear me, Ebba! Fate has brought me into this house. I have seen you, and experienced your gentle ministry; and it is impossible, so circumstanced, to be blind to your attractions. I have only been too sensible to them—but I will not dwell on that theme, nor run the risk of exciting a passion which must destroy you. I will ask you to hate me — to regard me as a monster whom you ought to shun rather than as a being for whom you should entertain the slightest sympathy."

"You have some motive in saying this to me," cried the terrified girl.

"My motive is to warn you," said Auriol. "If you love me—you are lost—utterly lost!"

She was so startled, that she could make no reply, but burst into tears. Auriol took her hand, which she unresistingly yielded.

"A terrible fatality attaches to me in which you must have no share," he said, in a solemn tone.

"Would you had never come to my father's house!" she exclaimed in a voice of anguish.

"Is it then too late?" cried Auriol, despairingly.

"It is—if to love you be fatal," she rejoined.

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, striking his forehead with his clenched hand. "Recal your words—Ebba—recal them—but no, once uttered—it is impossible. You are bound to me for ever. I must fulfil my destiny."

At this juncture, a low growl broke from the dog, and guided by the sound, the youthful couple beheld, standing near the gate, the tall dark man in the black cloak. A fiendish smile sat upon his countenance.

"That is the man who frightened me!" cried Ebba.

"It is the person I supposed!" ejaculated Auriol. "I must speak to him. Leave me, Ebba. I will join you presently."

And as the girl, half-sinking with apprehension, withdrew, he advanced quickly towards the intruder.

"I have sought you for some days," said the tall man, in a stern, commanding voice. "You have not kept your appointment with me."

"I could not," replied Auriol—"an accident has befallen me."

"I know it," rejoined the other. "I am aware you were assailed by ruffians in the ruined house over the way. But you are recovered now, and can go forth. You ought to have communicated with me."

"It was my intention to do so," said Auriol.

"Our meeting cannot be delayed much longer," pursued the stranger. "I will give you three more days. On the evening of the last day, at the hour of seven, I shall look for you at the foot of the statue in Hyde Park."

"I will be there," replied Auriol.

"That girl must be the next victm," said the stranger, with a grim smile.

"Peace!" thundered Auriol.

"Nay, I need not remind you of the tenure by which you maintain your power," rejoined the stranger. "But I will not trouble you further now."

And wrapping his cloak more closely round him, he disappeared.

"Fate has once more involved me in its net," cried Auriol, bitterly. "But I will save Ebba, whatever it may cost me. I will see her no more."

And instead of returning to the house, he hurried away in the opposite direction of the stranger.

V.

THE MEETING NEAR THE STATUE.

The evening of the third day arrived, and Auriol entered Hyde Park, by Stanhope Gate. Glancing at his watch, and finding it wanted nearly three-quarters of an hour of the time appointed for his meeting with the mysterious stranger, he struck across the park, in the direction of the Serpentine River. Apparently he was now perfectly recovered, for his arm was without the support of the sling, and he walked with great swiftness. But his countenance was deathly pale, and his looks were so wild and disordered, that the few persons he encountered shrank from him aghast.

A few minutes' rapid walking brought him to the eastern extremity of the Serpentine, and advancing close to the edge of the embankment, he gazed at the waters beneath his feet.

"I would plunge into them, if I could find repose," he murmured. "But it would avail nothing. I should only add to my sufferings. No, I must continue to endure the weight of a life burthened by crime and remorse, till I can find out the means of freeing myself from it. Once I dreaded this unknown danger, but now I seek for it in vain."

The current of his thoughts was here interrupted by the sudden appearance of a dark object on the surface of the water, which he at first took to be a huge fish, with a pair of green fins springing from its back; but after watching it more closely for a few moments, he became convinced that it was a human being, tricked out in some masquerade attire, while the slight struggles which it made, proved that life was not entirely extinct.

Though, the moment before, he had contemplated self-destruction, and had only been restrained from the attempt by the certainty of failing in his purpose, instinct prompted him to rescue the perishing creature before him. Without hesitation, therefore, and without tarrying to divest himself of his clothes, he dashed into the water, and striking out, instantly reached the object of his quest, which still continued to float, and turning it over, for the face was downwards, he perceived it was an old man, of exceedingly small size, habited in a pantomimic garb. He also remarked that a rope was twisted round the neck of the unfortunate being, making it evident that some violent attempt had been made upon his life.

Without pausing for further investigation, he took firm hold of the leathern wings of the dwarf, and with his disengaged hand propelled himself towards the shore, dragging the other after him. The next instant, he reached the bank, clambered up the low brickwork, and placed his burthen in safety.

The noise of the plunge had attracted attention, and several persons now hurried to the spot. On coming up, and finding Auriol bending over a water-sprite—for such, at first sight, the dwarf appeared—they could not repress their astonishment.

Wholly insensible to the presence of those around him, Auriol endeavoured to recal where he had seen the dwarf before. All at once, the recollection flashed upon him, and he cried aloud, "Why, it is my poor murdered grand-father's attendant, Flapdragon! But no! no!—he must be dead ages ago! Yet the resemblance is singularly striking!"

Auriol's exclamations, coupled with his wild demeanour, surprised the by-standers, and they came to the conclusion, that he must be a travelling showman, who had attempted to drown his dwarf—the grotesque, impish, garb of the latter convincing them he had been exhibited at a booth. They made signs, therefore, to each other not to let Auriol escape, and one of them, raising the dwarf's head on his knee, produced a flask, and poured some brandy from it down his throat, while others chafed his hands. These efforts were attended with much speedier success than might have been anticipated. After a struggle or two for respiration the dwarf opened his eyes, aud gazed at the group around him.

"It must be Flapdragon!" exclaimed Auriol.

"Ah! who calls me?" cried the dwarf.

"I!" rejoined Auriol. "Do you not recollect me?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the dwarf, gazing at him fixedly; "you are——" and he stopped.

"You have been thrown into the water, Master Flapdragon," cried a by-stander, noticing the cord round the dwarf's throat.

"I have," replied the little old man.

"By your governor—that is, by this person," cried another, laying hold of Auriol."

"By him—no," said the dwarf; I have not seen that gentleman for nearly three centuries."

"Three centuries, my little patriarch?" said the man who had given him the brandy. "That's a long time. Think again."

"Its perfectly true, nevertheless," replied the dwarf.

"His wits have been washed away by the water," said the first speaker. "Give him a drop more brandy."

"Not a bit of it," rejoined the dwarf: "my senses were never clearer than at this moment. At last we have met," he continued, addressing Auriol, "and I hope we shall not speedily part again. We hold life by the same tie."

"How came you in the desperate condition in which I found you?" demanded Auriol, evasively.

"I was thrown into the canal with a stone to my neck, like a dog about to be drowned," replied the dwarf. "But, as you are aware, I'm not so easily disposed of."

Again the by-standers exchanged significant looks.

"By whom was the attempt made?" inquired Auriol.

"I don't know the villain's name," rejoined the dwarf, "but he's a very tall, dark man, and is generally wrapped in a long black cloak."

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol. "When was it done?"

"Some nights ago, I should fancy," replied the dwarf; "for I've been a terrible long time under water. I have only just managed to shake off the stone."

At this speech, there was a titter of incredulity among the by-standers.

"You may laugh, but it's true!" cried the dwarf, angrily.

"We must speak of this anon," said Auriol. "Will you convey him to the nearest tavern?" he added, placing money in the hands of the man who held the dwarf in his arms.

"Willingly, sir," replied the man, "I'll take him to the Life Guardsman, near the barracks, that's the nearest public."

"I'll join him there in an hour," replied Auriol, moving away.

And as he disappeared, the man took up his little burthen, and bent his steps towards the barracks.

Utterly disregarding the dripping state of his habiliments, Auriol, proceeded quickly to the place of rendezvous. Arrived there, he looked around, and not seeing any one, flung himself upon a bench at the foot of the gentle eminence on which the gigantic statue of Achilles is placed.

It was becoming rapidly dark, and heavy clouds portending speedy rain, increased the gloom. Auriol's thoughts were sombre as the weather and the hour, and he fell into a deep fit of abstraction, from which he was roused by a hand laid on his shoulder.

Recoiling at the touch, he raised his eyes, and beheld the stranger leaning over him, and gazing at him with a look of diabolical exultation. The cloak was thrown partly aside, so as to display the tall, gaunt figure of its wearer; while the large collar of sable fur with which it was decorated stood out like the wings of a demon. The stranger's hat was off, and his high broad forehead, white as marble, was fully revealed.

"Our meeting must be brief," he said. "Are you prepared to fulfil the compact?"

"What do you require?" replied Auriol.

"Possession of the girl I saw three days ago," said the other, "the iron-merchant's daughter, Ebba. She must be mine."

"Never!" cried Auriol, firmly—"never!"

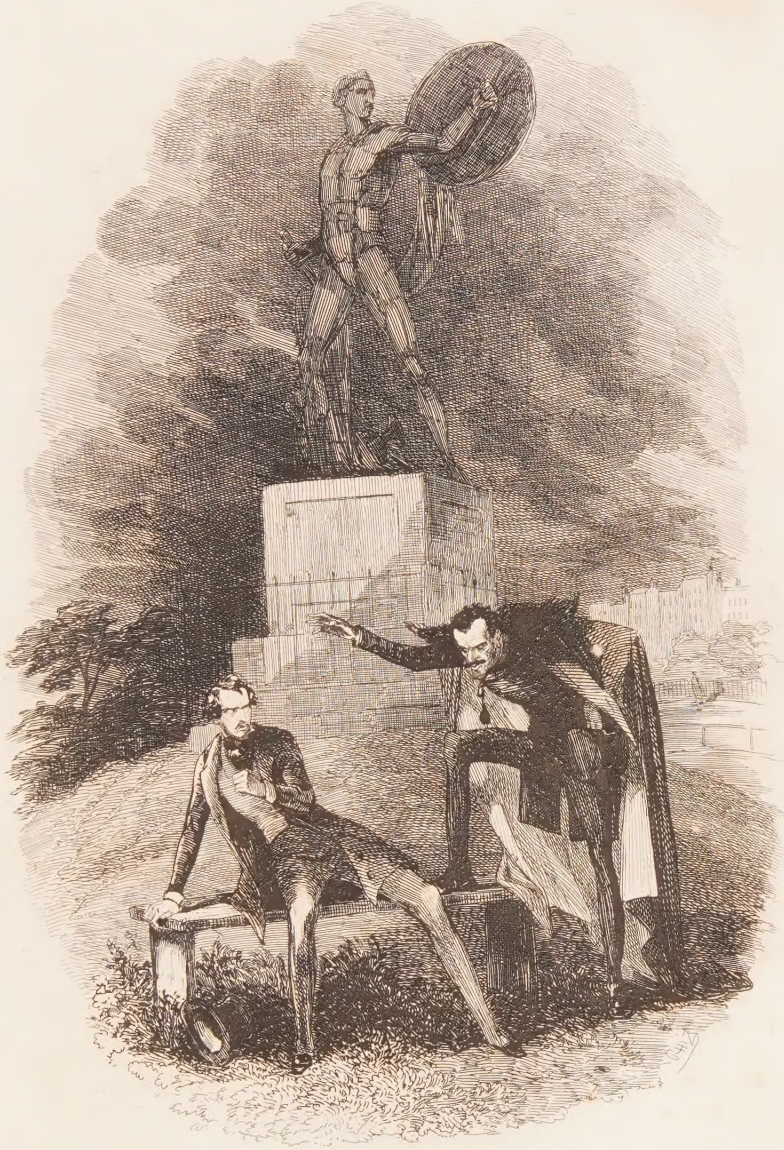
"Beware how you tempt me to exert my power," said the stranger; "she *must* be mine—or——"

"I defy you!" rejoined Auriol; "I will never consent."

"Fool!" cried the other, seizing him by the arm, and fixing a withering glance upon him. "Bring her to me ere the week be out, or dread my vengeance!"

And, enveloping himself in his cloak, he retreated behind the statue, and was lost to view.

As he disappeared, a moaning wind arose, and heavy rain descended. Still Auriol did not quit the bench.



The mysterious interview in Hyde Park.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. XII. AND LAST.

DANTE'S EVENING.—AVE-MARIA OF BYRON.—THE SICILIAN VESPERS.—NOTHING "INFERNAL" IN NATURE.—SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN.—INVOCATION FROM COLERIDGE.—PAGAN AND ROMAN-CATHOLIC WORSHIP.—LATIN AND ITALIAN COUPLET.—WINTER'S RATTO DI PROSERPINA.—A HINT ON ITALIAN AIRS.—BELLINI.—COVENTRY PATMORE AND OTHER NEW POETS.—MELI, THE MODERN THEOCRITUS.

In closing our Blue Jar, a rosy light seems to come over it, at once beautiful and melancholy; for terminations are farewells, and farewells remind us of evenings, and of the divine lines of the poet:—

"Era già l'ora, che volge 'l desio
A' naviganti, e intenerisce 'l cuore
Lo dì ch'an detto a' dolci amici A Dio:
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

'Twas now the hour, when thoughts of home renew
The sighs of voyagers, and oft portray
The moment when they bade sweet friends adieu;
And the new pilgrim now, on his lone way,
Thrills as he hears the distant village bell,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

Divine, indeed, are those lines of Dante. Why didn't he write all such, instead of employing two volumes of his poem out of three, to shew us how much less he cared to be divine than infernal? Was it absolutely necessary for him to have so much black ground for his diamonds?

And another poet who took to the black, or rather the burlesque, side of things, how could he write so beautifully on the same theme, and resist giving us whole poems as tender and confiding, to assist in making the world happy? The stanza respecting the Ave Maria is surely the best in "Don Juan:"—

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt the moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath *crept through the rosy air*,
And yet the forest leaves *seem'd stirr'd with prayer*."

Not, we beg leave to say, that we are Roman-catholic, either in our creed or our form of worship, though we should be not a little inclined to become such, did the creed contain nothing harsher or less just than the adoration of maternity. We have been taught to be too catholic in the true sense of the word (Universal), to wish for any ultimate form of Christianity, except that which shall drop all the perplexing thorns through which it has grown, and let the odour of its flower be recognised in its spotless force without one infernal embitterment.

But it will be said that there are infernal embitterments even in the sweetest forms of things, whether we will have them or no—massacres

in bee-hives, Dantes among the greatest poets, *Sicilian* Vespers. Think of those, it will be said. Think of the horrible massacre known by the name of the "Sicilian Vespers." Think of the day in your honeyed, Hyblæan island, when this same hour which

Sinks on the earth, so beautiful and soft,

with not a breath in its rosy air, and with the leaves of its trees moving as if they were lips of adoring silence, was the signal for an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children; ay, babes at the breast, and mothers innocent as the object of vesper worship. Was there nothing infernal in that? Is there nothing hellish, and of everlasting embitterment in the recollection?

No. And again, a loud and happy No, of everlasting sweetness.

The infernal and the everlastingly bitter are the same things. There is nothing infernal that has a limit; therefore there is nothing infernal in nature. Look round, and shew it if you can. Nature will have no unlimited pain. The sufferer swoons, or dies, or endures; but the limit comes. Death itself is but the dissolution of compounds that have either been disordered or worn out, and therefore cannot continue pleasantly to co-exist. Horrible was this Sicilian massacre; horrible and mad; one of the wildest reactions against wickedness in human history. The French masters of the island had grown mad with power and debauchery, and the islanders grew mad with revenge. It was the story in little of the French Revolution—not the Revolution of Three Days, truly deserving the title of Glorious for its Christian forbearance, but the old, untaught, delirious, Robespierre Revolution. Dreadful is it to think of the vesper bell ringing to that soft worship of the mother of charity itself, and then of thousands of daggers, at the signal, leaping out of the infuriated bosoms of the expected worshippers, and plunging into every foreign heart next them, man, woman, and child. But there came an end; soon, to the body; sooner or later, to the mind. The dead were buried; the French dynasty in the island was destroyed, and a better brought in. The evil perished, and good came out of it; and myriads of vespers have taken place since then, but not one like that. Yes, myriads of vespers—a vesper every day, ever since—from the year 1282 to this present 1844,—all gentle, all secure from the like misery, all more or less worthy of the beautiful description of the poet. If the massacre called the Sicilian Vespers had been infernal, it would have been going on now! and nature has not made such hellish enormities possible. The only durability to which she tends is a happy one. Her shortest lives (accidents apart) are her least healthy; her greatest longevities are those of healthy serenity. Supposing the earth to be animated (as some have thought it), we cannot conceive it to be unhappy, rolling, as it has done for ages, round the sun with a swiftness like the blood in the veins of childhood. Eternity of existence is inconceivable on any ground of analogy, except as identical with healthy prevalence; and healthy prevalence, with sensation, is inconceivable apart from sensations of pleasure. Pain alone is fugitive.

Gone long ago are the bad Sicilian Vespers; but the good Sicilian Vespers, the beautiful Sicilian music, the beautiful Sicilian poetry. these remain; and, as if in sweet scorn of the catastrophe, they are particularly famous for their gentleness. To be told that a Sicilian air is about to be sung, is to be prepared to hear something especially

sweet and soft. Every protestant as well as Roman-catholic lover of music knows the *Sicilian Mariners' Hymn;* and is a catholic, if not a Roman worshipper, while he sings it. Fancy it rising at a distance out of the white-sailed boat in the darkling blue waters, when the sun has just gone down, and the rock on the woody promontory above the chapel, whose bell gave the notice, is touched with rose-colour. Nay, fancy you forget all this, and think only of the honest, simple mariners singing this hymn, at the moment when their wives and children are repeating the spirit of it on shore, and all Italy is doing the same:

" O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria!
Mater amata, intemerata,
Ora pro nobis!"

O most holy, O most spotless,
Mary, Virgin glorious!
Mother dearest, maiden clearest—
Oh, we pray thee, pray for us.

The sweetest of English poets could not resist echoing this kind of evening music in a strain of his own; but though he did it in the course of an invocation to a spirit, it is rather a description than a prayer. It is however very Sicilian.

INVOCATION.

Sung behind the scenes in Coleridge's tragedy of " Remorse;" to be accompanied, says the poet, by " soft music from an instrument of glass or steel."

" Hear, sweet spirit—hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel;
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell."

(Observe the various yet bell-like intonation of that last verse, and the analogous feeling in the repetition of the rhyme.)

" *And at evening evermore,*
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, *sad and saintly,*
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere, Domine!

" Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
Miserere, Domine!"

The tapers are yellow in the chapel, and the moonlight yellow out of doors—one of those sympathies of colour, which are often finer than contrast.

Coleridge was so fond of sweet sounds, that he makes one of the characters in this play exclaim—

" If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were hell."

The Pagans of old were of the same opinion, for they made Pluto break his inexorable laws at the sound of the harp of Orpheus, his eyes, in spite of themselves, being forced to shed "*iron* tears," as Milton finely calls them. The notes, as the poet says—

" *Drew* iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek."

"The grim king of the ghosts" would not have shed them if he could have helped it. So Moschus, in his "Elegy on the Death of Bion," expresses his opinion that, if his deceased friend would sing a pastoral to the Queen of Pluto, "something *Sicilian*," as he emphatically calls it (Σικελικον τι) she could not have the heart to deny his resuscitation. One should like to know the hymns which the pagans actually sung to Proserpina and her mother Ceres, and how far they coincided, perhaps in some instances were identical, with strains now sung in the catholic churches. Some of their oldest chants are supposed to be of Greek origin; and indeed it would be marvellous if *all* the ancient music had been swept away, considering how many ceremonies, vestments, odours, processions, churches themselves, and, to say the truth, opinions were retained by the new creed from the old—wisely in many instances, most curiously in all. Very naturally, too; for the knees are the same knees with which all human beings kneel, pagan or Christian; and the sky is the same to which they look up, whether inhabited by saints or goddesses. Nor is there anything "blasphemous" (as zealous Protestants are too quick to assert) in the Roman-catholic tendency to use the same kind of language towards the one, as was held and hymned towards the other; for blasphemy signifies what is injurious to the character of the divinity; and nothing is injurious to it except the attribution of injustice and cruelty. If theological opinions, of whatever creed, offended in nothing worse than an excess of zeal towards the beauty of the maternal character, or in behalf of the supposition that the spirits of the good and pious interested themselves in our welfare, the human heart would be little disposed to quarrel with them, in times even more enlightened than the present. There is a couplet extant in Italy, remarkable for being both Italian and Latin, every word. It might have been addressed by a pagan of the Lower Roman Empire, to the goddess Proserpina, when *she* was the guardian angel of Sicily, or to the Virgin Mary, by a modern Roman catholic; and we find nothing horrible in this. On the contrary, it seems to fuse the two eras gently and tenderly together, by the same affecting link of human want and natural devotion. This is the couplet:—

"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella."

In sudden storms, and when the billows blind,
Thee I invoke, star sweet to human-kind!

When we spoke, in a former article, of the beautiful Sicilian story of Proserpina, we forgot (a very ungrateful piece of forgetfulness) to add, that one of the loveliest tributes ever paid to it by genius, is the *Ratto di Proserpina*—Winter's opera so called. There is every charm of the subject in it,—the awfulness of the greater gods, the genial maternity of Ceres, the tender memory of her daughter, the cordial re-assurances given her by Mercury, the golden-age dances of the shepherds. What smile of encouragement ever surpassed that of the strain on the words *Cerere tornerà*, in the divine trio, *Mi lasci, O madre amata?* What passionate mixture of delight and melancholy, the world-famous duet of *Vaghi colli?* Why does not some publisher make an Elegant Extracts of such music from composers that will survive all fashion, and have comments written upon them, like those on poets? What would we not give to see such an edition of the finest airs of all the great in-

ventive melodists, the Pergolesis and Paisiellos and their satellites, and all the inventive harmonists too, the Bachs, Corellis, and Beethovens, each with *variorum* notes from the best critics, and loving indications of the beauties of particular passages? Publications of this kind are yet wanting to the honour, and glory, and thorough household companionship of the art of music; and it is a pity somebody does not take the opportunity of setting about them, when there are critics both in and out of the profession, quite capable of doing them justice. Mr. Novello began some time ago a selection of early Italian melodies, made with his usual good taste, and including a remarkable one by Salvator Rosa. Why could he not resume them, with these new critical accompaniments, and so help to teach the world the beauties to which it has happily grown more inclined to listen?

But we are straying from our Sicilian pastures. The last true musician given to the world (for we believe he was younger than the best now living) was Bellini, a native of Sicily. He was the true son of the softness of its inspiration; and seemed like its poet, Bion, come back again to make love and to die. Never, surely, (with the leave of the orchestras for mentioning such things,) have those popular disseminators of music, the street organs, been in such fine and full condition, as since they abounded in the more potential strains of Rossini, grave and gay, and the sensitive graces of this sweet Sicilian melodist. His vocal muse had the earnest and flowing tenderness of the poetry of Keats. Shelley would have sate bending in his chair, with his Plato or his Homer closed over his finger where he left off, and listened as long as anybody chose to play him. One prematurely gone genius reminds us, alas! of others. We hope we are not going to lose any more. Respecting "Young England" in general, we have, indeed, no misgiving; seeing that our illustrious infantine friend of that name should rather, perhaps, be called Middle-aged England; his youthfulness being of the Roman sort, which styled a man juvenile till he was five and forty. But *Youngest* England should have a care, and not hazard too many accidents by "flood and field,"—too many horse-backs in all weathers, and running races with time. Hear this, Coventry Patmore! you who want nothing but experience, and the study of the mechanism of verse, to become equal to the finest poets existing.*

We had hoped to close our Jar of Honey with more than one specimen of the modern Theocritus, Giovanni Meli; but circumstances mentioned in our preceding article, have hindered us from being able to consult his works in the British Museum (where, we are happy to say, they are to be found); and, accordingly, we must content ourselves with being indebted for a taste of him to the pages in which we first made his acquaintance,—those of an interesting article in the

* May the writer take this opportunity (in accordance with an old habit of recognising new poets, in which it has been his good fortune to prosper) to hail some other names, just now emerging in the poetical horizon;—to wit, Lowell, an American poet of a very unusual order;—Jones, author of "Studies of Sensation and Event," a little excessive at present on the animal side;—and Aubrey de Vere, a poet who, if we mistake not, is the son of a poet. Mr. De Vere has a particular claim on us in this place, from the subject that gives the principal title to his book,—the *Search after Proserpine*. Among his many noble smaller poems, is one, most noble, on "Coleridge."

Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. v., on the *Dialects and Literature of Southern Italy.*

Meli, according to this authority, was the good fellow a poet ought to be, though he balked no genial inspiration in his verses, and was a modern Anacreon as well as Theocritus. He could write hymns full of natural piety, as well as pastorals and love-songs. He was a physician by profession, but far more of a poet, we guess, in practice; and like most such poets, he was poor, till doubtless he thought himself rich, when King Ferdinand gave him a small pension; "for which," says the reviewer, "the poet expressed his gratitude in respectful, but not adulatory terms." He died about twenty years ago, at a good old age.

The Dialect of Sicily is remarkable for preferring closer sounds to the broad ones of its Italian brethren. It converts the Tuscan *e's* and *o's* into *i's* and *u's*. Thus, "padre" is *patri;* "mare," *mari;* "sono," *sunnu;* "colorito," *culuritu*, &c. This is just reversing the state of things in the Greek days of Theocritus, when the Dorian inhabitants of Sicily were accused of doing nothing but "yawn" and "gabble." But it is attributed to the Arabs, when they were masters of the island. It has, probably, been injurious to the cause of music, and hindered the Sicilians from producing as many fine composers as their Neapolitan neighbours. Thus much, lest the reader should start at the strange, though pretty, look of Meli's Italian, the poet having wisely chosen to speak in the tongue of those, from whose natures and homes he copied.

The only very Theocritan passage given by the reviewer in his brief notice of the Sicilian, is luckily one that furnishes direct comparison with his Greek original, and the Latin and English imitators of that original. Most readers of Pope will recollect a passage in which he describes a coquettish girl, who attracts her lover's attention, while pretending not to do so. But see how the natural thoughts, originally suggested by Theocritus, are subjected to the artificial manner. The principal idea you have, is, not of the things, but of the words, and of their classical construction :—

STREPHON. "The gentle *Delia* beckons *from the plain,*
Then, hid in shades, *eludes* her eager *swain;*
But *feigns a laugh,* to see me search around,
And by that laugh *the willing fair* is found.

DAPHNIS. "The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the green,
She *runs,* but hopes she *does not run* unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

POPE'S PASTORALS.

Very epigrammatic that, and as unlike pastoral as the drawing-rooms could desire! It was a horrible spoiling of Virgil :—

"Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri."

ECLOG. III. v. 64.

Thus translated by Dryden :—

"My Phillis me with pelted apples plies;
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies,
And wishes to be seen before she flies."

Vastly more natural than Pope, though weak and artificial in the second line. "Plying with apples," too, is surely better than the

"*seeking* with an apple" (*malo me petit*) of Virgil. The Latin poet, however, in the flight of the damsel, added a charming idea to the one suggested by Theocritus, if, indeed, the Greek did not give the first hint of it himself—

Βαλλει και μαλοισι τον αιπολον ἁ Κλεαριστα,
Τας αιγας παρελευντα, και ἀδυ τι ποππυλιασδει.

IDYLL. v., v. 88.

Literally,—"Clearista pelts the goatherd with apples, as he goes by with his goats, and then hums (or murmurs), something sweet."

The goatherd here does not seem to stop. It is not certain that he and the girl are acquainted; though he wishes to imply that she loves him. In case they are intimate, we are to suppose that she intends him to imagine her saying something very pleasant, though he is too far off to hear it; but, in the other case, Virgil probably understood her to pretend that she had not pelted the apples at all; for which reason she falls humming something sweet, with an air of innocent indifference.

Be this as it may, nobody will deny the truly natural and Theocritan style in which the modern Sicilian has enlarged upon the old suggestion.

"Meli," says the reviewer, "introduces a group of fishing-girls chattering and joking, and telling of their loves, in the absence of their parents. Their very names, Pidda, Lidda, and Ridda, sound congenial to their condition." To an invitation "to go and romp on the sands, Lidda prudishly replies that she is afraid of meeting some rude swain. Ridda also tells a story of having seen a fisherman concealed behind the rocks, who addresses her in an amorous song, which frightened her out of her senses. But Pidda, who is the eldest of the three, loses patience at this affected simplicity, and exclaims—

'Eh via—muzzica ecà stu jiditeddu,
E vaja franca, ca nni canuscema
Avemu tutti lu 'nnamurateddu.'

"literally,—'Come, poor innocents, bite my little finger; but let that pass; we know each other, and that each of us has her sweetheart.'

"Lidda, at last, casts off her shyness, and sings the following pretty ditty—

'Quannu a Culicehia jeu vogghiu parrari,
Ca spissu spissu mi veni lu sfilu,
A la finestra mi mettu a filari;
Quann' iddu passa, poi rumpu lu filu;
Cadi lu fusu; ed eu mettu a gridari,
'Gnuri, pri carità proitimilu.
Iddu lu pigghia; mi metti a guardari;
Jeu mi nni vaju suppilu suppilu.'

"When I wish to speak to my sweetheart, which occurs pretty often, I seat myself at the window to spin; and when he is passing underneath, I manage to break the thread; the spindle falls (out of the window), and I cry out, dolefully, 'Oh, friend, be so kind as to pick it up for me!' He does so, and looks at me, when I feel out of my wits for joy."

We shall not close our Jar with anything less good than this. We leave the reader with the taste of the right honey on his lips; and returning him thanks for his perusal of a set of articles, of which illness has rendered the little value still less, wish him, and his, all the good things in the world.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine:
That Heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
To cheer both great and small;—
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own:—
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasures pall,—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
With malice in your mind:
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember, lest you fall,—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be trustful still;
And in the deepest care
Be bold and resolute, and shun
The coward fool Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand;
And know, whate'er befall,—
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same,
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame.
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,
So shall your joy not pall,
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

THE PAINTER OF CHIHUAHUA.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART I.—THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

In the outskirts of the city of Chihuahua, capital of the Mexican province of the same name, are a series of low and straggling huts composed of adobes, or unburnt bricks. Few houses in New Mexico are of any superior material, though in the good city of Chihuahua, many of the better sort have certainly the advantage of being cornered with hewn stone, while the doors and windows are similarly constituted. The shops or stores, as they are called by the Americans, their principal owners, are of the same material; and I have been assured by Mr. O'Hara, a merchant who resided many years in this distant mart, and whom I knew during my residence in Galveston, Texas, that the show of finery in them, particularly in the article of dress, would not disgrace a provincial town in the United States, or many a rural district nearer home.

In one of the wretched adobe huts above alluded to, stretched out in all the indulgence apparently of a siesta, in a Mexican grass hammock, lay a young man, pale, gaunt, and thin, whose dark, sunburnt features, gave his pallor only a more ghastly hue. His costume was spare and scanty, being composed of mocassins, buckskin trousers, a blue check shirt, and thrown over this a Mexican poncho, or blanket. A white beaver sombrero, or broad-brimmed hat, which hung on a peg, completed his attire. Round the walls were hung a number of drawings, landscapes, architectural representations, and still more numerous,

portraits of Indian men and women, of the costume of the wild and savage Comanches, Apaches, Navajóes, Eutaws, &c. Several articles of Indian dress were also scattered about the floor, while on a board that served the purpose of a table, were drawing implements—pencils, a palette, paint-brushes, and other requisites for producing the landscapes and sketches which adorned the room.

Pierre Lenoir, the artist's name, was not alone. A dreadful and implacable enemy was by him, and this was hunger. Ten years previous to the day of which we speak, Pierre, then being eighteen years of age, had started from home like the enthusiastic Catlin, or Audubon, in search of natural and rare studies, visited the savage and wild tribes of Indians which crowd the borders of New Mexico and Texas. In his eager desire for new subjects, both human and inanimate, he had dwelt among the Navajóes, in the main range of the Cordilleras, on the waters of the Rio Colerado of California, with the Apaches, on the head waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, the Eutaws between Snake River and Rio Colerado, the Comanches, and other Indian tribes but little known to Americans.* During a lengthened and studious residence he had become intimately acquainted with their habits—could speak their languages—and, in many instances, had been admitted as a brother; sometimes, even had so pleased the Indians, as to be formally inducted as a chief. His artistic talents had principally served him; but his skill in the chase—his excellence as a shot—and his cool and collected courage, were also no slight recommendations to men whose existence depended on hunting, and whose amusement was war.

Occasionally, Lenoir visited the border settlements, where he disposed of his paintings to men, who, in the more civilized regions of the North, obtained a large profit from their investment. Lenoir was satisfied if he procured in exchange for his clever productions, new canvas, a supply of paint and of brushes, powder and shot, and vermillion, or other articles suited for presents, of which tobacco was the most important and valuable ingredient. In the hope of finding a ready market for his artistic wares, and perhaps of gaining some employment in portrait-painting, Pierre had visited New Mexico, and after a long journey had reached Chihuahua. It very soon, however, appeared, that the New Mexicans were either deficient in taste, or in the means of gratifying it; and that the few countrymen of Lenoir (who was a French creole† from Louisiana) were far too busily engaged in money-making, to be tempted to give him a sitting. Lenoir, in the hope of thus drawing a few customers, painted a very pretty señora, gratuitously; the señora was very proud of the honour, and shewed the portrait to all her acquaintance with much satisfaction; but the only advantage which Pierre derived from the picture was, a permit from the lady's husband to live rent free in the adobe hut, now occupied by the artist.

One principal cause of the great want of success experienced by Pierre, was the singular ignorance of the population; so little was, not

* In the United States, "Americans" is a word applied only to inhabitants of the United States. I have fallen into this habit. Why, however, Mexicans or Canadians should not come within this denomination, is a question for brother Jonathan to resolve.

† This expression is applied to all of French race, born in the Southern States.

a literary or artistic taste cultivated, but the mere rudiments of knowledge diffused among the people, that a curate once asked, "Whether Napoleon and Washington were not *one* and the *same* person? and whether Europe was not a province of Spain?"* Schools were rarities provided only for the very rich; and a woman who could write was looked upon in Chihuahua as quite a prodigy of talent. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at that our adventurous artist was not encouraged; indeed, a passion for dress and jewellery so completely filled the minds of the Mexican ladies, that they had little leisure to think of other luxuries.

Pierre Lenoir had learned the philosophy of patience during his wanderings over the Great Western Prairies, if he had gained no other knowledge; and on making the disagreeable discovery that he was not wanted in Chihuahua, would have immediately taken up his scrip and his staff, and, shaking the dust off his feet, have permitted the city to know him no more, had it been in his power so to act. But sickness overcame him—a bilious fever rendered him utterly helpless—and his last dollar, and then his last cent disappeared during the progress of his illness. This unfortunate bankruptcy had taken place some forty-eight hours previous to the moment when we seek the unfortunate artist in his adobe hut, where, free from fever, but weak, both from disease and want of nourishment, Pierre Lenoir lay ruminating on what course was best to pursue.

Pierre was naturally proud, and his residence among, and assimilation with, the Indians, was in nothing more apparent than in his patience beneath suffering, and his resolute determination against revealing his wants.

It was about eight in the evening, and Pierre rose from his hammock, wrapped his blanket round his person, donned his sombrero, which was covered with oil-cloth, and ornamented by a band of tinsel cord, and prepared to go forth into the open air. It was terrible to lie thus in a vain struggle with hunger; and Pierre thought, and perhaps justly, that it was more likely he should happen on a dinner by mixing among his fellows, than by lying in his wretched hut, awaiting the result of the chapter of accidents.

Passing beneath a stupendous arch of the great aqueduct which supplies the town with water, and which tells of the departed glories of Spain, Pierre found himself within Chihuahua, the finest city in the interior of Mexico. Situated near the southern base of a chain of serrated and precipitous mountains, here forming a sort of crescent, the city stands in the curve, and with its large and magnificent cathedral, churches, convents, and public buildings, forms by no means an unpleasant feature in the landscape.

Passing rapidly through the streets, with his blanket concealing his face, and his sombrero over his eyes, Pierre soon gained the plaza, or square, in the centre of which is an elegant fountain opposite the cathedral, said to equal in architectural grandeur anything of the kind in the republic. The other three sides were occupied by the shops of the principal native and foreign merchants, and to these our artist devoted his attention. The late-hour system appears to be universally

* See on this point, and all others relative to manners in this country, Josiah Gregg's very interesting work on the Commerce of the Prairies. London: Wiley and Putnam.

popular in Chihuahua, since shopping—the favourite amusement of the ladies—chiefly takes place by candlelight, after the señoras have partaken of their chocolate and cigaritos. Both the streets and the shops are crowded from nine until ten, and often until a later hour, which is very disagreeable to the owners, who have great difficulty in preventing the pilfering propensities of some even of their fair visitors from being carried into effect.

Pierre, pushing through the crowd, paused before the store of an American, of whom he had almost made up his mind to ask assistance. Still he paused. His hunger was great, but his pride was still greater ; and it is quite probable Lenoir would have walked away ere he could have made up his mind to enter, when the aged attendant of a lady who was within advanced to the door, and judging from his appearance that he was a picaros, or loafer, loitering about in search of a job, addressed him with that politeness which is universal in Mexico between persons of every class, and inquired if the caballero would carry a parcel for her young mistress to her father's ranchero, outside the town? Pierre was about to reply somewhat indignantly, when it flashed across his mind that he might thus earn a meal, and accordingly he accepted. The old duenna returned into the shop, and soon reappeared, bearing a moderate sized parcel, and followed by a singularly beautiful young Mexican girl, in the act of adjusting her *reboso* over her face. Pierre, however, had time to be struck both by her extreme loveliness and by the graceful elegance of her costume.

Lenoir shouldered his parcel with a grim smile, though reflecting that in a town where he was a mere stranger, the act was one which could in nowise compromise his dignity. The young señora passed on in conversation with her duenna, from whose loud talk Pierre soon discovered that his fair employer was no less a personage than the daughter of the governor of the state and town of Chihuahua.

The young lady and her companion passed out of the town, and took their way along the high road to Santa Fè, on which was situated, about half a mile distant, a hacienda belonging to Don Emanuel Trias, the very excellent governor of Chihuahua.

Pierre was quite incapable of keeping pace with the señora—a fact which at first raised suspicions in the mind of the duenna; but a few words of conversation having betrayed that he was a foreigner, Margharita was reassured, and hurried after her mistress. At no great distance from the hacienda, the road skirted a grove of pinon, or scrub-pine, and a path passing more directly through this, Pierre took the shorter cut. Fatigue had now almost overcome him, and crying to the old woman that he would follow in an instant, he seated himself upon his bundle, to snatch a moment of rest. At this instant his ear caught the sound of coming horsemen, and, rising, his quick and experienced eye caught sight of a party of Apache Indians in the act of surrounding the señora, whom they instantly made a prisoner, slaying and scalping the duenna on the spot.

The Apache Indians live chiefly in the neighbourhood of the mountains lying between New Mexico and the States of Señora and Chihuahua—are expert horsemen—keep immense droves of those animals —and are surpassingly adroit in the use of the lance, and bow and arrow. They are a proud, independent, and brave tribe, and having had but little intercourse with the whites, are increasing in numbers,

and in Indian wealth—horses, arms, and finery. They pour down upon the Mexicans with the speed of the whirlwind, and then gain their mountain fastnesses ere pursuit can be organized. In number about fifteen thousand, those on the east of the Rio del Norte, are generally known as Mezcaleros, from mezcal, an article of their food; while the rest are called Coyoteros, from their eating the coyote, or prairie wolf. They are singularly vagrant in their habits; never construct houses, but live in easily-removed wigwams. For food they chiefly depend on the sheep, and mules especially, of the Mexican haciendas. Of the latter edible they are exceedingly fond. In their depredations they spare neither California, Señora, Durango, or Coahuila; but Chihuahua receives the principal portion of their attacks. And so daring are they that small bands of three and four warriors have been known to come up within a mile of the city, make prisoners, and drive off droves of mules and horses. Of course their strength lies principally in the imbecility of their enemies.

The attack on the governor's daughter and the death of her attendant were the work of a moment; and ere Pierre Lenoir had time even to think of action, the Apaches, who had not observed him, were scampering in all haste towards the hacienda of Don Emanuel Trias. To pounce upon the alarmed pueblos—to fire the outhouses, and obtain possession of the droves of mules and other cattle, which are the principal wealth of Mexican proprietors, was very shortly executed by these expert thieves, who are outdone by no roving people, not even the Arabs, in the rapidity of their movements. This done, the robbers took the highway towards Santa Fè, and were very shortly in the mountains on their way to the Rio Grande del Norte.

THE COURT AND THE COURT CIRCULAR—AN ANECDOTE OF "OLD TOWNSEND."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORNINGS IN BOW STREET."

Vive la Reine D'Angleterre! was the joyous cry re-echoed from ship to ship throughout the French squadron in waiting at Spithead, the other day, as the royal English steam yacht gracefully swept past them, with the standard of England floating at her mast-head, and bearing within her gilded bulwarks the fair Majesty of England and her consort. Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!

And in like manner say I—"Long live Queen Victoria!" Short as her reign has yet been, its benign influence has not only in a great degree softened, and almost subdued political animosities, and the clamours of wrangling factions within this realm of ours; but it has latterly been distinguished by a revival throughout Europe of the old spirit of chivalry;—not that chivalry which boasted of its thews and sinews, and gloated upon cracked crowns and shivered lances, but that graceful chivalry of which it has been said, courtesy, honour, generosity, justice, humanity, loyalty, and pure devotedness to the fair and beautiful, were the characteristics. For her sake the kings and kaisers

of the earth have become knights *errant*, and leaving their thrones and kingdoms to the care of councils and of deputies, they compass sea and land in quest of this one fair lady "throned by the West."

> "From the four corners of the earth they come,
> To seek this shrine—this mortal-breathing saint.
> The Russian deserts, and the vasty wilds
> Of wide Europa, are as thoroughfares now
> For princes to come, greet VICTORIA!
> The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
> Spits in the face of Heaven, is no bar
> To stop these foreign spirits; but they come,
> As o'er a brook, to greet VICTORIA!!"

And well is it for the honour and renown of the court of once merrie England that it is so; for before these royal and imperial gallants took to coming hither, the English court seems to have been as dull and monotonous as an eremite could wish. If we are to pin our faith in courtly matters on that dull diary which is daily to be found alike in the heart of every newspaper, and denominated the Court Circular—the daily doings at the English court in general are dull enough, of all conscience; so dull, indeed, that the Court Circular which professes to narrate them, is dull as any day-book; and the Court Circular of Monday might be stereotyped for every other day in the week, and suffer no damage thereby. Save and except when one of these foreign kings is visiting here, go where you will, in every nine days out of every ten—at the breakfast-table, in the public library, in the tavern, or in the club-house—the common remark is, "How dreadfully dull the Court Circular is to-day!" Read it yourself, day by day, and, wearying of its sameness, you will think our sovereign lady's royal consort may e'en say with good King Henry, of that name the Sixth :—

> "Ah, me! methinks it is a quiet life
> To sit upon a bench, as I do now;
> To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
> Thereby to see the minutes how they run—
> How many make the hour full complete—
> How many hours bring about the day—
> How many days will finish up the year—
> How many years a mortal prince may live.
> When this is known, then to divide the time;
> So many hours may I take my rest,
> So many hours must I take my walk,
> So many hours may I disport myself
> On horseback, or on foot, with Wem'ss, or Bowater;
> Shooting the rabbits when they are in season,
> Or reckoning up my stock on Norfolk farm;
> So many days my ewes have been with young,
> So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
> So many weeks ere I shall shear the fleece;
> *Still, taking care to be at home to lunch,*
> *At one, precisely.*"

I don't mean to say that the prince moralizes precisely in these terms, or precisely on such matters as these; but this is the melancholy complexion to which the dull dreary monotony of the Court Circular has reduced the court in the apprehension of people in general; and therefore it may not be amiss to say a few words on the origin of the Court Circular;—the why and the wherefore for its invention, and to

give some rather interesting details touching its first promulgation, and thus, perhaps, in some degree, account for its general vapidity and homeliness of diction.

George the Fourth, "the first gentleman in the universe," had the courage and the honour to institute the Court Circular. It was one of his earliest cares after he had assumed the sovereignty as Prince Regent; and the instruments he employed to bring it about prove how lightly he regarded "the *Fourth Estate*," and how dearly he loved *absolutism*. Before the time of his regency there was no such thing as a Court Circular; but, time out of mind, the newspapers had been left to pick up court news how and where they could, and they, knowing the difficulty of obtaining it, left it to those shrewd descendants of Autolycus—those "snappers-up of unconsidered trifles," who write history for three-halfpence a line—who take *nunquam dormio* for their motto, and whose revenue is simple gullibility. Consequently, the court and the purlieus thereof were much infested by these mercurial out-scouts of journalism; and of course, courtly considerations had little to do with *their* pickings up. Quantity, not quality, was their object; and provided they obtained the quantity, they were not over delicate in their mode of dressing it. They had only to take care that it was lengthy enough for their own interest, and sufficiently piquant, or otherwise, to suit the taste of their several employers; and the melange, thus cleverly and diversely concocted, appeared in the newspapers of the next day under the head—Royal "MOVEMENTS."

Now the Prince Regent was man-of-the-world enough to know that, "what great ones do, the less will prattle of;" but, as the lads say at school, he saw no fun in living under the *surveillance* of a swarm of young literary scamps who, day by day, were publishing their conjecturings of this, and *presumings* of that, and by putting *this* and *that* together, make out a new mare's-nest for every day in the year; and so he determined to put a stop to it altogether and forthwith. And this brings me to the second part of my discourse, to wit—a passage in the life of "Old Townsend."

Who that has ever sauntered along Pall Mall, and the stable-yard, St. James's Palace, or through the Mall in the park of that ilk any fine sunshiny morning during the fashionable season between 1820 and the next twelve years, does not well remember "Old Townsend," the short, dumpy, "bumptious" Bow Street officer, in nankeen shorts and short gaiters, to match, with blue and white striped silk hose between; his blue broadcloth dress-coat buttoned over his portly paunch, which was always carefully invested in a neat marcella "vest;" his cranium closely covered with a flaxen scratch, his flaxen scratch surmounted by a broad-brimmed drab beaver, his drab beaver surrounded and adorned with a drab riband, and full rosette, to correspond, and his righthand graced with a handsome silver-headed stout Malacca cane? Reader, if you have ever met such a man,—and no doubt you have, for he was always to be met with for many years at the time and place above mentioned, sometimes arm-in-arm with the Duke of York, or chatting familiarly with Lord Sidmouth,—that man, be it known unto thee, was "Old Townsend." George the Fourth called him John—plain "John;" by the ladies, he was called "Mister Townsend," for he was a special favourite and a useful man to them—

as I mean to shew, sometime or other; by the great officers of state, and the cabinet ministers, he was also called Mister Townsend; but by the common sort, who delight to vulgarize everything, he was called "Old Townsend." In his younger days, he had been a student in shoe-blackingry, in his majesty's gaol of Newgate; from shoe-blacking, he elevated himself to coal-heaving, and in that profession he obtained the honour of being an odd man; from coal-heaving, he took to the gaol again, and became a trusty turnkey; from turning the key in Newgate, he turned Bow Street officer, and principal confidant of Sir Richard Birnie, Knight; from Bow Street he was advanced to the run of all the royal palaces, and became the intimate of royalty itself from George the Third down to William the Fourth; the consulting friend of all the lord chancellors, from Lord Loughborough down to Lord Eldon; the gratuitous adviser of all cabinet ministers, from Mr. Spencer Percival, Lord Sidmouth, &c., down to Sir Robert Peel; the favourite champion of the ladies generally; and, finally, he was the very man whom George the Fourth called in to aid, and assist him in establishing the COURT CIRCULAR!

"John, we want you," said Sir John M'Mahon, seizing Townsend by the button, as they accidentally met under the portico of Carlton House one morning, shortly after the passing of the Regency Act. Sir John M'Mahon was a small Irish gentleman, with a rather large and somewhat carbuncled nose; and he was, moreover, privy purse-bearer, and private secretary to his royal highness the prince regent. So, seizing Townsend by his button, as above related, he said to him, "John, we want you;" and Townsend, drawing himself up to his full height — five feet four, or thereabout — replied, "Werry good, Sir John."—"We want your assistance," continued Sir John, "in a matter which must be instantly attended to—*instantly*—do you understand me?"

"*Understand* you, Sir John!" replied Townsend—"to be sure I do; and I'm always at your service, Sir John, or his royal highness' either; and you may always ——"

"Ay, ay, I know all that, Townsend; but do be so good as listen to me for a moment," replied Sir John, interrupting him, and giving the button a very earnest twitch, by way of bespeaking instant attention, —"do pray listen to me."

"Listen to *you*, Sir John!" exclaimed Townsend. "It's my *duty* to listen to *you*, as the privy purse and private secretary of his royal highness, who is a-holding of the royal authority, during his poor old father's illness. God bless 'em both, I say!"

Whereupon, he gave his broad beaver a jaunty cant on one side, and struck the pavement energetically with the brass-shod point of his Malacca cane, by way of giving more point to his speech, I suppose, at the same moment sticking his left arm boldly akimbo, and darting all the lustre of his keen grey eyes full on the private secretary's ruby countenance, and ending with a wink so significant, that it drew his right cheek an inch higher than the left. It was the reconciliatory wink with which the Townsend invariably let himself down from the proud attitude he assumed whenever he thought his knowledge of his *duty* was in question.

The Privy Purse understood it, and proceeded.

"Well then, Townsend, what I want to say to you is this:—You see what stupid things get into the papers almost every morning about what they call the royal *movements*, and ——"

"See 'em, Sir John!" again broke out the Townsend, grasping his cane with increased vigour; "I b'lieve I *do* see 'em, for it aint easy to keep anything away from *me*, I can tell you;" and then, spite of the repeated tugs at his button by the Privy Purse, he went on. "Why, it was only last Wednesday morning, as ever was, as I was a-coming through stable-yard, St. James's,—which I always makes it my way, from Pimlico to Bow Street,—who should I light on but York—the Dook—the custos, as they call him. 'Good morning, Mr. Townsend,' says he. 'Good morning, your royal highness,' says I; and with that, he puts his arm inside of mine, and says I to him says I, 'Why, I'm blessed,' says I, 'if them rascally noozpapers ar'nt a-running their rigs at *you* now, Mister Fred,—I'm blow'd if they ar'nt!' For you know, Sir John, how plaguy hard they've been a-running of him this last week, and if ——"

"Ay, ay, ay! never mind all that," said the impatient Privy Purse; "but tell me at once, do you know any writer for the newspapers?—any plain, decent fellow, who will say no more than is set down for him? because, if you do, I should like to see him down here directly. Do you understand?"

Townsend pursed his lips, gave his coat a tight button across his heart, struck the pavement again with the point of his cane, winked his eye vigorously, and descended the steps of the portico without answering; but before he had taken half a dozen strides across the fore court, he suddenly turned round, and seeing the Privy Purse still looking after him, he gave him another hard wink, and said—"Sir John, I'll be back in a jiffy. I can clap my finger upon the very man."

And Townsend was as good as his word. In less than half an hour —which, therefore, must be understood to signify a jiffy—he returned with an elderly police reporter in his hand—an old crony of his own, "courteous he was, lowly and serviceable"—and that same day he was installed in the office and dignity of COURT NEWSMAN. Notices were sent round to all the newspaper offices, that thenceforward circulars—"Court Circulars"—would be sent round to them from the newly appointed "court newsman," containing the only *authentic* court news, and they were warned against publishing any other. At the same time, all the approaches to the palaces, or any of their appurtenances were strictly tabooed against the incursions of the irregular troops of the press; and the establishment of the "Court Circular" was complete as it at this day appears before the public—a dreadfully dull document, except when enlivened by those occurrences peculiarly appertaining, as aforesaid, to the reign of Queen Victoria, whom God preserve!

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

HUNT—BROWN—BENNET.

Imagination and Fancy; or, Selections from the English Poets, with an Essay, in answer to the question, "What is Poetry?" By Leigh Hunt. Smith and Elder.

The Star of Attéghéi; and other Poems. By Frances Brown. Moxon.

The Poetess; and other Poems. By Georgiana Bennet. Longman.

Before we turn to the first of these three volumes—to the contemplation of those greatest names in English poetry, which, in relation to their associated excellences of imagination and fancy, are now illustrated in the choice critical prose of a poet who has attained the high fortune of "numbering his name with theirs"—we propose to draw a deserved regard to two efforts, not of the same lofty character, but having something lovely in them, as well from the interest attaching to youth and sex, as from their own aspirations.

The fervent fluent verses which some time ago introduced Miss Bennet to the poetical reader, are followed, in this little volume, by pieces somewhat similar in tone, though differing, for the greater part, in subject, as the chief portions of this collection are tinctured by a strong religious feeling. This pervading principle shews itself strikingly in the opening poem—picturing the wild dreams, passionate aspirings, and solemn communings with nature of a devoted girl, who achieves early the fame she intensely covets, and instantly awakens to a sense of the utter nothingness of life and the exclusive influences of religion. All is vanity on earth; and the step to another state of being is represented to be bitter disappointment in this. The out-pourings of a gifted glowing mind, so unnaturally clouded, are characterized frequently by equal energy and tenderness. That such a subject so considered, and illustrated as it here is with passages of graceful though gloomy reflection, with a fervent earnestness that always impresses, and a spirit of piety which, though indicated in the form of fiction, is unmistakably sincere, will have its influence on many orders of the poetical, as on numbers who are not, there can be on doubt; for the "most musical, most melancholy," will always have its charm. But the most sombre, solitary, world-shunning muse that ever wept day and night over the earth because graves must be dug in it, may easily recollect that a churchyard is not a parish, and that gardens, besides being more poetical than moors, are also more plentiful in this civilized world, wherein we all have our being.

Besides, the young muse, whose sad, melodious chime we are now in sympathy commending to the ear of the reader, sad as she is, is always happiest and most influential when singing, in a lively, ardent key, of the affections which inspire her. There is a feeling of filial piety, rising to rapture in some of the expressions, that touches the heart, and prompts the wish that the future essay of the "poetess" should be of a simple and domestic character, worked out in a story.

The character of Frances Brown's poetry, the quality of her mind, the nature of her pretensions to be heard—above all, the peculiarities of her personal and social condition, and the circumstances under which she grew, from blind infancy into the capacity to see all the universe at a glance, as the poet's eye can do—these are so utterly opposed to every association which the experienced reader must have of such ordinary and inauspicious-looking stories as "Stars of Attéghéi," that it would be quite impossible for him to guess who Frances Brown may be. We can tell him at once: that she is a writer of no common powers, of extremely uncommon experiences; and a poet little short, in her own personal history, of a personified romance.

There is enough in this volume to interest us, without hearing a syllable of the author of it; still the reader must learn some particulars which cannot but

move him. Miss Brown is the daughter of a post-master in an Irish village, where (county Donegal) she was born in the year 1816. When quite an infant, she lost her sight by the small-pox. She never received any regular education; but at seven years old, heard a presbyterian sermon, the unintelligible words in which set her thinking. From that time, she inquired the meaning of words new to her, treasured them in her memory, overheard her young brothers repeating their lessons, and, saying the same after them, often learned the task before they did. Then she managed to borrow a book or two, and afterwards a few more—"Robinson Crusoe," and the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," amongst them—and these, when read to her, made an unfading impression. Well they might; for her practice was to lie awake in the silence of the night, and repeat them all over to herself. From these, she got, through a series of impediments that must have been fatal to most efforts, to an acquaintance with the "Universal History," outlines of geography, translations of some of the classics, and, at length, to a degree of general knowledge and acquirement absolutely astonishing in one so environed with difficulty.

At last, verse-writing began; but the "Iliad," and "Childe Harold," created, successively, such ideas of the grandeur of poetry, that verse-burning followed; and it was not until long afterwards, when, by the course of accident, a chance spark seems to have re-lit the extinguished flame, that the products of her fine and fertile mind, embodied in the poetry before us, were cultivated and wrought out. Some pieces within these two or three years were sent to the "Irish Penny Journal," and the "Athenæum;" hence, encouragement, curiosity, and happier exertion. For the history thus outlined, related by herself with a simplicity that exhibits accuracy of statement and frankness of character in every line, we advise the reader to turn to the volume.

There, too, he will find many pieces, which ask not the slightest indulgence of the critical reader, on account of loss of sight, or want of advantages in other respects. He may leave all these obstacles quite unconsidered, and yet find no defect that is not either lost or lessened in the shining light of a neighbouring beauty. But, on the other hand, when the condition of the author is remembered—her blindness from early infancy, and her knowledge of books gained without having ever seen the alphabet of her language—the stores of knowledge she has acquired greatly exalt her in estimation; while in her advances towards the grand elevations, and into the deep and lovely recesses of poetry, we see the natural impulses of a being who, in the phrase which she says is common in her country, writes "for the love of the thing."

We cannot analyze this volume, or specify favourites, except so far as to state a decided preference for the shorter pieces over the principal poem, which, nevertheless, abounds in terse, graceful, and vigorous passages. But many of her verses have moved us, by their powerful emotion and thoughtful beauty; and her character, so far as these tokens of feeling and intellect illustrate it, wins, in an eminent degree, our interest and respect.

In the essay which introduces the selections from the most imaginative and fanciful of our poets, Leigh Hunt has ventured to answer the question "What is poetry?" We are told, on grave authority, that to define madness, is to be nothing else but mad; so to define poetry, should be nothing else but poetical; yet—although the admirable definition, now for the first time given, is indeed poetical in one sense, and that in a high degree—yet is it in another sense "eminently mathematical"—exact, formal, and logical, as a schoolman who is no poet at all could desire.

Poetry is shewn to be "the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power;" "whose means are, whatever the universe contains, and whose ends, pleasure and exaltation." In developing this principle, the expositor proceeds, by the nicest and closest steps, to his conclusion, drawing proof out of proof, and joining link to link, in a chain-like glass, so bright and clear is the continuous argument. In the end, we accept the answer as final, and admit that the exposition has made that lucid, intelligible, and demonstrative to the judgment, which had only been previously familiar, in an indefinite form, to feeling and speculation.

If no author have secured to himself a better right to pronounce upon such a subject than Leigh Hunt, none we are sure could have spoken regarding it with a happier union of delicacy in language and force in reasoning. The entire illustration consists of harmonious sentences, equally exact in structure, and beautiful in sound; and rarely indeed do we discern, in the same writing, so rich and elegant a flow, with such remarkable precision. Largely as admiration has recognised the felicitous passages of Hunt's prose writings, it can scarcely have lit before on so marked a combination of simplicity and power, as we find in the opening pages of the essay.

As it advances, the poets come to his aid, and he answers the question, "What is poetry?" by sprinkling freely the brightest drops caught from the perpetual fountains of imagination and fancy. Homer and Dante, Chaucer and Spenser, Milton and Shakspeare, Dryden and Coleridge, are cited to prove what poetry is; whilst, in smaller compass, out of the pages of the ungifted, or the half-gifted, he proves, with exquisite humour and consummate art, what it is not!

The selections are necessarily from authors about whom Leigh Hunt has written frequently before, in essays and criticisms innumerable. He is not likely to have brought any new views of Milton or Ariosto to startle the unsuspecting reader; nor does he profess to have found out a hitherto undiscovered faculty in the all-accomplished Shakspeare. Yet the very freshness of youth, and a novel earnestness and sense of enjoyment in the feast of nectared sweets spread continuously before us, pervades the commentary to the last page; and the critical notes on the great masters—the profound and graceful strictures—the sustained, but guarded enthusiasm, tracing and contrasting their various grand qualities and degrees, as illustrators of imagination and fancy—manifest such a spring and vivacity, as denote the unabated working of a "first love," speaking not in eager rapturous lispings, but in matured and full-voiced contemplation.

The authors, of whom we have excellent critical notices, with selections from their divinest stores of imaginative and fanciful beauty, are Spenser, Marlowe, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Decker, Webster, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. The passages from their writings are partly printed in italic; they are marked, that is to say, at points of paramount beauty, and lines of peculiar emphasis, whether for music or meaning, but in most instances, for both, as such passages have been marked in the contributions to our own pages. The volume therefore shews "what sort of poetry is to be considered as poetry of the most poetical kind."

To any, then, who may love the poetry of imagination and fancy, can we commend a daintier, a more delightful book? These markings of the lines most rare and rich, by a hand so accomplished by knowledge, and unerring in its taste on such especial points, must be highly useful indications and helps to many readers; to many more, they may offer agreeable confirmations of that impression of pre-eminent beauty which had already noted their superiority. And as for the lines that are not in italics, such delicacy, strength, and brilliancy are possessed by all the illustrative passages crowded into these pages, that the large-minded reader may as well mark them for himself, and crown the editorial work by a beautiful excess.

One point of novelty we notice, in connexion with the view herein taken of the masterly powers of Coleridge, of whose greatness, it would appear, our critic has acquired in recent years a deepened and enlarged perception. These portions of the work are among the most acceptable; but, truly, "Genevieve" almost put the marking principle at fault, for it claims to be all italic! As much as any work with which beneficent genius has ennobled and gladdened a grateful world, does that verse claim to be received as "entire and perfect chrysolite."

A pleasant intimation is held out—its value to ourselves will depend partly on the reception of the present offering. Should this be accepted, Leigh Hunt proposes corresponding volumes, to consist of the Poetry of Action and Passion, the Poetry of Contemplation, the Poetry of Wit and Humour, and the Poetry of Song! All honey, yet ever uncloying!

A TRIAD OF SONNETS

ON WILSON'S PICTURE OF "SOLITUDE."

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

[LEIGH HUNT observes, in the work we have been discussing, that poetry includes, amongst other things, "whatsoever of painting can be made visible to the mind's eye," but that it far surpasses that divine art "in suggestiveness, range, and intellectual wealth." In the following sonnets with which we have been favoured, an early and graceful effort is made to pay, in the true spirit of poetry, homage to painting. "Poetry loves, and is proud of painting," says the critic. The young poet has anticipated the sentiment, by the ardour of his feeling and the purity of his taste. These sonnets are stamped with an excellence, which is to be valued the more for the rich promise growing and blossoming out of it—a promise, or, we should rather say, an assurance of future honour to the youthful inheritor of a name, which has long since, by his father's contributions and services to literature, won distinction.]

I.

A LITTLE dell of leaves, shut-in and still;
Primeval, dim, o'ergrown with grass and weeds,
Which year by year increase; where often feeds
The slimy snail, taking his damp, rank fill:—
Close by, a stream, with listless waters chill,
Hides, darkling, 'neath an old low arch, that breeds
Within its crumbling joints, from self-sown seeds,
Wild ivy plants dipping into the rill.

In such a place as this, which seems as though
It had not alter'd since the world was made,
(So moveless are all things within the shade,)
Great Petrarch oft saw Laura's beauties glow,
And made immortal love in ecstasy
Amidst the silence 'neath the laurel tree.

II.

'Tis a fit nook for meditative men:—
A region of neglect, o'erhung with gloom,
Yet nursing in its shadow many a bloom
Worthy of gardens to be denizen.
A pillar'd grotto once was in this glen,
And sculptures strange; but see how hungry Doom
Hath gnawn them half away; and, o'er them, loom
Thick willow boughs, arch'd like a dusky den.

Tread piously! No God-outstaring crime
May ever in this tranquil spot alight:
The agèd trees look fatherly; and the bright
Deep sapphire sky bends over them sublime,
And seems to say in its mute language clear,—
"Come, see the wealth of leaves forgotten here!"

III.

Arches, and towers, and sylvan palaces,
And fretted domes, upon whose summits hung
Low clouds; and column'd avenues, which rung
With idle feet in long-past centuries,—
All—all are gone, like vagrant summer breeze.—
In ancient times, fierce Pagan hymns were sung
Within this grove; and censers were upswung
In sacrificial rites, beside these very trees.

How different now! The doctrine, calm and bright,
Of Christ, hath scared that darkness quite away;
For see, far off, under a cirque of leaves,
White convent walls stand like a smile of light,
And cowlèd monks with reverence obey
The laws of Him who mankind's doom reprieves.

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

ONE OF MR. WEBSTER'S REJECTED COMEDIES.

BY VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

[The fact of this Comedy having been constructed upon the ancient Greek model—with which, probably, few of Mr. Webster's judges were acquainted—may partly account for its rejection.]

PROMETHEUS	A Traverser.
FORCE, CONSTRAINT	Turnkeys.
VULCAN	Governor of the Richmond Penitentiary.
OCEANUS	Mayor of Cork.
CHORUS	Of Fishwives.
MESSENGERS	First, Second, Third, and Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Tent in the Garden of the Richmond Penitentiary.* PROMETHEUS *discovered polishing a Repeal Button with his coat-sleeve.*

PROM. Well! Here I'm fast, if Wylde can't get me out—
And getting plaguy pale, and dreadful stout.
Bother that Smith—I thought 'twas all "my eye;"
But since you're in, Prometheus, don't say die!
(*Bangs himself on the chest, by way of encouragement.*)
In history you'll make a perfect figure,
As sure as royal Sheba was a nigger.
The Rent's progressing, too; and Joinville may
Be batt'ring the Sassenach any day.
He's a raal tar—that boy! But now, let's see,
What Ireland sends her Martyr'd Son—that's me!
(*Winks at the pit, and pulls out a list, which he peruses with the aid of spectacles.*)
A haunch of venison, nine Westphalia hams,
And sixteen pots of marmalade, and jams;
Six pair of worsted socks, twelve ditto, cotton;
Six dozen mellow pears—the divil! rotten—
Rotten, they mane; a green silk morning gown,
And an Address, from Ladies of the Town
Of Dublin, with a mighty aysy chair.

Enter FIRST MESSENGER.

Me lard, they've jist elected ye—Lard Mayor.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Me lard, a Deputation from the Bakeers of Dublin, with a monstrous cake.

THIRD MESSENGER.

Me lard, a Deputation from the Liffey's Fishermen, with salmons, and good wishes.

FOURTH MESSENGER.

Me lard, a couple of old women——

PROM. Hold!
Henceforth, let elderlings be not so bold;
We like 'em young and plummy.
(*Old ladies aside.*)
Divil doubt ye;
But young and plummy ones can do without ye.
(*Exeunt old ladies in a huff.*)

Enter CHORUS, *bringing in a sturgeon.*

Ocean's chiefest strong-box we—
Rifling with our net the key—
Plunder'd have; and hasten now,
With the sea-weed on our brow,
Heralding a royal prize
To Prometheus' longing eyes.

From the greenest ocean deeps,
Where the rolling porpoise sleeps—
Where the sulky turbot grows—
Where the snoring walrus blows,
He had wander'd; but we caught him,
And, like winkin', here have brought him.

Dublin haddocks are no food
For Prometheus, great and good!
No pal-doodie,* ever yet,
Worthy was of Ireland's Pet!
Sturgeon, sturgeon, suits his naythur,
With a trifle of the craythur.

PROM. I thank ye, ladies. Will ye take a drink?
Be dads! I told ye ye were thirsty; think,
How beautiful is whisky on the sly,
When Timperance and Mathew are not by!
The more by token, when I took the pledge,
I kiss'd no book, but jist me thumb-nail's edge.
Ye've brought a most uncommon splendid baste—
Royal, they say! The compliment's good taste.
And now, I'll tell ye. If I hadn't spent,
Within two hundred of my next month's Rent,
I'd make your fortins, dears!
(*Kisses his hand to ladies, who retire.*)
Bye, bye—be off,
And tell your friends, I'm aysier of me cough.

SCENE II.—*Enter* OCEANUS, *Mayor of Cork.*

OCEANUS. Och! tear and ages—what a jaunting car
The divils gave me. Faith, I'll not be far
From broken-back'd to-morrow; for a tizzy,
I'll never stick, but hire a wizzy-wizzy,†
And rumble back again to Cork in state.

PROM. Mornin', Oceanus. Ye'll take a sate
After your journey, and a drop of thim
Raal Irish sperets?
(*Hands him the whisky-bottle.*)
OCEANUS, (*politely.*) Will a duck, sir, swim?
(*Oceanus drinks.*)

Enter CHORUS.

They bid us cringe to Saxon yoke,
And bow to Saxon laws;
They bid us speak, as cowards spoke,
Who betray'd the cause.
The cause Fitzgerald sigh'd for,
The cause that Emmett died for,
That the lover left the bride for,

* Pal-doodie, an excellent Irish oyster. † Wizzy-wizzy—vis-à-vis.

By a cold hearth stone;
The sacred cause of Ninety-eight,
That arm'd the humble and the great,
And, failing, left us desolate,
Cheerless, and lone!

But we'll not do 't—we'll not do 't,
Though all the world combine;
Chains cannot bind the patriot mind,
And Ireland, dear, 'tis thine!
On Tara's Hill we'll muster still,
In spite of all their bands;
And at Clontarf, yon grinning calf,
With oak-staves in our hands,
Prometheus shall lead us,
No longer in vain.
He freed us—he freed us,
We'll free him again.
Och, honey! won't we?

OCEANUS. Will ye jist be aysy;
Ye're fit to drive the Liberator crazy.
Be off, this minute, or else stow your talk,
And let me rade him an Address from Cork.
(OCEANUS *reads the Address.*)
To the much persecuted, admired, illustrious,
Periwig-pated, and robustious;
Friend, Father, Agitator, Rent-collector,
The Poor Man's Guardian, Banker, and Protector,
The Mayor and Corporation of Cork city,
Greeting. That you're a prisoner, more's the pity!

CHORUS *interrupting,*

Hurroo—hurroo!
A fig for you,
Mayor of Cork! Mayor of Cork!
If you're grumpy,
Stupid humpy,
Pray you walk—pray you walk!

For Cork is a broth of a city,
As ever you'd see upon land;
And the mayor, for a bumpkin, is witty,
And sits, when he's too drunk to stand.

PROM. Ladies, behave yourselves; I'm quite ashamed
To hear such little imperfections named.
The mayor's a true Repaler; and is sent
To sooth my feelings, and increase my Rent.
Judge then, if patriotic wonder struck me dumb,
To hear ye spake, before he'd named the sum.

CHORUS.

We bow to thy decision,
Most beautiful—most strong;
And crave thy high permission,
To own that we are wrong.
For thou art he, must make us free,
Though Britain thunder, "No;"
And Erin's steed, at fullest speed,

Rushing to battle—
In the spirit-stirring cause
Of religion, rights, and laws—
Must stop, when thou say'st, "Woh!"
Though shots round him rattle,
And before him stands the foe.

Enter VULCAN *in a great hurry, attended by* FORCE *and* CONSTRAINT, *his turnkeys.*

VULCAN. Me lard, you're out. The five law lards have told
The other lards, that Smith has miss'd his hold
Of ye, this time.

PROM. Kind Vulcan, say you so!
Oceanus, your hand. My boy, d'ye know,
I'm lawyer still enough for nine such fellows.

OCEANUS, (*listening.*) Hark! How the joyful population bellows.

PROM. (*with much vivacity.*) Send for my car. Bid Smith O'Brien come:
Blow every trumpet, and beat every drum!

Exeunt omnes, with the exception of CHORUS, *who chant as follows;*

CHORUS.

He is out—he is out!
Come, pass the glass about,
And send for the Liberator's chair.
For, let what will hap, hap;
In his Liberator's cap
And button—he must take the air—
And button—he must take the air!

Oh, Father Tom Maguire,
Is it jist as ye desire?
Umbrellas to the left—in a row;
And the jaunting cars so grand,
In line, as if on stand;
And us, singing—Bloody end to the Saxon, oh!
And us, singing—Bloody end to the Saxon, oh!

And is it to your mind,
With the breechless boys behind,
And the mayor and corporation in the front?
All—hip, hip, hip, hoor-a-a-a-ing,
Like Balaam's ass, a-braying;
And detarmined any sodger to confront—
And detarmined any sodger to confront!

Oh, isn't it a sight,
To turn a black eye white!
To say him winkin' round to the Boys,
While Erin's harpers strumming,
As the Liberator's coming,
And delighting all our echoes with his noise—
And delighting all our echoes with his noise!

Then, hoorrah, for Denman's law!
And three cheers for Campbell's jaw,
And our compliments to Lyndhurst and Brougham;
But let 'em keep away,
On the Saxon side the say,
Or their friends will be better of their room—
Or their friends will be better of their room!

ABRAHAM'S FATHERLAND.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

[We have much pleasure in citing the following just tribute to Mr. Francis Ainsworth's deserts from a notice of his "*Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks*," contained in a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette*. The appeal should not be made in vain. As one of the most intelligent and enterprising officers connected with the Euphrates Expedition, and as its historian, Mr. Francis Ainsworth has the highest claims for compensation of his labours, and we trust they will no longer remain unconsidered. All the other officers have been rewarded. He is the only one overlooked.—W. H. A.]

"Having thus cursorily noticed a small volume, but of sterling historical value, and great geographical importance—a volume not merely of book-research and learning, but distinguished for personal enterprise and eminent talent, we could wish to say a few words of its author, whose name, Francis Ainsworth, will be in all time to come associated, as his most complete elucidator, with that of Xenophon. We have often, as was the bounden duty of a journal like ours, raised our voice in appeal against the neglect of literary men, our known and valued contemporaries. Among the number to whom we could point, we must consider Mr. Francis Ainsworth to be a striking example. One of the foremost in the country courageously and successfully to throw himself into the midst of its dangers, and grapple with the appalling cholera when it first shewed itself in England, and since then the writer of scientific works of high ability,—the explorer of the Euphrates and Tigris, and the fearless traveller in Kurdistan,—bringing forward (as in the present case) the masses of novel information which his skill, intelligence, and bravery accumulated, to enlighten the public,—whilst almost every individual of his deserving companions, in only portions of those labours and perils, have enjoyed some honour and reward in the national services to which they belonged,—Mr. Francis Ainsworth has not had a single acknowledgment or mark of favour from any quarter bestowed upon him for achievements which redound to the credit of his age and native land. Out of the ordinary line of naval, military, or civil promotion, it seems never to have occurred to the dispensers of the 'good things,' that such a person, for such deeds, deserved to be selected from the herd, and have his worth appreciated. 'Tis long deferred, but we hope not too late!"—*Literary Gazette, Nov.* 9.

First patriarchal city, "Ur of the Chaldees."—Legends concerning Abraham.—His birthplace; where he was put into the fire; his tomb.—Second patriarchal city, Haran, or Carrhæ.—Third patriarchal city, Nahor.—Fourth patriarchal city, Serug, or Batnæ.

THE day of our return from Taurus, Colonel Chesney gave me the option to accompany another expedition into Mesopotamia. This was composed of Captain Lynch, his brother Lieutenant Lynch, Lieutenant Eden, a Kawass, and servant; and I eagerly embraced the opportunity of further wanderings in these interesting countries.

What between the time lost at starting, and the delay experienced at being ferried over the river, at Bireh-jik, we did not get further the first day than the village of Kaffer Beg, on the slope of the hills which close up the bed of the river to the northwards of that town. The next day we carried on the survey past the so-called Castle of Rum, but on the left bank of the river, so that I had an opportunity of satisfying myself by this and the previous journey along the right bank, of two points:—1st, That there were no remains of a bridge between Bireh-jik and Rum-Kal'eh; and 2ndly, That there were no traces of town or village on the opposite bank of the last-mentioned castle, which there must have been, had this been, as advanced by so many, the site of the Zeugma of Euphratensis. There is only one statement that I can find, which would lead to such a supposition, and that is made by Pliny, who gives a distance of three Roman miles from Samosata to the river Cappadox (Gok Su), twenty-three from thence to Arulis, and twenty-four to Zeugma; but the same not always careful recorder of distances, gives elsewhere (v., cap. 24) seventy-two Roman miles as the distance of Zeugma from Samosata. Rum-Kal'eh is a comparatively modern building, and its existence does not appear to be noticed by the older geographers—while it would be easy to prove, by a multitude of facts, that the city of Apamea, and the castle of Seleucia, in which Tigranes caused Cleopatra, surnamed Selene (moon), to perish (seventy years B.C.), and which Pliny and others place opposite to Zeugma, but Strabo opposite to Samosata—were the Macedonian names of Bireh, or Birtha, "the embattled citadel," and of the castle attached to that city, and ever celebrated from remote antiquity to the time of the Crusades. Ptolemy, in his enumeration of sites along Upper Euphrates, has no notice of such places as Apamea or Seleucia—names which had but a temporary existence, derived as they were from the same vanity which, for a time, covered Anterior Asia with its Antiochs, its Seleucias, Apameas, and Laodiceas.

At Rum-Kal'eh, the river is pent up between perpendicular cliffs, and the road becomes more difficult; but some distance beyond, we came to a spot where the precipices retreated a little from the river, gaining at the same time in height, and where a town, somewhat to our surprise, presented itself, built upon the face of the cliff—half caverns, half artificial fronts, rising in successive ledges, tier above tier; and what was equally curious, with a narrow way, just feasible for horses, carried up in a zig-zag manner from one ledge to another, till the summit of the cliff was reached.

Though we can, perhaps, imagine none but rock-pigeons living in mossy caves, this is no more than a defect in our western knowledge.

It is no difficulty in the East where, to this day, the rock-dwelling is a familiar part of the economy of the people; and the idea of such is so interwoven into the imagery of Scripture, as almost to become a special feature in its language.

In the present instance they were tenanted, as is most frequently the case, by Christians—Armenians by birth; and the actual name of the place, Aïanha, attested at once to its antiquity, being apparently the same as the Aniana of Ptolemy, which he places near Porsica, and the site of which I recognised on another journey, at the neighbouring Yaïlash.

After traversing this troglodytic town, to the no small amusement of its secluded inhabitants, we took a south-easterly, or nearly retrograde direction across the plain, for a distance of only a few miles, to an Armenian village, bearing the same name, although sometimes distinguished as Dibbin. There were extensive vineyards around this otherwise stony spot; and its inhabitants supplied Port William with wine, so that our reception was most hospitable. Ruins of an old Christian church, and many other fragments of antiquity were met with around this place; where were also those curious pear-shaped cavities, the entrance to which is blocked up by a single large stone, and which Xenophon notices as reservoirs for wine in former times; but they do not appear to have been ever used for such purposes since the spread of Islamism.

The following day, we travelled to a village called Narsis, close by which was an artificial tel, or mound; and up an adjacent valley, watered by a small rivulet, were some cliffs, with excavated grottoes, both rock dwellings and sepulchral. This was, evidently, also a site of antiquity, and its name recalls that of several Armenian kings of note.

On this day's journey, while passing under some rocks, which overhung the river, so as to force us into its stream, Eden's sword fell out of its scabbard, and the waters were so deep, and the current so rapid, that we could not recover it. The present inhabitants of Narsis were Kurds, of quiet and hospitable manners.

Beyond this, we got into more open country, passing an occasional market-place, called Eïdle Bazar, where was a ferry on the river, leading, probably, to the site of Urema, an episcopacy of the middle ages, situate, according to Cellarius, between Samosata and the junction of the Singa River, called by its Macedonian name of Marsyas by Pliny. A little above this, a mass of shingly rock rose up at a bend of the river to a height of about a thousand feet, after which another curve led by a holy tomb, called Jemjemé, to Kantarah, a poor village of Kurds, opposite to Someïsat. After taking up our quarters at this place, we were ferried over to the exhibition of Turk poverty and decay, which now characterizes the once proud capital of the kings of Commagena.

We had a rather long interview with the governor, to whom Lynch presented a pair of pistols, and who, in return, was uncommonly obsequious; and we then walked through the town, which contains about four hundred houses of Kurds and Turkomans, with a scattering of Osmanli officials, and a few Armenian tradesmen, to the great mound, on which, probably, once stood the acropolis of the kings, and which is still crowned by the remains of ruined walls. This, indeed, with a few

marble fragments of columns, hewn stones, &c., to be met with here and there, and traces of the great aqueduct, by which the luxurious citizens, or a monarch's whim, brought the cold waters of the river of Claudias (Kakhtah), a distance of ten miles by the side of the less esteemed Euphrates, are all that remain to attest the existence of this once renowned city.

Pompous marriages, not always happy in their results, were celebrated at this spot, to unite, by more intimate alliances, countries ever alternating between wars and intrigues, which the power and genius of Pompey failed to find a solution to. As a Christian episcopacy, Samosata also became a hot bed of innovations, denounced as heretical by a jealous supremacy; but learning must have flourished even under such adverse circumstances, for it not only boasts of Lucian and Paul of Samosata among its illustrious names, but, according to Armenian tradition, it was here that Saint Mesrop obtained, by incessant prayer, the gift of the Armenian letters, and this so late as A.D. 406; it is a pity, for the steady progress of civilization, that they did not at such a time adopt the Latin alphabet.

Samosata lies in a beautiful open valley of the Euphrates, has a delightful climate, and a fertile soil, with abundance of water, and, therefore, with unlimited resources for a civilized people, and a good government. The passage at this place was distinguished, in ancient times, as the Zeugma of Commagena, and the Antonine and Theodosian tables have several roads leading to it. We corrected, on this occasion, a great error, still extant in all maps and geographies, and derived from mis-statements of the ancients, that it is at this point that the river Euphrates, after having had hitherto always a south-westerly course, assumes a south-easterly one—the fact is, that it flows onwards towards the Mediterranean, till it arrives at Rum-Kal'eh, where it takes its south-easterly bend, and from which curve, Mela was led to say, "Ni obstet Taurus in nostra Maria venturus."

It had gone abroad that a Hakim was of the party, and on our return to Kantarah, a native came, and without saying a word, threw himself full length at my feet. Upon raising him hastily, blushing to see humanity so prostrated, I found he was suffering under an inveterate leprosy, which left but little in my power to do for his relief.

A long ride of upwards of thirty miles across the ancient kingdom of Osrhoene, so called from Chosroes of Armenia, took us, in one day, from Samosata to Urfah, the ancient capital of the country. Advancing from the river's banks, the outline of country was at first tame, but it soon became broken up by volcanic ridges and cones, with deep intervening valleys, producing cereal grains, cotton, olives, and grapes; and these are succeeded, on approaching Urfah, by long lines of rock terraces and narrow valleys, which ultimately expand, to receive the city itself. On approaching the same, from the west, or from Bireh-jik, the country is more stony and naked, and the pathway difficult; but to the southward, the low, level plains of Mesopotamia extend from the foot of the hills, designated after the mighty hunter Nimrod, and from the gates of the town, to beyond the utmost boundaries of the visible horizon, giving to this ancient place a situation almost unequalled for splendour and magnificence.

Urfah, in its modern condition, has been carefully described by Mr.

Buckingham, who gives the length and breadth of the bazars, and a correct history of the contents thereof. It is a walled city, the circuit of its walls extending from two and a half to three miles; but the citadel, and many public buildings, including barracks and caravanserais, besides suburbs and extensive gardens, are without the walls. The vast mezars, or burial-grounds, common to all Mohammedan towns, with their various tombs, from the humble pillar supporting a sculptured turban to the lofty but ruinous imam, are also on the outskirts, and are here backed by far-stretching rock terraces, dotted with innumerable sepulchral grottoes.

The castle, which defends and commands the city, is a noble ruin, occupying the whole of a rocky ridge, a quarter of a mile long. It is defended on one side by a ditch, a work of great labour, and on the other by the steepness of the ascent. The interior is a mass of disorderly ruin, out of which two Corinthian columns still rear their lofty shafts; and I would call the attention of future travellers to an old inscription on a detached block lying near to these pillars, and which I made a vain attempt to copy, on a subsequent visit to the same city, in 1840.

Urfah is celebrated for its abundant springs of water; one of these, which I did not visit, is some distance from the town, and presents, as was related to us, the peculiar phenomena of gushing out at intervals with a roaring noise. This fountain supplies the stream called Daisan by the Syrians, and Scirto by the Greeks, both alluding to its sudden rises, and which have been known to occasion great damages, as related by Assemanni, from Denys, patriarch of the Jacobites, and confirmed by Evagrius, and other writers of the middle ages.

The other springs, two or three in number, have their origin in the valley between the castle hill, and the rise upon which the town is built. These sources are surrounded by shady groves, amid which they form ponds, and part of the waters is carried off by artificial canals to a marble reservoir in front of the mosque of Abraham—one of the most graceful and elegant specimens of Saracenic architecture to be met with in the East.

It was from the beautiful position of these waters, that the Greeks gave to Urfah the frequent designation of Callirhoe; but it is very uncertain if this is the city of that name to whose *thermal* waters Herod is made to repair, according to Josephus, in the Arabian mountains, beyond the Jordan. Certain it is, however, that, on the occasion of my second visit, in 1840, I examined closely the temperature of these springs, and found them to be above what may be considered as the mean temperature of the place, and therefore slightly thermal. Indeed, they never freeze, although the frosts at Urfah are often severe, as they preserve, in the midst of winter, a temperature equal to $69\frac{4}{5}$ Fahrenheit.

The sacred fish, which abound in these reservoirs—descendants, according to the traditions of the place, of the fish beloved by Abraham, but more probably a propagation of the ancient Syrian worship of the principle of fecundity—are not, it may be observed, carp, but barbel; nor are they fed upon *vegetables and leaves*, purchased for that purpose—at least, in the present day—but upon roast grains of maize, and other good things, sold upon the terrace of the reservoir. Buckingham estimates the number of fish at 20,000. It would be rather difficult to test the accuracy of such an estimate.

We did not fail, while at Urfah, to inquire concerning the tradition of our Saviour's correspondence with Abgar, and the transmission to that prince of a kerchief with the portrait of our Lord impressed upon it. We were shewn, at the Armenian Cathedral, after some demur, evidently occasioned by the fear of ridicule, a kerchief upon which our Saviour's face, according to the modern ideas of the divine countenance borrowed from Raphael, and by him from the apocryphal letter to Tiberius, was imprinted. They, however, merely stated this to be a copy of the original, which they said was lost in the miraculous spring before described. According to ecclesiastical tradition, however, the original was sold by the Saracens to the court of Constantinople for the sum of 12,000 pounds weight of silver, the redemption of two hundred Mussulman captives, and a perpetual truce for the territory of Urfah.

This Abgar, called Abgarus and Augarus by the Latins and Greeks, was the second of the dynasty, whose history has been illustrated by Bayer, in his work called "*Historia Osrhoena et Edessena ex nummis illustrata,*" Petrop., 1734; but he does not notice the Armenian chronicles, as preserved by the Father Chamich, and which relate that the name is derived from Arag-ayr, "excellent in wisdom," and that the first prince of that name founded, in Mesopotamia, a city which was called Abgar-Shat.

The Abgar, who rebuilt and fortified Edessa, and who, according to the same chronicles, held correspondence with our Lord, and embraced Christianity, removed thither in A.D. 14; and it is therefore probable, that the first of the name—the same who drew Crassus into an unfavourable position before his defeat, and who is called Ariamnes by Plutarch—resided at Nisibin, or Abgar-Shat, and not at Edessa.

Eusebius says, in his "Ecclesiastical History," (i. 13,) that he found a letter, written by Abgarus to our Saviour, in a church at Edessa, and that he translated it from the Syriac. This letter is, however, believed to be spurious, although it does not appear why such an epistle may not have been written. The tradition of such a correspondence is believed by all the Oriental churches indiscriminately; and yet Bell, in his geography, treats it as a fiction—a devout lie—which, he adds, has received credit among some episcopalian protestants, as Addison, and others, as if the amount of credulity among such was greater than amongst those whose boasted anagram is *best in prayer*.

The peculiarity of the position of Edessa, (the name which it received from the Macedonians, albeit the vanity of one gave to it, for a short time, that of Antiochea,) upon the dangerous verge of two long contending empires, has been so distinctly felt, and so ably expressed by Gibbon, as to leave us nothing to add thereunto. The last of the Abgars was sent in chains to Rome, by Caracalla; but the walls of their princely city witnessed his avengement, in the overthrow and capture of a Cæsar, in the person of Valerian, by the first Shapur. In the time of Heraclius, it was reduced by the Saracens, under Izedi. After it became a principality under the Crusaders, it was captured by Nur-ed-din, ata beg of Mosul; and I have seen two pieces of ordnance at the citadel of that city, which belonged to the Christian counts of Edessa. Thirty-eight years afterwards, it was again reduced by the victorious Saleh-ed-din. This unfortunate city was also devastated

by the Moguls, under Hulagu, and by the Tatars, under Teïmur. It passed under the dominion of the Osmanlis in the reign of Selim I.

During the middle ages, it attained high eminence as a seat of ecclesiastical learning and power. If not the actual residence of Saint James the Apostle, the patron saint of the place, it was certainly that of James Baradæus, the founder of the Syrian Monophysite or Jacobite heresy, and who is said to have ordained the enormous number of 80,000 bishops, priests, and deacons. It was, also, the stronghold of Nestorius, in the time of his persecution; and it was from hence that Abraham, afterwards Bishop of Beth Raban, went forth to spread the Nestorian doctrine throughout the East. Many, however, suffered martyrdom in the same city; among whom was Adæus, sent thither by Saint Thomas.

But we wish to allude more particularly to the traditions connected with Urfah in relation to the patriarch Abraham, in order, as will be easily done, to take them from that latitudinarianism which has led the father of Isaac to be regarded as the mere representative of the patriarchal principle.

The first of these is the tradition which has consecrated, throughout all times, Urfah as the birth-place of the patriarch. It is identified with its Syrian name, Urhoi, and its actual name Urfah, and which was the "Ur of the Chaldees," where we know from holy writ that Terah dwelt, and Abraham's brother, Haran, was born. There is no variation in the universality of this tradition; and the identity of Urfah and Ur is supported by the authority of Mohammedan writers.

Many, however, following Eupolemus, as quoted by Eusebius, identify the Ur of the Chaldees with Urchoe in Babylonian Chaldea, which is opposed to scriptural authority, which places Ur in Mesopotamia, and from which latter place the promised land does not lie in the direction which the same Scriptures describe the patriarch as following, in his migration from his fatherland to the land of Canaan. This Ur in Babylonian Chaldea, now Mugeïyer, although not the Ur of Genesis, appears to be that mentioned by Isaiah, when he says, "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwelt in the wilderness."

The learned Bochart, also, unfortunately confounded the Ur of the Chaldees with Atra, now Al Hadhr, which is called by Ammianus, "Ur, the castle of the Persians," and by him only, having, itself, neither traditions nor monuments of Assyrian times connected with it. These two erroneous deductions have created much confusion in Biblical geography, as also in Historical descriptions concerning the origin of the Chaldees.

The next remarkable tradition is that which relates that Nimrod ordered Abraham to be thrown into a fiery furnace at this place, for his refusal to worship fire; and the flame of which furnace was so intense, that the famous Manjanik, or Mangonel, was, according to the Orientals, first used on this occasion.

This tradition is not, however, peculiar to Urfah; it is attached to the Birs Nimrod, where the Arabs say the event took place; and by the Persians and Kurds, to the mound of Manjanik, in Luristan, as well, also, to Tashun, (the name of which is derived from Atash, fire,) in the same country.

It will remind the reader, in some of its particulars, of the "burn-

ing fiery furnace," into which Nebuchadnezzar cast the three Jews; but it belongs, in reality, to a more remote antiquity, and is connected with the "Ur," or fire, of the Chaldees; for Colonel Rawlinson truly remarks, that the fire worshippers of the East all refer the institutions of their religion to this legend of Nimrod and the patriarch.

It has been frequently proposed to read Ur in the acceptation of "country," but the Jewish rabbins are unanimous in translating the word as fire, or light, and it is the version given in the Vulgate.* It would appear, thus, simply to refer to the spot where the primordial fire of the Chaldeans burnt, and which was in all times distinguished from the "Ur," or fire temple, of the Persians at Atra, by its designation of Ur of the Chaldees, and which same fire was transferred to the mound of Urchoe during the Chaldæo-Babylonian empire.†

There is every reason, from the study of antiquity, to believe that the original creed of the Chaldeans was that propagated with various modifications by the Sabæans and Persians. Their god Oannes, the Hermes of mythology, sprang, according to Berosus, from the sun; and light was regarded as the eternal substance itself, until the learned Magians of the Babylonian Ur gave a body and form to the primordial worship.

It is not impossible that Abraham, to whom the knowledge of one God was divinely vouchsafed, underwent persecutions in his own country, from his disregard to the received divinity, previous to his migration to the promised land. All Oriental traditions refer to something of the kind; and it is even related, that he was imprisoned in the city of Accad; but this tradition of his *auto-da-fé* can have no further foundation in truth than his connexion with "Ur of the Chaldees." And it will be observed, that the term Manjanik may have been derived from the Greek "Manganicon," a military engine; but the use of the Mangonel was not known to the Orientals till the time of the Crusades, so that this is a very modern addition to the original legend.

Whether the Chaldeans were descendants of Cush, or of Arphaxad, as advocated by some, or of Chased, (who was not born at the time of Abraham's dwelling at "Ur,") as advocated by others, does not affect these considerations; nor do the various discussions as to their nomadic existence in countries to the northwards; it is sufficient for our purpose, that Ur is first noticed in Holy Writ in the time of Terah, the father of Abraham, and in connexion with the patriarch and his brethren; and the distinction established between the Ur of the Chaldees and the Ur of Babylonia, facilitates a far greater extent of Biblical inquiry than is connected with the origin of the Chaldees as a people anterior to the Chaldæo-Babylonian empire.

The third tradition is that which points out a recent Mohammedan tomb as the sepulture of Abraham, at Urfah. This would be scarcely worthy of notice, except as having, perchance, originated from the

* Isaiah, xxiv, 15, where the word Ur occurs in the Hebrew, is translated by Bochart *in vallibus celebrate Dominum*; but in the Vulgate, "In the fires."

† Julian notices Edessa as sacred from time immemorial to the sun; and where, in company with the orb of day, were worshipped Momimum and 'Azizum, whom Jamblicus, as quoted by the emperor, identifies, the one with Mercury and the other with Mars. We have still, in the present day, the hills called Abd el 'Aziz, "the Exalted," in the same neighbourhood.

interment here of his brother Haran, who died at this city, which was the place of his nativity.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, when we started across the plains of Mesopotamia towards the ruins of Haran, the great city of the Sabæans, little less distinguished than Edessa itself. The mirage was playing all kinds of fantastic tricks, not allowing us to distinguish a thing even at a few miles distance, covering the land with a sheet of brilliant water, and converting every object, even the smallest stone or bush, into some gigantic or strange creation, and magnifying a mere hut into a vast castle, with "cloud-capped towers" in the strictest sense of the words.

The plain was fertile, but little cultivated, and irrigated by numerous meandering streams, derived from the rivulet of Urfah, and the river of Jalab (Kalaba), and which, with other streams descending from the Nimrod hills, unite to form the Bilecha, the "Royal River" of Strabo, often called after the city whose walls it washes, the river of Haran, or of Carrhæ, but with various orthography, especially among the Byzantine writers.*

On reaching the site of Haran, we found that this renowned city occupied a slight rocky eminence on the plain; that the walls still remained, as well also as an extensive castle of Mohammedan times; and within the precincts, the traces or foundations of many large buildings were still evident. We set to work immediately, as this was a first European visit, making admeasurements for a plan of the place, and more especially of an extensive ruin, which we all judged to be that of a temple; but the extraordinary mirage which had prevailed all the morning, was succeeded by a hurricane of wind, which raised the dust in such a dense cloud as to produce great confusion, and render our task one of no ordinary difficulty; and we were, ultimately, obliged to repair to the shelter of the castle, which we found tenanted by some poor Arabs. The only sculpture we met with was that of a lion, rudely executed, lying outside the walls, and we found no inscriptions.

Buckingham makes a strange mistake in placing Haran two days' journey from Urfah; its towers and castle are visible from the citadel walls of that city, from which it is only a ride of four or five hours, for the abundant waters render the road devious. Benjamin of Tudela notices it as two days' journey from Dakia, by which he means Rakka, and not Antiochea.

There can be little doubt from the preservation of name—from the position in Mesopotamia, and from its neighbourhood to Ur—that the city was named after Abraham's brother, and is the same as that to which the patriarch and his father repaired from the last-named city. There are few dissenting voices to this conclusion, except from those who do not admit the first identification, to which in fact the existence of Haran lends a corroborative testimony. The orientals have no demur in the question. Yakut, in his great Lexicon, under the head Harrán, says, that the first founder of this famous city, is supposed to have been Rán, the brother of the patriarch Abraham; and he is said, in memory thereof, to have imposed his name upon it.

Bochart thinks that it is also the city, called Nahor, in Holy Writ, and whither the patriarch's servant went in search of Rebekah; but it

* Stephanus of Byzantium calls it Cyrus.

is not likely that in the Pentateuch, and during the lifetime of one individual, we should have the same place referred to under two different names. Nahor was a third city of the patriarchs in Mesopotamia, which remains to be discovered.

It is a curious thing that the same learned author also confounds the Haran of Mesopotamia with the city of the same name in Media, and which was the Charran of Tobit, the Aïreyana ("the pure") of the Zend-Avesta, and, according to Rawlinson, the Ecbatana of Atropatene; while the latter learned traveller confounds the Harrán of Yakut with the Median city. It seems most probable, that when Mes'udi notices, among the fire-temples anterior to Zoroaster, one at the city of Shiz, and another at Arran, that the Median Ar-ran and Shiz, or Ecbatana, being the same, the other was the temple of Haran in Mesopotamia, so celebrated in all antiquity. It would appear that as early as in the time of Job, the Sabæans of Haran became distinguished from the Chaldeans; for in virtue of the compact made between the Deity and Satan, the Sabæans fell upon his oxen and asses, while the Chaldeans fell upon the camels, the land of Uz being admitted as the land of Ur.

Although the fortunes of Haran, afterwards Carrhæ (variously written) of the Romans, were very various, and the Crusaders were defeated before its walls, there is no historical fact from which it derives so much interest as from the melancholy fate of Crassus and his son. It is to be regretted that I have no space here to explain this remarkable campaign, which the Roman apologists (servilely copied by Gibbon) have caused to abound in error. Crassus, it could be easily shewn, crossed the Euphrates at the bridge near Hierapolis; nor was he so much misled as is supposed by Abgar, but rather caught in an ambush laid for him on the banks of the Bilecha, where his son fell a victim to his ardour. Carrhæ—"Carræ clade Crassi nobiles"—afforded no shelter to the pro-consul; but he was driven towards the mountains of Masius, where Octavius made a stand near Sinnaca, or Sinna, while the unfortunate Roman was slain in a neighbouring marsh, such as are common in that district, and where, at the foot of Masius, I found, in 1840, the remains of a large walled city, remarkable for its extensive and superb Necropolis, now called Koh-Hisar, this city, from the peculiarity of its position, I am inclined to identify with the Sinna of Ptolemy, and the Syna of the Jews; which, as an episcopate of the Chaldeans, under the name of Sena, is particularly described as being between Edessa and Amida. The description of the apologists of Galerius and of Crassus, "of a smooth and barren surface of sandy desert, without a hillock, without a tree, and without a spring of fresh water," is not applicable to any portion of Mesopotamia which is washed by the waters of the numerous tributaries of the Bilecha and the Khabur. Horace, with more justice, frequently reverts, in terms of indignant sorrow, to campaigns so inglorious to the Romans.

Quitting Haran, we travelled in a direction a little southward of east, over an undulating country with fertile valleys, alternating with low but barren and stony tracts. These tracts were thinly populated; but we arrived in the evening at a large Arab encampment, where we met with unbounded hospitality from these children of the tent. They quarrelled which should take our horses from us; and we had not

been five minutes in the encampment before two goats were slain for an immediate repast, while black Nubian slaves were keeping the pestle and mortar in quick movement, to supply a constant succession of little cups of coffee.

The next day, crossing some low hills of similar character, we came upon a great plain, watered by abundant streams, and studded with the villages of the Arabs, who had now repaired to the summer pasturages. The houses in these villages were, for want of wood to form roofs, built with semicircular domes, and appeared like so many beehives. The plain was everywhere cultivated, and about fifteen miles long by seven broad, in each of the villages, there were from fifty to a hundred domed huts; and we counted forty of these villages within view at the same time. This is the most productive rice country in Mesopotamia, and in the centre of so remarkable a spot stood the fourth patriarchal city of the Chaldees—Serug, or Sarug. Excepting one upright column, this site presented nothing to our anxious researches, (for no Europeans had previously visited these secluded regions;) but traces of edifices, and fragments of ruin, without form or shape, still covered a considerable extent of ground. It is a city that has been very nearly swept from the face of the earth, and almost its name alone is still preserved among the Arabs, who guided us to these faint vestiges of a once populous and commercial city. For the same site, be it known, was familiar to history by the name of Batnæ, Batne, or Batnas. Stephanus calls it Bonchas. It was a distinguished episcopacy in the middle ages,* and its bishops are recorded as of Batnæ, or Sarug, fully proving the identity of the two places. It was the nearest city to the bridge of Hierapolis on Euphrates, and was thus visited by Julian, who crossed the river at that place. It was then an opulent city, and had an annual fair in the month of September, to which merchants from India, with silks and other goods, repaired. This, from Ammianus. Procopius describes it, in Justinian's time, as an obscure town; and as it was held by Chosroes, (Kesra Anushirwan,) the royal mason did not repair its fortunes.

At the southern extremity of the great plain of Sarug, and at a distance of several miles from the ruins of that city, are to be seen, lying on the ground, two colossal lions, hewn in very fine-grained basalt, with considerable art. Eden took sketches of these remarkable sculptures which are in Colonel Chesney's possession. It is impossible to form an idea how they came in their present position, or at what time they were sculptured. There is no basaltic rock in the immediate neighbourhood, and it is most probable that they were on their way to the Euphrates, when their further progress was arrested by those fatalities of war which were so common on the Mesopotamian plains. It is much to be wished, that such splendid specimens of art were rescued from their present inglorious position.

After a long and fatiguing ride, we arrived the next evening at Port-William, where we found that the "Euphrates" steamer had dropped a few miles down the river; so, quitting my companions, I joined my own ship, and shall be thus enabled to give with the New Year, the first paper relating to a first navigation of that celebrated river.

* Edessa, as a Christian metropolis, held under its diocese four episcopacies—Haran, Callinicus (Rakkah), Batnæ or Sarug, and Birtha (Birehjik).

BONNY KATE.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Now Hallowtide, I wend my way along the yellow glen,
And hear no more, amid my paths, the robin and the wren;
But near me is my "bonny Kate," coquetting o'er the green—
A blossom she, yet not the flower, that's born to blush unseen.

The fibrous woodbine, lover-like, which round the maple hung,
That *rendezvous* rememb'rest, when our intercourse was young?
The briony, whose fond embrace the hazel boughs confined,
The lowly fern, the eglantine, and harebell in the wind?

Secure from thine entangling wiles, I kept my thoughts in vain,
And what thy freedom did ensnare, thy witch'ry will retain;
The more you hide, the more I seek—my merry Kate's design,
And bow to thee as goblets stoop to catch the ruby wine.

If not so constant as the light in Hero's chamber shed,
Thy flick'ring spirit charms me more by keeping me in dread—
So prized, th' uncertain diet is beyond a plenteous store,
As sailors snatch a wafted breath from off th' Arabian shore.

Thy mortal loveliness is wove in such a varied woof,
Entwining with a silken smile the fibres of reproof;
A sherbet to my longing taste, the contraries which meet,
And elevate my grateful soul, the citron and the sweet.

Thus, as their eyes, the followers of Mahomet consume,
When once they have but gazed upon the holy prophet's tomb,
So, in my heart's religion, thou shalt be my equal guide,
For, looking on thy pretty face, I'm blind to all beside.

As pyramids are measured by their shadows on the plain,
So is thy beauty, by the troop of suitors in thy train;
And as, unmingling with the Rhone, flows fair Geneva's lake,
So you preserve untainted grace amidst the rustic wake.

Like Memnon's harp, which poets tell, emits responsive lay
When heated by the magic touch of orient Phœbus' ray,
So sympathetic thought to thee in harmony replies,
When blood is kindled by the force of those refulgent eyes.

Thou warm'st me with the blandishment of sparkling Lelage,
Or with designing Pyrrha's arts—her bland *coquetterie*—
And thus my dainty sciolist, so learnèd in thine Art,
For once, I deem there is a grace which beggars Nature's part.

Thine anger, pr'ythee, now dismiss, if anger you pursue,
For if I stole one single kiss, I fairly paid thee two;
From death to fetters, by my judge, commuted be my crime,
By Hymen's statute, "benefit of clergy," give, this time.

A saint there is, Theresa named, who says, the sinner's fate
Hereafter is to live unloved—more desolate than hate—
I know not that; but this I know, without the saint's decree,
The best of mortal promise is, to be beloved by thee.

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"HERE he is! Come this way; turn sharply round the corner;—that will do; he's gone by!"

"Here he comes! But he doesn't see us; no! push on; all right—I breathe again!"

"By Jupiter, he is bearing down upon us now, full sail—there's no avoiding him this time. Here he comes, and it is all over with us. Here's the Man with a Grievance!"

Such are the hazards daily run by saunterers in the streets of great cities; by the idler and the man of business, the apathetic veteran and the enthusiastic youth. All are fish that come to the net of the man with a grievance. He is not particular about his listener, but a listener he must catch. In a case of desperation, the crossing-sweeper or the applewoman—what sufferings will sad humanity undergo for a penny!—must be seized upon as a recipient of the story of his wrongs.

Grievances are, no doubt, excellent things for the English. The great practical utility of these expedients is not to be denied. They exactly suit the temper of the people; and, perhaps, the constitution of the popular mind might not remain long so very healthy without them. Luckily, redress is always conceded slowly and cautiously; for mere redress can be effected at any time; but a fine animated ventilating grievance is not so easily to be had. Yet have we sometimes, when meeting a man of the stamp indicated, been selfish and unpatriotic enough to wish that there were no grievances!

The man with a grievance rushes upon you in all places, and at all seasons. As you are hurrying to the theatre (people generally hurry to the theatre), or entering a banker's just on the eve of shutting up. You may be going to church for what he cares. As you are hastening home to dinner, or proceeding, late as usual, to dine at a friend's, with nine persons waiting for you; as you are speeding to receive the payment due at twelve o'clock, your only chance of getting it; as you are flying to embrace the darling daughter, separated from you for a long twelvemonth; or dashing onwards with the design of kicking somebody, two miles off, to whom you bear a delicious, a heart-exalting grudge; at all these times, will the man with a grievance lay violent hands upon you, and remorselessly pour his horrid tale into your ear. He would have stopped a highwayman on the road to Tyburn, but that the condemned would naturally have preferred hanging to hearing.

Nay, to put a stronger and more frequent case, the man with a grievance has not the slightest hesitation in stopping you, if he can, when you are going to be married; in arresting your progress the instant the ceremony is performed; in catching hold of the bridegroom by the new bright button as he is starting for Honeymoon Hall, just as he has set his foot upon the carriage step—coolly assuring that gentleman that the little narrative of his injuries will not occupy five minutes, and adding, "Doubtless, this lovely lady would like to listen for that limited period! Madam, when I was in Jamaica, at the end of '38——!" But for the cracking sting of the whip, ostensibly designed for one of the four bits of blood who are to dash off with the "happy

couple," but carefully transferred to the leg of the man with a grievance, he would infallibly talk his way into the interior of a West Indian hardship in no time.

It would answer no amusing or useful purpose to discriminate between the several varieties of men with grievances; the shades of difference are too slight, and consequently the ill-used are too much alike. The chief distinction to be noticed generally lies in the grievances complained of, of which the varieties are endless.

The man with a grievance is especially to be avoided when he has had a play damned—but still more, when the drama, triumphantly successful, has been withdrawn after three nights. Beware how he catches you on the fourth day. If you escape without an ear-ache, and the total loss of your morning, you are lucky indeed. To argue with him lengthens his complaint; to be silent encourages him to proceed; and to sympathize with him—worse! In all probability he will dedicate the play to you!

The West Indian hardship before adverted to, a Canadian grievance, or any stock colonial abomination, arms him rather formidably for an attack upon you. The assault is sure to be tedious, and has but one termination — that a tremendous and devastating hurricane (with which the Colonial office had something rather mysterious to do) came to crown the work, and swept his property to ruin, while it passed harmlessly over the estates of others. In that sometimes the chief sting lies.

Army and navy grievances, quarrels with government and great public companies, battles with foreign states fought through the ambassador's bag, interminable contests with parochial authorities, and elaborate expositions of the wrongs endured in shipping, mining, and canal speculations, together with episodes relative to Spanish securities and American stock,—all form pretty features in pamphlets, but are apt to be cold subjects of conversation in St. Paul's Churchyard when the wind is sharp.

Avoid the man with a grievance, when the sole parties in his cause happen to be his ex-bosom-friend and himself. He will gesticulate fiercely if Japan be his enemy; he will fly with a respectable exasperation at the throat of Russia, when she wrongs him; but if the foe be his late crony, Nokes, then is there no limit to his ire or story. He assuredly rises high in wrath when he persuades himself that the Bank of England and the East India Company are (with Treasury connivance) in a conspiracy to defraud and ruin him; but only take him when Styles is the hero of the tale—when that friend of his soul is the author of all his grievances—and then send home to your family to say that you expect to be particularly engaged until Friday.

Yes; his anger is a smart cataract, when pouring on a state or an institution; but he reserves his "grand fall" for a cut companion. "That *person*, sir!" It would be a farce to suggest to his fancy such mild and loving images as tigers, crocodiles, mad dogs, scorpions, and tarantulas, while "that *person!*" rides on the whirlwind of his wrath. Rush to the nearest railway, when the man with a grievance gets upon this line of injury.

When the man with a grievance has been for a short season within a bankruptcy court, you will find his statement considerably longer than the *Times* report, and differing from that journal in many

important facts. When he has been ill-used upon a railway—at its terminus, or its hotel——but, in this instance, you may as well quietly listen, for it may possibly be your own case next week. When you hear that, as defendant in an action, the damages are rather heavy against him, get out of town. If he should be nonsuited in his character of plaintiff, have your knocker tied up: it will be hardly safe to venture out for a day or two. Especially take care, when he happens to have found his way into a police report: meeting him at that period in an omnibus going west, spring into the one that is passing, going east—never mind your neck.

Some of these, it is true, are but temporary grievances; and although they are very wearisome and direful in their consequences at the time, they evaporate in words, and the patient, met at the end of a fortnight, has ceased to be dangerous. The great peril lies in the direction of the real, the permanent grievance; that which, having once given motion to the tongue, keeps it going. Where the true grievance exists, there can exist but one. The man that has this, has no minor or temporary injuries, and by it he is to be known.

It is needless, then, to warn even the most unwary that the man with the grievance talks of nothing else, and listens to the revelations of others with reluctance. Nobody seems particularly anxious to sit next to him at dinner: no wonder, when, before the fish has quite disappeared, he has entered upon the details of his contest with the Horse Guards, dating nine years back. Cheese will hardly bring him to the present day; so that the dinner has been devoted to preliminaries, and what he called the real interest of the narrative is reserved for the dessert.

In the mixed assembly, you may know the man with a grievance at a glance; persons where he sits or walks move rather nervously away. But, as he stands looking round the room for his likeliest prey, some slight acquaintance, observing him silent and companionless, innocently bows, and is instantly hooked past recal, by the deadly angler with a grievance. A faint struggle at the end of five minutes, a desperate movement of escape in a quarter of an hour, with a fidgetty and agitated manner kept up during the long interval, only reveal the helplessness of the victim—the unhappy listener caught in the fatal lures of the man with a grievance.

For the first few years, he will feel it politic to make his approaches guardedly. Thus, he will wait for a lucky turn of the conversation, or affect to be reminded, by something present, of his pet subject. But as life wears out, the man with a grievance can afford to indulge no longer in the delicacy of such delay. He can have no mercy for his hearer—his heart becomes full, too full, of himself alone. He plunges at once into the familiar mystery of his grievance, ceremonious prelude flung aside. He is more incensed at his injury, and more in love with the story, every time he relates it, and cannot now pretend to conceal his total indifference to anything you may have to say in reply. You are not to speak, but to hear.

If he can get near enough to you to whisper, he will begin his tale in the quiet room, while the timid young singer is delighting the company. He has no ears, no sight, no sense of fitness; only a tongue, and an eager, restless consciousness that life is intolerable without a listener. He must recount his wrongs again, or madden

with the agony of suspense—of a sense of injury, suppressed for several weary, painful silent hours. He is the man with a grievance.

Misery is often a merciful teacher, doubtless ; and pain, while it tries the temper, softens the heart. But these effects are rarely observable in the case of the character described. The man with the grievance is not improved by affliction. His injuries only irritate and harden him. He is consequently selfish—entirely selfish. He has no feeling for a country laid waste, no sympathy for a trampled people ; he can as little compassionate a class, as share an individual grief. He cares neither for the many, nor the few, nor the one—except himself. His grievance converts him to stone, iron, ice. The most generous and amiable nature, quick to pity and aid misfortune, has been perverted, by the infliction of a wrong, into utter selfishness. We always commiserate while we shun the man with a grievance, on this account.

There is a device that he sometimes adopts which demands especial mention, in the form of warning to the unwary. It is when he abjures the first person singular, and merges the autobiographer in the historian or the dramatist. We were once (thanks to a sad want of caution !) impaled for three hours by one of the most merciless of the tribe—when the pronoun "I" at the opening would have saved us. With what an impersonal and abstract interest he commenced ! with what a forgetfulness of self, he entered upon his history ; how cunningly he contrived to hint that it only affected him because it affected mankind ! And when he had concluded the all but interminable narrative of another's wrong, with what exultation, transcended only by our rage, did he exclaim,—

"Behold in me the hero of the tale ! I am the very victim ! It is I who yet live to relate to *all* who approach me the story of that intolerable grievance !"

He the victim ! No, but we well know who was : and as for the grievance being his, it became our own by the mere relation of it. And let this be borne in recollection, that it is always in the power of the man with a grievance to communicate his own infirmity to his hearer ; who having listened long against his will—and then again, in spite of his ears—and then again and again, contrary to his hundred registered vows and oaths—goes home, brooding, sullen, savage—a man with a grievance !

And now we approach the brief consideration of one particular order of grievance, the mention of which is fatal to the listener's peace for four and twenty hours. We have lightly touched on a few of the grievances which commonly send forth the man of prey upon his rounds, seeking whom he may devour :—whom, like the ant-eating sloth, he may catch upon his outspread tongue, and then comfortably draw it in. Of these, the contest with governments, and the quarrels with friends, the loss of property, and the destruction of reputation, may be passingly remembered ; but all these are trifles. The condemned play, and the suppressed correspondence with the Secretary at War, are pleasant reminiscences compared with that grievance, the lightest word of which should "harrow up the soul" of the hearer. It is—

The "Wife" of the Man with a Grievance !

When he mentions *her*—when *she* turns out to be the grievance—— but no, there is a limit to the speed of steam ; few mail-trains can go fast enough !

Let his grievance take any shape but that. Let it approach in the likeness of ingrate sons, rascal friends, doctors who have mistaken your lungs for your liver, daughters who have married dancing-masters ; ten thousand forms it may take ; but the firmest nerves must tremble if the man with a grievance should seek to introduce it in the shape of his wife. Human nature is not all Indian-rubber ; it cannot be so stretched. The time will come when it must snap ; and now is the hour !

Some Italian rhyme compares life to a wheel, which always goes round silently when it goes well. It is so with a wife. The men who live happily with their wives, and love them as they ought to do, never mention their names ; never, at all events, if they do say a word or two, make them the heroines of a long story. *Ergo*, when a man begins to talk a volume about his wife, she begins to be his grievance.

Should such be his theme, then, when he meets you in the open unbarricaded streets of London, should the man with a grievance only start the most distant suspicion of his design to allude to his wife—sham a spasm ; invent an appointment at Buckingham-palace ; vow (by the heathen gods, and throw in the goddesses) that it is pouring with rain, and hear nothing to the contrary ;—remember that your grandfather, who died in 1807, is suddenly taken alarmingly ill ;—but be off ! Go ; no matter which way ; fly, as you would from the edge of a jungle where you espied the eyes of a famished tigress glaring through the green and yellow duskiness. But that is a poor tame image. Stand not then upon the order of your going, but go at once, as if Lady Macbeth were holding the two daggers to your throat ! If that would not move you, you deserve to hear the whole story of the man with a grievance, when his soul aches to impress you with the inexpressible wickedness of his wife. Yet humanity, though deeply sinful, can rarely deserve this extreme misery !

These parting allusions to a lady, in association with the man with a grievance, suggest to the shrinking imagination a faint image of the Woman with a Grievance ! Ah ! the Captain will be a bold man who tells her story !

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER III.

THE CURATE'S TROUBLES AT HOME.

"God only knows," thought Mr. Westerwood, as he trod his homeward path—"God only knows for what suffering I am reserved ! But come what may, never shall my trust in Him be shaken! In His infinite wisdom and benevolence, it becomes every one of his creatures to place infinite trust. If ignorance did not blind us, we should behold in what appears to be His frown, a smile of love. Nevertheless, in the weakness of our flesh—in the imperfection of our understanding—in the impatience of our waywardness—murmurs and groans, and sad tears will escape us. God, however, knowing our infirmity, will pardon it, and work out His own good purpose, regardless of our

frowardness. Blessed be his name! Praises, beyond the power of human thought, are due to Him; for surely, as 'I live and move and have my being,' He, from the first, has ordained for us nothing but kindness—kindness for all the poor offspring of His hand—kindness for me, and for the thoughtless man whom I have just seen."

Elevated by these ideas—these truths which Heaven had permitted to fall into his soul—our curate was able, in strength of body and mind, to plod towards his home, which, so comforting were his ruminations, he reached with scarcely any consciousness of the distance. The door was opened by his wife.

"Constance," said Mr. Westerwood, as he entered his house, "you look pale, agitated, sorely troubled. What is the matter?—what has happened?"

"Lucy," she replied, "is very ill—dear Lucy!"

The curate staggered, like one who had received a blow. This was a fearful accession to his misery. That the illness, however sudden, must be of an alarming character, he well knew by his wife's manner. Mrs. Westerwood was a woman whom nothing but real and imminent danger could affect. She would not have looked pale and dispirited at any ordinary evil.

"Ill!" echoed the curate; "Lucy ill! When did you discover this?"

"When I went to call up the girls, after you left us," responded Mrs. Westerwood. "She was then burning with fever, and, to a certain degree, delirious."

Now, Lucy was our curate's eldest child. He doated on her with boundless love. Not that his affection for her was greater than he bore towards his other daughters; still, he would miss her more, seeing that she was almost his sole companion. Whenever he sat down in his narrow room to compose sermons, Lucy was by his side, handing him such books as he might require for reference; and, under his direction, turning to those parts of the Scriptures he needed as vindicating his doctrine. To lose her, would be to undergo a calamity greater than his strength could bear.

"I will go up and see her, Constance," he said, dejectedly. "Have you had medical advice?"

"Such as I could procure," replied Mrs. Westerwood. "The apothecary has been here."

"What does he say?"

"That she has got scarlet fever. He is not without fear that the other children will be infected."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the curate. "The two girls must have a bed on the floor in the parlour. This will be but a poor chance for escape; but it is the only one we can give them. I will now go and see Lucy."

The parents, accordingly, repaired to their child's bed. There lay the sufferer, panting in the hot grasp of her malady. Her face was deformed by scarlet spots. She lifted her eyes to her father and mother; but with scarcely any sign of recognition. Such a sight as this would have been most distressing to any parents. How greatly was the agony increased when it fell upon persons so ill provided with means to alleviate the calamity!

"We have greater need than ever," said Mr. Westerwood, in an undertone, "to pray for fortitude. Evils come thickly on us."

"Then you have bad news from the rectory," said his wife.

"My visit has not been satisfactory," observed he, in an evasive tone.

"You shall tell me all about it in a few minutes," resumed she; "meanwhile, I must give Lucy her medicine."

This having been accomplished with some difficulty, the sad pair sat down together by their child's bedside, and our curate told his wife the result of his interview with the rector. When he had ceased Constance, exclaiming, "You are sinking, Godfrey, for want of food!" went down stairs, and quickly returned with some refreshment.

"I repeat," said she, almost in a whisper, but with marked emphasis—"I repeat that Doctor Bruiner, though a priest, is not a Christian. Eat, Godfrey—eat," she added, seeing her husband put aside his plate after swallowing only a mouthful; "you must *try* to eat. We must keep up our strength, you know, as well as we can; for we have much to suffer. But, perhaps, after your toilsome walk, you are too thirsty to eat. See, here is a glass of beer; drink it, dear Godfrey, 'twill refresh you."

Poor man! he needed support. The draught did him good; and after taking a little more of the solid nourishment, he inquired if his wife could account for the sudden fever which had seized their daughter.

"Why," replied she, "Lucy, you know, is now twelve years of age; and I sometimes fear that she perceives our wants, and is unhappy. She must have been some time unwell, though we did not detect it. It is a bitter aggravation of our misery that it should shut out the natural light from a child's heart."

"Bitter indeed!" exclaimed the curate. "Then you think, Constance, that our poor girl has pined herself into this malady."

Mrs. Westerwood was silent; but she took her husband's hand, while tears rolled down her face. And thus they sat in a grief-stricken quiet, broken only by the young sufferer's feeble moans.

"Be of hope, my Constance!" at length ejaculated Mr. Westerwood. "Be assured that God will relieve us. He only can. Let us lift up our hearts to Him. In the stillness of this sick chamber, I can hear his gracious bidding: 'Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Listening to these sounds, how can I despond? Kneel, Constance. Let us pray."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CURATE IS STILL FURTHER TRIED.

Blessed is prayer! Prayer is left us when everything else is denied. It "comforteth the weak-hearted, and raiseth up them that fall." If it spring not merely from the lips, it descends again upon the heart, reviving it, even as the children of Israel were revived when God rained down manna before them, while they murmured and languished and starved in the wilderness. Blessed is prayer!

Our curate and his wife felt its sacred influence, and were strengthened when they arose from kneeling. Even the sick child seemed more composed, though her visage was still metamorphosed by the fearful scarlet stain.

"I will go now," said Mr. Westerwood, "and attend to our worldly affairs. Give me the accounts, Constance. I shall not be long in discharging them."

The good man proceeded on his mission—paid his debts, and returned to his sorrowful home with one guinea in his pocket. With this sum he must meet the many exigencies of sickness—with this he must also help out such little needs as could not be answered from credit.

Mr. Westerwood's return to his house was again destined to be gloomed by fate. He learned that his two other children had sickened with the fever. For this the curate was, in a manner prepared. No word, no thought of impatience, escaped him. He felt the efficacy of his prayer, and was strong in trust on Heaven.

"They shall lie together in our bed, Constance," said he. "Thus the three will be on one floor; you and I can sit up and nurse them together. When we want sleep, we will take our watch alternately. But, sleeping or waking, let us unfailingly depend on the goodness of Providence."

"Our trial is a grievous one, Godfrey," replied Mrs. Westerwood; "in any case, I am resigned. The All-wise knows better than we what is fit for us."

Having said this, Constance put her two girls to bed; and, though destitute of such things as sickness might need, busied herself in making arrangements for alleviating the sufferings of her stricken children. Her confined house had become an hospital, only that all appurtenances thereto were wanting. The solitary guinea, however, held out some hope. It was long since she had had command of such a sum. This, therefore, while it lasted, should be devoted to the young invalids.

The apothecary was again sent for, and his report was more gloomy than before. It was necessary that the house should be provided with dietary requisites for sick chambers. Mrs. Westerwood accordingly sallied forth to purchase those articles, with which she returned laden.

"See Godfrey," said she, "here is some sago, a little fruit, a pot of currant jelly, and other comforts which I think our invalids will require. I have disbursed eight shillings, Godfrey, of which sum part was spent for this pint of wine. I should not like to be without something for you in your night watches."

"You always think of me, dear Constance," said the curate with a sigh, "and never of yourself."

"Well, well," returned she," I will take a little of it with you, should I feel weary."

"Do, my love," responded Mr. Westerwood, "'twill help to beguile our melancholy vigil."

"And now," resumed Constance, "I will deposit my remaining stock of money carefully, else I may mislay it. My silver and gold are in different pockets. Here are the half crown and sixpence," continued she; "and now for the half-guinea in my other pocket."

It was not there! She drew forth the contents and minutely inspected them. No coin was found. She then turned her pocket inside out, and discovered that part of the seam was open. Through this the half-guinea must have dropped.

"Woe is me!" she ejaculated, sinking into a chair; "I have lost the greater part of our treasure! What will become of us? What shall we do?"

"Let us take unto ourselves patience," returned the curate. "What! shall we add to our troubles by vainly repining at that which was an accident? No. It becomes us not to murmur, seeing that our Creator is everywhere, and therefore with *us*. Grieve not yourself, my Constance. We have done no wrong; let us be patient."

Twilight drew on; and the curate and his wife took charge each of a sick chamber. That the nights at this season were brief, was so far fortunate for them, inasmuch as towards midnight the sufferers grew worse. They tossed on their hot beds and moaned and uttered words of melancholy incoherence. Sad, sad is it, especially at night, to listen to the delirious wanderings of light-headedness! And how great a relief was it to the sleepless watchers when the white dawn trembled against their windows, even though the light revealed a fearful alteration in the young sufferers' faces! Presently up came the sun, and then Mrs. Westerwood busied herself in preparing a morning-meal that she and her husband might, in a measure, be strengthened for the trials of the coming day.

"The children are worse, Constance," said Mr. Westerwood. "When will the apothecary come?"

"In the forenoon," she replied. "I think we shall know the worst to night."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I mean, Godfrey, that we may then know what we are to expect."

"Have mercy on us!" ejaculated the curate, lifting his eyes heavenward.

When the medical man saw his patients, he looked ominously; avoided direct replies to questions; talked of a change in the remedies, and urged the necessity of unremitting watchfulness.

Miserably did the day pass. Sleep was denied to the little victims. The red pest came hotter and hotter on them. They sank under the fierce tyranny. But Mrs. Westerwood bore up bravely, and disputed every moment with the advancing disease. True woman! There lay her children—*all* her children—on the very brink of the grave! A heart-rending prospect! Yet, fear-fraught as she must have been, she would not allow her nerves to shake, but resolved to hold out even to the last. Meeting sick waywardness with sweetest patience, she succeeded in administering the medicines; and with many a holy deceit,—yea, even playful words and pretty blandishments, contrived to calm the turbulent agonies of her young offspring. From room to room went she, with soothing words and tender offices. True woman!

The sun sank; and again our curate and his wife took up their several posts. Heavy clouds burdened the air, converting a July nocturnal twilight into absolute blackness. Mr. Westerwood was in the room of his eldest daughter. Ever and anon he looked at her by the faint gleam of a night-lamp; but still her head moved to and fro, and as he touched her face, it felt as though on fire. Having coaxed her to take an acidulated draught, he sat down and endeavoured to read some of the almost inspired pages of Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." His mind, however, was far from the volume; and the very endeavour to recall it, made him drowsy. Poor man! He had not slept for two nights, besides having walked in one of the forenoons two-and-twenty

miles without meat or drink. At length, his eye-lids dropped, and his head sank on the book.

Presently it seemed to him that the room was flooded with a great light, soft, but all-penetrating. As he gazed, his latticed window flew open, and in the space appeared an angel, poised horizontally in air. A glory surrounded the heavenly messenger, from which was derived the radiance that filled the apartment.

"This angel had of roses and of lilie
Corones two, the which he bare in hande."

Our curate thrilled in every nerve as the celestial apparition floated into his room. He fell down before it; when, with a smile, a beatific smile, a smile of unutterable loveliness and purity, such as never beamed on the lips of poor mortality, the gracious vision placed before him the crown of roses; then, hovering over the child's bed, touched her forehead with the cool lily coronal, and lo! it seemed to Mr. Westerwood that the red hue faded. Anon, he heard a gentle pealing as of the spheres, and in the midst of that music the angel vanished.

At that moment his door was opened, and Constance appeared. The sound of her steps caused him to lift up his head. Being not yet fairly wakened, and still under the influence of his vision, he dropped on his knees before his wife, uttering some incoherent words.

"Godfrey," said she, "you have been asleep, and are even now dreaming. Why kneel you to me?"

With a heavy sigh, the curate replied, "I fear, indeed, I have betrayed my trust. Do not be angry with me, Constance."

"My poor worn-out husband!" ejaculated she. "Angry, indeed! How could you suffer such a word to escape your lips? Listen to me, Godfrey. I come to bring you good tidings. Our two children are better—decidedly better. Let me see Lucy."

Advancing to the patient, she beckoned her husband. "Look," said Constance, "she sleeps calmly, and the frightful colour is nearly gone. She is safe! God be praised!"

And tears came to mitigate the onset of joy.

"Oh, Constance!" exclaimed the curate, "I have dreamed a blessed dream!—yea, seen, as I slept, a gracious vision. Surely, it betokened this alleviation of our sorrow. Let us give thanks."

Sweet were their words of praise, after their late agonizing supplication. Mr. Westerwood described his dream to his wife, and expatiated on its ineffable loveliness and glory. Had he lived in these days, he would doubtlessly have thought of the lines, steeped in melting pathos and beauty, which, under a similar affliction, and at the couch of a sick child, flowed from the pen of one of our greatest living poets.

"Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like 'parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, 'We've finish'd here.'"

LEIGH HUNT.

But the afflictions of our curate and his wife were not yet ended. Another incident is still to be recorded.

A NIGHT IN A FOG.

BY MRS. WHITE.

Conceive anything more ridiculous and annoying, than, having taken "French leave" for a day, with a determination to be on the parade, at Chatham, by ten o'clock the following morning, to find yourself on board the Gravesend packet, in which you have started at four in the afternoon, at nine o'clock at night moored off the pier at Blackwall, with a fog so thick as to prevent your seeing the boat's funnel, too late for the last up-train, and without a possibility of crossing the river to Woolwich, with a view to meeting the night-mail on Shooter's Hill; the roast mutton and boiled beef that constitute steam-boat dinners five days out of the seven long since discussed, so that one has nothing left to chew but the cud of "bitter fancy," which the remembrance of a broken engagement and an irate colonel amply supply! This I found was the position of one of my fellow travellers, on the night to which I allude—a night, that in discomfort and weariness I hope never to re-experience. We had left London Bridge in the full expectation of completing our voyage; for, although the atmosphere was heavy with a yellow mist that drove down the steam and smoke in a thick cloud on the deck, and clung to the few, who were rash enough to remain there, like a "wet blanket;" the captain assured us that below the pool it was quite clear, and that there was not a doubt of our reaching our destination. When, therefore, about four hours afterwards, he entered the saloon to inform the "ladies and gentlemen," that, "by reason of the fog, it was quite an utter impossibility to get any further," a manifestation of disappointment and displeasure indicated itself in a running-scale of small oaths and exclamations not to be attempted on paper, from the bulky tones of two butcher-like men, who wore belcher-handkerchiefs, and did not use knives with their bread and butter, to the tiny voices of a pretty, lady-looking woman and her sister, whose very diminutive mouths seemed only made to eat the mince-meat, the component parts of which, in a moment of confidence, they afterwards informed me they had been purchasing—it wanted but a fortnight of Christmas—and being thus early in the field, or rather market, involved some question of domestic economy. These ladies made the feminine portion of a quintet, who had the good fortune to be personally acquainted, and therefore authorized to draw for mutual accommodation on each other's conversational and anecdotal funds. Of the remainder of the party, two were old naval officers, sailers round the world, and citizens of it, who delightfully mingled the gravity of the ward-room with occasional sallies of humour that had all the gleeful mirthfulness of the midshipman's berth; the third was a tall, awkward, sallow man, with large features, no end of whiskers, dull grey eyes, and bushy eyebrows, which he had the power of raising to the summit of his forehead with an unpleasantly lugubrious effect; this person, I discovered, was the husband of the pretty woman. There were five other female passengers besides this lady, her sister, and myself, all of whom, upon hearing the captain's decision, *took tea*, and, wrapping themselves in silence and their cloaks, turned their faces to the wall, or, rather, the side of the cabin, and

thus awaited the turn of the tide, "which, taken at the flood," the captain had informed us, would enable him to proceed to Gravesend.

I had seated myself on one of the end sofas, near the fireplace, where I was most out of the way, and yet could observe what was passing, and I was not a little amused, after the first impatient burst of discontent, to find the ease with which necessity reconciled each individual to his situation, and the practical philosophy they exhibited in endeavouring, as the phrase goes, to "make the best of it." The one who appeared to endure it with the least grace, was the young Irish ensign, whose situation I before alluded to; he gave unerring proof of the irritable genius of his country, and the omnipotence of a colonel in his own corps. One might have taken a bet, that his commission bore a very recent date—that, in fact, his first regimental-coat could not yet have lost its glossy freshness, or the folds in which his tailor sent it home, so intent was he on endeavouring to beat an alarm on every one's tympanum, with the important dissyllables, "duty" and "parade." Besides, as I before hinted, he appeared to be absent without leave. By picking up the handkerchief of an elderly lady, who sat next to me, and placing the light where it enabled her to read, he had entitled himself to a bow and smile, which reports on the weather, &c., soon converted into actual conversation; and he hazarded anecdote, and such scraps of personal adventure as occurred to him in his momentary cessations of anxiety, with such an apparent desire to please, that it was impossible he should fail; and more than one of the party drew nearer, in order to gather information and amusement from his reminiscences of county Cork, Father Mathew, and Dan O'Connell. With the exception of two medical men, the remainder of the passengers consisted of farmers, corn-factors, and graziers, who had been in town enjoying the spectacle of the "cattle-show."

I have often had occasion to observe, how community of evil, in any shape, breaks down the iron fences of conventional etiquette. Even in this most scrupulously conventional country, where, in the close precincts of a railway-carriage or stage-coach, one is deterred from offering a civility, or interchanging an idea with one's neighbour; only let the coach break down, or an accident happen on the railway, the quarantine on tongues is instantly taken off, and the most demure old maid, the most taciturn old gentleman, incontinently become loquacious. Thus the *ruelle* round the fireplace of the saloon gradually widened, one after another tendering some mite of conversation towards the general entertainment, for, of course, there was no sleeping accommodation on board, so that all endeavoured to keep their eyes open as long as possible; and finding myself yawning, about one o'clock, over some dry volume of chronology, I put it down, and endeavoured to amuse myself with what was passing.

The ensign was interesting my neighbour with accounts of the Princess of Capua, Scullabogue Barn, and the White Quakers; the medical men were discussing mesmerism, but in such mysterious tones, that no one benefited by their opinions; while the navy veterans told stories of the American war, the mutiny, and how, when shipmates together, they had hoaxed a miller at Portsmouth, by binding themselves apprentice to him; from an opposite table, harsh voices interrupted one another with interjectional phrases in praise of a "wonderfully fine new chaff machine," "the champion plough of England,"

and "Brassy," by which name, I believe, they alluded to some prize-fighter; a party of four had possessed themselves of the only pack of cards on board the boat, and endeavoured to while away the time with whist and cribbage. But by far the most amusing group, and one that had hitherto escaped my observation, consisted of a little fat lady, a very tall, thin gentleman, and one of medium size, whose features partook very decidedly of the African character—with a sort of complexion one could imagine in a *boiled black*. These individuals both turned out to be members of a very grave and learned profession; but at the instant, I laboured under the delusion that I had suddenly stumbled on a triad of Thespians unmasked; for at the moment that my attention was excited towards them, I beheld the whites of the dark gentleman's eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling," as, contracting his brows, and scowling horridly at his gaunt companion, he exclaimed, in imitation of Kean,—"Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold—there is no speculation in those eyes, which thou dost glare with."

My first impression was, that he was an actor; but on further acquaintance, Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson proved to be an amateur only, not a partner of the firm of Thespis, Thalia and Co. He was, in fact, a stage-stricken barrister—a mere admirer of the sock and buskin, whose natural taste for the histrionic art had been fostered into a very mania, from his having been the pupil of a person who had filled a confidential situation about the elder Kean.

Among other anecdotes of this actor, which Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson's schoolmaster had preserved, was one, of his having, when at the zenith of his fame, ordered at Ford's, a house at the corner of Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, a plain joint and pudding to be got ready daily for such of the poor actors as might choose to partake of it. He also told a story of the great actor's setting off for Bath, accompanied by his secretary, in his private carriage, who, as night came on, fell asleep. Towards morning, and while still at some distance from the town, he awoke, and was astonished to find that Kean had left the carriage. He immediately stopped the post-boys, to inquire if they had seen him get out, but they pleaded ignorance. The secretary instantly left the vehicle, and wandered into the fields, describing Mr. Kean to the few hinds he met, as a little man wrapped in furs, &c., and offering a reward to any one who could give tidings of him. But no one had seen him. The post-boys, who had their cue, begged of him to get into the carriage, and drive to the nearest inn, which the terrified young man did, after he had made the fields echo with the cry of—"Oh! Lord Hamlet! What ho! my Lord Hamlet!" the character in which Kean was to make his appearance; but no Lord Hamlet answered. They drove on; when, just as they were about to enter the inn-yard, another carriage and four drove furiously up, and, to the astonishment of his secretary, Kean descended, accompanied by a travelling pedlar, whom he had met on the road. This man continued with him while he remained at Bath, drinking champagne, and feasting sumptuously every day at his own table. Kean absolutely brought him up to town in his carriage, setting him down in Bow Street, one cold November morning, saying to his secretary, as he did so, "Put your hand in your pocket, and the first thing you touch, give him." The young man did as he was

directed, and the result was, the pedlar left them some ten or twenty pounds better off than when they met.

"Yes," continued the barrister, "though Edmund Kean had many failings, he had some good qualities to atone for them, and amongst them great and uncalculating generosity. Ah!" he went on, "I was present at the greatest audience he ever drew—and that was at his funeral. His son was chief mourner, and Macready one of the pall-bearers, and about a hundred of the fraternity followed. It was a very short distance from his house to the churchyard; but Richmond Green was a sea of heads. Some thousands of people were present. Yes, I saw the last of him, both there and on the stage—(the demi-negro looked, as he *spoke*, pathetically)—I remember it as if but yesterday. For many years, he and his son had been at variance; but their mutual friends at length succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation. And on the occasion of Kean's taking leave of the stage, they played together; the one as *Othello*, the other as *Iago*. In the first scenes, which are tame, Kean got on very well; but when he came to the words, 'Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!' he moved his fingers beseechingly to his son—who stood at the side while he fronted the audience—and as the former came forward he faltered, fell on his shoulder, and was obliged to be taken out, while Ward came on, and finished the part for him. In a few days after, he was no more!"

"It is a fact," he resumed, after a deep sigh, "that Edmund Kean could never play till he was three-parts drunk. Of course," he said, addressing the cadaverous-looking barrister beside him, "you have heard of Fred Cooke, the contemporary of Elliston and John Kemble. His passion for drink was so great that, when he was without money, or means of raising it, he has been known to go to a certain pawnbroker's, where he was in the habit of applying, and to say, 'I want five guineas; but I have nothing to pledge but myself. Give me the money, they'll be sure to redeem me when I'm wanted.' And having sent word to the theatre of his situation, he has frequently been found seated on the pawnbroker's counter, with a duplicate pinned to his button-hole. On one occasion, when Elliston wished him particularly to be quite correct, he invited him to dinner, and afterwards begged he would oblige him by submitting to one thing, which Fred promised. He, however, looked rather funny when Elliston, drawing him into a small room in the theatre, told him he must content himself there till it was time to dress. As there was no getting off, Cook consented; but after being locked in for some time, he began to long horribly for punch. By and by, he heard a noise of a broom on the stairs. Hope revived; he called, 'Mary—Betsy! —whatever your name is, come here, for God's sake!' and he contrived, while curiosity made the maid pause in her labour, to push a crown-piece between the door and the floor—'There, that's for you; and Mary, (pushing through another,) go like a good girl, and get me a pint of brandy, and a clean pipe, with this?'

"'Oh, sir, I dare not! Master desired that I shouldn't come near the door, sir; nor speak to you upon any account.'

"'Pshaw! Go; do as I tell you, and you shall have another by and by.'

"The girl was not proof against the bribe. The brandy and pipe were both brought; and the tube of the latter being put through the

key-hole, the bowl was filled on the outside, and in this way the liquor was sucked up as the Americans drink sherry-cobbler. It is hardly necessary to say, that on Elliston's coming to let him out, Fred was found on his back; but a plentiful supply of soda water enabled him to go through his part as effectively as ever."

A sort of inarticulate growl from the lean barrister, informed Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson, that he had ridden his hobby of theatrical reminiscences too far. The little fat lady was already asleep, and I, very soon after, followed her example; but the novelty, or uneasiness of my position, did not admit of absolute repose.

I awoke with a feeling of weariness most painful. Raising my head, therefore, once more, I gazed round upon my somnolent companions. The cabin looked as if the fog had penetrated through the closed door and windows, so dim and hazy was its aspect; the half-burnt tallow candles, unsnuffed for the last two hours, appeared to glare without light. And there was an expression almost awful blended with the comedy of the scene around me, that made me feel as if I stood with the fisherman of the story, in the midst of the still citizens of Kilstheheine.*

The whist party illustrated the word better than their game had done. One of the naval men lay stretched on the hearth-rug, the other occupied a corner of the opposite sofa. The ensign—to whose anxious senses the voice of offended duty, terrible as that of conscience to the Thane of Cawdor, cried, "Sleep no more!"—was pacing to and fro the deck. The ladies' heads drooped heavily upon the tables, or rested against the side of the cabin, calm and still; but the gaudy display of heads turbaned with all sorts of coloured handkerchiefs—of ugly faces, and open mouths—and the tremendous sounds that issued from some of them, completed a tableau that I shall not easily forget.

It was with a feeling of real relief that I beheld the faint light of a winter's morning, shortly after, gleam through the hoar-frost that clung to the cabin-windows, and delightedly availed myself of the first sign of life in the stewardess, to obliterate the traces of sleeplessness and fatigue.

One after another my companions followed my example, till the "lady's cabin" presented a knot of as yellow, yawning, dissatisfied-looking females as ever stewardess looked upon. Headaches were partial; pains in the bones predominated. Bonnets were crushed, cloaks crumpled; in fact, there was no end of complaints. And, to add to the misery, there was but one towel amongst the entire assemblage, while hot water was at a premium, as the jug froze in bringing it from the fore-part of the vessel to the cabin.

These were the list of casualties. The only one of the party missing was the ensign, who, fearful of the fog's continuing, had returned to town, in order to take the coach for Chatham.

Though all complained of having lost their rest, none appeared to have lost their appetites, (judging from the work of demolition at the different breakfast-tables,) and shortly after this necessary affair had been discussed, the fog began to clear away, and we steamed onwards to our destination.

* A legendary city, beneath the River Shannon.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.*

Such is the high-sounding name given to a book of travel, and which is further pictorially rendered by a cross within the moon, like the Egyptian star within the same orbit's disc, an impossibility that, strange to say, Coleridge did not perceive, when he wrote—

> "The horn'd moon, with one bright star
> Within the nether tip."

Do Oriental narratives, like occidental pills, require such naming and gilding to render them acceptable? Not so with us, to whom everything from that land of beauty and of antique association, and the cradle of all the creeds, has always a profound interest. It is equally pleasing to our tried experience, whether the sober prose of Wilkinson, Lane, or Robinson, the descriptive piety of Lyndsay or Olin, the rattling sketches of Napier, the poetry of Chateaubriand, Lamartine, or Milnes, or the brilliant colourings of the authors of "Eōthen" and of the "Crescent and the Cross," come first to hand, and that simply because we can learn from the first class, and can be gratified, without being misled, by the others. We knew two young officers who made an excursion from Malta to Syria solely to see one of Lamartine's beauties; and great was naturally their disappointment and vexation when they found it a mere invention of fancy. This was, however, fortunate in their case, for they might have quarrelled had there been a reality.

We feel, also, as a consequence of the same happy state of mind, a malicious pleasure when we get hold of a traveller thoroughly imbued with the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and who crosses the Atlantic humming the last Arab song of home manufacture, on contrasting his first impressions with his after-experiences. There is a world of sly enjoyment in watching how many cold effusions a freshly exported and poetic temperament will bear before it becomes convinced that the East is not *all* fairy-land.

Thus, on arriving at Alexandria, Mr. Warburton writes—

> "And now we reach the city walls, with its towers as strong as mud can make them. It must not be supposed that this mud architecture is of the same nature as one associates with the word in Europe. No; over-shadowed by palm-trees, and a crimson banner with its star and crescent waving from the battlements, and camels crouched beneath its shades, and swarthy Egyptians, *in gorgeous apparel*, leaning against it, make a mud wall appear a very respectable fortification in this land of illusion."

Then comes the process of disenchantment—a boat towed by wild, scraggy-looking horses, ridden by wilder, scraggier-looking men, with their naked feet stuck in shovel stirrups, with the sharp sides of which they scored their horses' flanks, after the fashion of crimped cod; and along the banks of the canal, mud cabins, with Tipperary associations; and then, at length, the sacred river itself, upon whose exotic beauties a whole chapter has just been written previous to seeing it, but arrived there, the deified stream is found to be harrowed up by a greasy,

* The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Eliot Warburton, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

grunting steam-ship, full of cockneys. "They call this steamy torturer the *Lotus*, too—adding insult to deep injury; a pretty specimen of thy sacred flower begrimed with soot, and bearing fifty tons of Newcastle coal in its calyx!"

The victorious city, Misr al Kahira, is gained.

"Protean powers! what a change!—a labyrinth of dark, filthy, intricate lanes and alleys, in which every smell and sight, from which the nose and eye revolt, meet one at every turn, and one is always turning. . . . . A string of camels, bristling with fagots of firewood, sweeps the streets as effectually of passengers as the machine which has superseded chummies does a chimney of its soot. Lean, mangy dogs are continually running between your legs. . . . . Beggars in rags, quivering with vermin, are lying in ever corner of the street," &c.

At length, the illusion is fairly broken; and Mr. Warburton exclaims, in downright distress: "How comes it, that almost every event of vivid romance, and visible chivalry, and poetry of action, belongs to the olden time of man?"

Simply because we attach such ideas to the past, to the manifest neglect of, and injustice to, the present. History is not encumbered with the details of life, which are everywhere the swamp of chivalry and poetry; and it is only the temperament of genius that can find aliment for such, amidst the utilitarianism and matter-of-fact tendencies of actual life. We rejoice, then, to travel occasionally with a *couleur-de-rose* companion; he may not inform the judgment, but he widens the sympathies; he may not satisfy the intellect, but he gratifies taste and feeling, and rouses the passions; and we rejoice when, with a pertinacity worthy of the cause, he will not be disillusionized, but perseveres in seeing everywhere beautiful women, gorgeous apparel, rivers, and palm groves, amid sunshine in all its Oriental blush; and cities crowded with water-carriers, calendars, Armenians, barbers,—all interesting, not as such, but as being the dramatis personæ of the *Arabian Nights*.

The only thing we object to is, that they all follow the same path. As to Syria, they just kiss its shores, like the blue Mediterranean; and if they do venture inwards, it is to Jerusalem, or Damascus, to Baalbec, and the Cedars, to the Dead Sea, and Betedín, the palace of the Druse. Up the Nile is worse, for there you have to make the ascent—and a long navigation we generally find it to be—and then to come back again over the same ground, with visits to those spots which were neglected on the ascent, leaving you in dire confusion as to what was examined, and what was not.

At Cairo, Mr. Warburton witnessed the magnetic performance of the celebrated Sheikh Abd-el-Khadr Moghribu, but with some trouble, as he had been recently kicked down stairs by a party of young Englishmen for a failure in his performance. He was not more successful on this occasion; but Mr. Warburton takes the opportunity of discussing magnetism in its remote antiquity, as practised by the Egyptians, and is above that prejudice which condemns what is not immediately comprehensive, or scoffs at what is not always successful.

The journey up the Nile is full of beautiful pictures. It is what the author intended it to be—a panoramic sketch, for the details to fill up which, the reader may consult more laborious writers. We were certainly somewhat startled at passing Beni Hasan, Eilethya, and a

host of other antiquities, without even a mention made of their names; and it was, in truth, an oversight to walk into the Temple of Esneh, and not to notice those astronomical signs of far greater antiquity than those at the Macedonian Denderah; to sail past Edfu, with its grotesque and fantastic sculptures, and the most perfect sample of the Propylon, both in the ascent and on the return, without landing to see it. It was a mistake, also, not to notice the domestic scenes figured in the tombs of Beni Hasan, or the equally remarkable paintings of the grottoes of the Eilethya; to make Rhampses forty feet in length; and not to stop at the tomb of Thotmes III., the Pharaoh of the bondage. But Mr. Warburton says, with a rare candour:—

"By this time, we had been so be-templed and be-ruined, that we looked on a city of the Pharaohs with as much indifference as on a club-house in Pall Mall, and read the glowing eulogies of antiquaries as unmovedly as if they had been puffs of some 'noble residence,' by George Robins."

We can comprehend this: enthusiasm for travel and novelty there might be; but any real sentiment of antiquity there could be none, or it would not have been so easily palled.

Further on it is remarked—

"However visionary the pursuit, and however faint the approximation to the truth, it is still pleasant to be humbugged by the priests with Herodotus; to go body-snatching in kingly tombs with brave Belzoni; or even to pick beetles, and read 'handwriting on the walls' with Rozellini, Champollion, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson;—pleasanter would any of these subjects be, than the dry discussion of common-place life in these common-place times. But the attempt to introduce such subjects into these slight pages would be as vain as to embroider muslin with Cleopatra's needle. A glimpse at men and things of our own times is all that I can hope to offer; and if it be not vivid and comprehensive, it shall be at least faithful as far as in me lies."

The *animus* is still more strongly developed, when the author enumerates all the scenes consecrated by the power and poetry of ancient times which he has witnessed. The Hill of Tara, the highland glens, the battle field of Hastings, the plain of Tours, the oak tree of Guernica, the Valhalla of the Teuton, the capital of Imperial Rome, the acropolis of republican Athens, and last, not least, Thebes. We can understand the feeling awakened by presence on the field where our Norman robber ancestors helped to triumph over the freedom which they afterwards restored with interest to the Saxon; but we cannot equally appreciate the poetry that Thebes would suggest where its mighty relics were not understood.

"Little," says Mr. Warburton, after *two pages* devoted to ruins of antiquity that are unequalled in all the world's wonders, "did the anxious embalmer of an imperial corpse think what pains he was bestowing to please Paddington or Cheapside; little did the expiring Pharaoh dream that Mr. Tomkins should be his resurrection angel!

"*One glimpse at Luxor, one gallop over the plain of Carnak, and away!*"

The *Lotus* steams the lower Nile; and it appears that a railroad is wanted in its upper portions for the researches of New England.

The promised glimpses at men and things bring out fruit:—

"So it is, however, as any traveller will bear witness: England is expected, in the East, where, hitherto, she has never planted a standard (every one understands by *the*

East, those countries which *he* may happen to visit in Asia, or even Africa), except in defence of the crescent, and the integrity of its dominions. That she will ever come forward to vindicate the cross, where her best and bravest blood was shed in its defence six hundred years ago, is very problematical. However, 'gold wins its way where angels might despair,' and the interests of India may obtain what the sepulchre of Christ has been denied."

Reflection on this fact has often made us shudder to think that the day of retribution may arrive. To sacrifice the prostrate Christianity of Syria and Palestine for the sake of upholding the crumbling and ruinous power of the Ottomans, for what can never be but a *temporary* political advantage, is a policy as short-sighted as it will be ultimately destructive. In Palestine, the Egyptians gave us permission to build a church at Jerusalem; we drove them out, to make way for a more barbarous rule, by whose orders the building of the church was immediately stopped, and has never been proceeded with.

"Had it been a factory," says Mr. Warburton, "that was interfered with, or a commercial right that was invaded, England's sword would long since have severed the Gordian knots into which the Ottoman policy is ever weaving its contemptible cobwebs."

We doubt it—witness Bokhara. Of Lady Hester Stanhope's death, Mr. Warburton relates:—

"Mr. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, hearing she was ill, rode over the mountains, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, the American missionary, to visit her. It was evening when they arrived. and a profound silence was over all the palace; no one met them; they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed, unquestioned, through court and gallery, until they came to where *she* lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of the palace; and the isolation from her kind, which she had sought so long, was indeed complete. That morning, thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; but its spell once darkened by death, every one fled with such plunder as they could secure. A little girl, whom she adopted and maintained for years, took her watch and some papers, on which she set peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property were ever seen again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except the ornaments upon her person; no one had ventured to touch these; and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight, her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torchlight to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her favourite resort, and there they buried her."

Such was the end of that extraordinary person, who annihilated a village for disobedience, and burned a mountain chalet, with all its inhabitants, on account of the murder of two French travellers, who had been under the protection of her firman; whom the sultan addressed as "Cousin;" and whose weaknesses, only exceeded by his own vanity, it remained for Lamartine to ridicule.

Speaking of travellers' vanities, it appears that Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, carved his name at Philæ, on the slab that bore the inscription written there by Dessaix, in 1799, to commemorate his arrival with a French army, in pursuit of the Mameluks. Now, after Mr. Stephens, came a French traveller, who thought it bad taste, even in an American, to obtrude himself into the company of the French general—the rather, perhaps, as there were some acres of spare wall equally available for the purpose. He, therefore, carefully eradicated the name of Stephens, and appended, moreover, the following sarcastic remark: "La page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie!"

At Beïrut, Mr. Warburton found a British officer of distinguished birth and gallantry, who has married a Maronite lady of great beauty, and settled in the country. Is this Colonel N——r? If so, his pleasant sketches have terminated in real romance. On being introduced to the bride—"I no longer wondered," Mr. Warburton says, "that he had abandoned his career—fame, fortune, everything, in such a cause."

While in Syria and Palestine, Mr. Warburton visited most of the places of note; and he gives favourable accounts of the progress of the protestant episcopacy at Jerusalem, and of the Syrian Medical-Aid establishment. He afterwards returned by Constantinople, Greece, and the Ionian islands.

The novelty of personal experiences has always a charm about it, however beaten may be the track through which it leads us; and in the present case, there is a fine poetical imagination, tempered by a well-trained intelligence, that frequently elicits beauties, where others would have passed them by. Thought, feeling, and passion, manifest themselves in every page; and the East is still, and will be yet for a long time, an admirable vent for the steam of restless genius.

ANTICIPATIONS OF 1860.—PLEASURES PENAL.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

Philosophy and utilitarianism having gradually brought the minds of men to the point that the choice pleasures and amusements of our artificial society are to be made punishments for crimes and misdemeanours,—laws, in several sessions of parliament, were enacted to that effect, accordingly.

Scotland being our birthplace, and having in the education of our early youth acquired the northern gift of "second sight," we are enabled to report faithfully several of the first convictions under the new act.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, FARRINGDON STREET,

February, 1860.

Saul Fejee, a New Zealand flax-merchant, who had hitherto borne a high character for integrity, of a simple and unsophisticated manner, educated entirely by the missionaries, was indicted for stealing a Bible, to which he pleaded "Not Guilty;" but admitted he had taken it out of a pawnbroker's window, in Tottenham-court-road. He stated that he had, in a fit of passion, (because he could not devour the cabin-boy, with whom he had quarrelled,) thrown his own Bible overboard in the passage to England, and that he now wanted another.

From observing so many of the volumes in the pawnbroker's shop, he concluded it to be an emporium of the society, and smashing the window with the thigh-bone of his grandmother, (which he always carried about with him, as an especial mark of dutiful affection,) he

abducted the Bible, and was making off with it, when he was pursued and given in custody.

The recorder in summing up, regarded the offence of the prisoner as one of a very grave nature; and he should, therefore, inflict the heaviest punishment the new law permitted.

Saul Fejee, the New Zealander, was sentenced—"*To attend a soirée at —— House, to which two hundred and fifty fashionables were invited, and to stay all the time it lasted.*"

This dreadful sentence was summarily carried into effect.

Now, the state of misery the prisoner endured was almost beyond description; accustomed all his life to the clear and open air, and to perfect freedom in his limbs, he was compelled to attire himself at his own expense, in a very elegant and tight-fitting suit of clothes, white kid gloves, white cravat, and boots of polished leather with pointed toes. (The prescribed dress under the sentence.) His hair was also disarranged from the New Zealand fashion, and curled and combed by a Parisian artist. He was at eleven o'clock in the evening conveyed in a close carriage in custody of the officers, and delivered over to his destiny. This was the more perplexing to Saul Fejee, as it was considerably past the period that he was accustomed to lie flat on his back, and fall into profound slumber for the night. The guests now began to arrive, most of them using eye-glasses, the ladies bearing bouquets, and wearing perfumes, the scent of which was overpowering to the unsophisticated child of nature, who was unaccustomed to any aromatic stronger than an oyster or a muscle in a state of decomposition, unless it was in the gradual baking and drying of the stuffed head of his enemy.

The ottomans were now occupied; scandal, satin, and silk disseminated in every direction; the gentlemen flattered and fanned the ladies; satirical whispering and giggling prevailed. Music, uncouth to the ears of the interesting foreigner, was heard, and produced the same effect that certain harmonious bars have on the nerves of a hound, only that the New Zealander, though he was anxious to howl and yell, dared not in such company. His irritability was augmented by the distinguished male and female visitors forming themselves into quadrilles, in which both sexes, without the slightest animation, walked or half-slid through precisely the same silly figures for many hours. Saul Fejee thought of the war-dance of his own beloved nation; and the movement he was now sentenced to endure suffered greatly by comparison, because the ladies and gentlemen did not commence singing in a low tone, and gradually becoming more and more agitated in their movements, until their whole appearance was excitingly frightful and hideous. They, poor, spiritless dancers, did not bend their bodies backwards, roll their heads, thrust out their tongues, foam at the mouth, and stamp their feet, while their eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. No; it was the one uniform, tame approach, retiring, and walking round each other, without a smile on the countenance, from twelve o'clock until five. And this was the intellectual amusement of a portion of the most enlightened nation in the world, which cannot even boast of its own national dance, unless the ancient morrice-dance can be so called—and that is never practised in polite society. The rout cakes, the orgeat, the lemonade, and other refresh-

ments, were not refreshing to the New Zealander, (but this was the prescribed diet,) while he was panting for a good lump of shark's flesh, a baked puppy, with yams *ad libitum;* and some ice he put into his mouth, set his teeth all aching to that degree, that he rather inelegantly popped it out again. Saul Fejee inwardly vowed that he would never more venture to taste ice-cream, *unless the chill was taken off.*

Saul Fejee then had to listen to the amateur warbling of several young ladies and gentlemen, in which worn-out Italian airs were emitted at second-hand. With such vocalists, even Donizetti could not be made endurable, and he has copied every Italian composer for the last thirty years; in fact, they have all stolen from each other, their bars being invariably cast in the same mould.

At a quarter before six in the morning, his term of imprisonment was over; and as Saul Fejee was discharged into the open air, he fully expressed his fixed determination never again to commit an offence that should expose him to so dreadful a punishment.

The next case that came under the operation of the NEW PLEASURES PENAL ACT, was that of Augustus Tiplady, a native of London, and by profession a foreman and cutter-out in a fashionable ladies' riding-habit establishment, at the West-end.

It appeared on respectable evidence, that the said Augustus Tiplady had attended an evening lecture, in the building that was formerly called Drury Lane Theatre, but now used as an occasional chapel, and rabbit-market of ease to Hungerford. The lecture was upon the oft-repeated theme of temperance, and it might be that the discourse was too dry; but it so happened, that Mr. Tiplady found his way to that ancient refectory of dissipation—the "Coal-Hole," in the Strand, (well known long before the time of Garrick.)

At this house Mr. Augustus Tiplady partook of several glasses of pale brandy, now within the reach of anybody, since all the duties imposed by the "Metheun Act" are for ever rescinded; and this stimulant was too much for his *habit*, and caused him to *ride* restive. For when the police came at a quarter before nine in the evening, to see that all persons had gone home soberly to bed, (which practice had been gradually increasing,) Mr. Tiplady refused to quit the "Coal-Hole."

Tailors (consequently, habit-makers) are well-known to be a most pugnacious race; and as he had taken liquor enough to enable him to uphold the independence of a true Briton, he insisted that he would not stir but on his own free will and consent. As this extra *measure* would have involved the landlord in a penalty, he was compelled to interfere, and an attack was made on Mr. Augustus Tiplady on all sides. He succeeded in wresting the staff of B, No. 109, out of his hand, and thrusting it into his mouth, by which he dislodged several of the policeman's teeth. The aggressor was now overpowered by numbers, and conveyed, fighting and struggling manfully, to the station-house; from whence he was taken before the Bow-street magistrates, who ordered the prisoner to find heavy bail for the violent assault. The affair could not in any way be compromised; and Mr. Augustus Tiplady was tried at the sessions, and found guilty of the outrage. His profession being taken into consideration, a severe sentence was awarded UNDER THE NEW ACT—

"*That the prisoner be sent down to Melton Mowbray, in custody, and there to be mounted on a first-rate hunter, and compelled to go out with the hounds.*"

This must be allowed to be a heavy punishment to a person whose knowledge of a horse did not extend beyond a "*clothes-horse;*" however, it was the law of the land, and the sentence was put into effect, with the additional severity of attiring the person of the unfortunate Tiplady in a scarlet coat, white cord breeches, topped boots and spurs, when he was ordered to mount a hack, to ride fifteen miles to cover.

"To cover what?" innocently inquired the offender. And well might he make the inquiry; for as an entirely unpractised rider, he found that trotting fifteen miles "to cover," was to flay him alive.

Augustus Tiplady arrived late in the field; and in pursuance of his sentence, he was immediately ordered into the saddle of a tall grey mare, with erect head and expanded nostrils—and this animal was denominated by the officiating groom, a first-rate *timber-jumper.*

"Now, sir, give *him his* head. If you should come down together, and the mare rolls over you—which is very likely, she may squeeze you all awry; in that case, the best thing is to lie still, and let her roll back again, which will set you all straight."

Mr. Tiplady did not feel much encouraged by this excellent piece of advice; but he determined to the best of his ability to acquire *riding habits.*

The Meltonians, under the direction of the master of the Quorn hounds, threw off at Bibury, with a brilliant burst up to Tilton—a regular death pace; there the fox was headed, then he led them a dance over the brook, passed Galby and Norton, and swept on to Stretton Hall. Here there was a check for two minutes, which gave an opportunity to look for the damages.

Every attempt that Mr. Tiplady made to restrain the grey mare, proved that "she was the better horse." When he tried with all *his* might and *her* mane, to rein her in, she threw up her head, and gave him such a knock on his brow, that his eyes and their pupils danced, and he bit his tongue through. The dread of instant death caused Tiplady to cling on with all his knees. A gallant hunter and rider were down with such force, that the horse's head was stuck fast in a ploughed field—quite safe: the grey mare was going it too rapidly to alter her course, so she flew over the prostrate ones. Oh! what did Augustus Tiplady feel, as he was flung up out of the saddle; but holding fast by the bridle, he again fell into it. On went the fox—the pack—and the Meltonians, for Wigton and Ayleston, and stretched away, like the devil, for Enderby Gorse. The grey mare followed at a slapping pace, skimming ridge and furrow, topping every flight of rails, came well into the next field, charged the ox-fences, and the bull-finches, and swished at the raspers in fine style.

How he ever kept his seat, which he had already worn out in going to cover, Mr. Tiplady could not divine; but he was in a dreadful excitement of terror and torture. He dared not cry "Yoicks!" though the other hunters bawled heartily. The whole pack seemed to be joining in one death-howl for the habit-maker. A double-fence now presented itself —the game grey mare took it, cleared the first, but Tiplady was not prepared for the second; so Tiplady tipped over, and came down with

a crash that demolished him "body and smalls." The mare went off triumphantly after the hounds, seemingly delighted that her back was no longer a shop-board.

Here was apparent the severity of the new law; it was too great an infliction of punishment for assault and battery, for the prisoner was so battered that he was picked up and conveyed on a hurdle, thirty miles, to the nearest infirmary.

Mr. Tiplady declined offending the laws of his country again; and though he never afterwards ventured on horseback, it was a considerable time before he could "CUT *his riding-habits.*"

The third trial under the new mode of administering justice, was in the case of "the Queen *versus* Brimblecombe." Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe was indicted for having unlawfully in his possession a surreptitious French edition of Dr. Kitchiner's Cook's Oracle, printed in Paris, thereby offending the law relating to copyright. The prisoner, in his defence, avowed that he was a gourmand by nature, and he was not aware that this *digest* of the worthy doctor was an unlawful importation. After an able charge from the bench, in which his lordship proved himself a consummate judge of good eating, the gentlemen of the jury retired to consider their verdict, when, being one and all excessively hungry, they unanimously returned the prisoner—"Guilty."

His lordship, with considerable emotion, passed sentence on Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe, "*that he was to be forthwith conveyed in custody to Searle's, at Lambeth, and there to be placed in an eight-oared cutter, that was matched for a large sum to row against a rival eight-oared boat, to Putney. That if the said Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe should be one in the losing boat, he was to be amerced for his eighth-part share of the wager.*"

This hard sentence astounded Mr. Brimblecombe; for having, for some years prior, been employed in making a variety of ingenious experiments on good eating, particularly from Dr. Hunter's "*Culina,*" he had grown rather corpulent and short of wind. However, he was speedily ordered to strip, and be accoutred in a rowing waistcoat and drawers, dispense with his braces, had his rowlock greased, and his foot-board adjusted to his short fat legs.

His situation was not rendered more agreeable by the remarks made on his person by the crew with whom he was to pull; for the rival cutters (not being able to disobey the act of parliament) tossed up who should *not* have him.

The winners of Brimblecombe now heartily wished that they could have tossed him over Westminster-bridge. However, in justice, the other boat was to carry 800 lbs. of piglead, to balance the over-weight of the prisoner.

The crew of the cutter in which Mr. Brimblecombe was condemned to row, now mounted their colours, and looked very *blue.*

The cutters were ordered to take their stations parallel to each other, in the middle of the river. In effecting this, poor Brimblecombe, from the mismanagement of his oar, received a violent blow in his stomach with it, and, as a matter of course, another heavy thump on his back from the gentleman who pulled behind him, occasioned by

the prisoner not bending to his fate. The two oars appeared to be playing the parts of butter-pats with him.

Mr. Brimblecombe now confidentially told his next neighbour on the bench, that he thought his wind would not hold out. "This is not a sailing-match," replied his mate; "we don't care for the wind." The gun was fired, and off they went; but as Brimblecombe was not in exact time with his oar, the adversary got the lead, to the great mortification of the blues.

Rowing is a fine manly exercise; but we confess, that while there is fourpennyworth of iron steam-boat on the river, we prefer their paddles to the personal use of the labouring oar. This was also Brimblecombe's creed. Two heads, they say, are better than one; and when Mr. Brimblecombe noticed a wherry propelled by an amateur waterman, he thought, that although made of wood, the pair of sculls more intellectual than the single scull o'erlooking them.

On, on, the crews of the cutters pulled; poor Brimblecombe groaned; and well it might be called a "heat." At the "Swan," at Battersea Bridge, the prisoner pathetically hinted at stopping, and having a pot of porter each. They turned a deaf ear to him, or, oh! what *a pull* he would have had at *that!* He had now no resource to keep himself from being sorely bruised, but to pull in time with the others. He was in the situation of the sufferer by that refinement of cruelty in the Dutch punishments, of being placed in a tank in which water is continually flowing, and the criminal is compelled to pump incessantly to save himself from being drowned. At length, after enduring extreme thirst, excess of perspiration, and palpitations of the heart, poor Brimblecombe, with his crew, arrived at the "Eight Bells," at Putney, just a boat's length too late; and what with the fatigue, and his pecuniary loss, he quite made up the little mind he had left, that, whatever might have been his offence against the new laws, that had it been fifty times more atrocious, *he had met with his match.* Talk not of the galleys after this.

The next case was that of John Snoole, by profession an author. John Snoole was indicted for a libel; the aforesaid John Snoole having caused to be inserted in a certain publication—"That the Marquis of —— had entirely altered his habits of life; that the noble marquis retired to bed before ten o'clock at night; had attached himself to toast-and-water; had taken the pledge from Father Matthew; had broken up his racing stud; had been seen at church on three successive Sundays; had erected, at his own expense, twelve alms-houses; had superintended the duties of a Sabbath-school, personally, &c." There were several other counts in the indictment, alluding to the fact, that the noble marquis had been a "great count" in his day.

The prisoner Snoole was placed at the bar; and evidently was a person of very sensitive nerves, for he had cut himself in shaving, and his hands shook. He did not look any one in the face; and answered the questions put to him in a low and tremulous tone. After a lengthened investigation, in which the learned counsel of the noble plaintiff completely disproved every iota of the above scandalous libel, and, indeed, moreover, produced a mass of satisfactory evidence, by which exactly the reverse conduct had been uniformly maintained by the

noble marquis on all occasions, the judge summed up, and the jury, without retiring, found John Snoole guilty of the libel.

The learned judge, in the most impressive manner, proceeded to pass sentence on the prisoner under the NEW LAW.

"*That the said John Snoole be delivered into the custody of Lord ——, the Hon. T. ——, Captain ——, and four other friends of the noble marquis, who were all engaged to sup, after the close of the theatres, at L——'s Hotel; that the prisoner was to remain in the hands of these convivial gentlemen, until the party broke up, and he was then to be driven home in the cab of the most intoxicated of the company.*"

This dreadful sentence was put into immediate effect.

At half-past twelve, the prisoner was helped into the cabriolet of Captain ——, drawn by a horse, who, by his head-gear and cloth, was evidently out for the night; this was corroborated by the pale, drowsy, and dissipated look of the tiger in attendance. The cabriolets of the other noblemen and gentlemen were all guided in one direction, and dashed helter-skelter, endeavouring to pass each other, from Covent Garden to the neighbourhood of Bond Street.

A few minutes carried the high-spirited and patrician party, with the unfortunate prisoner, to the hotel. As they ascended the staircase to the rooms, occupied by the Hon. T. ——, the waiters looked ominously at each other, for they saw a well-known reckless set of choice spirits.

"Three bottles of brandy, and a dozen of soda-water," was the first order.

"Be seated, sir," said Lord ——, to the prisoner, "and we will do our best to keep up your spirits, under your unhappy sentence. You, perhaps, would like some champagne. Bring some champagne."

It was in vain that Snoole tried to excuse himself, and say that champagne always disagreed with him.

"Disagree with you!" remarked the marquis. "When anybody disagrees with me, I always knock him down."

And the athletic peer, at that moment, sent his clenched fist through the air, with the force of a cannon-ball, close to the nose of Mr. Snoole, who made up his mind not to utter another word against champagne.

The waiters entered with the brandy—the tumblers were more than half filled; and the corks of the soda-water bottles were popping in all directions. Presently, Snoole's frill was demolished, saturated; a discharge of cork and aerated fluid found its way into the pocket of his trousers. Snoole was under sentence, and dared not complain. Oh, the doses of champagne poor Snoole was forced rapidly to swallow; then he was compelled to eat deviled kidneys, lobster, broiled fowl, and mushrooms; cucumbers, pickled oysters, anchovy toasts, Burton ale, and bottled porter, Welsh rabbits, onions, any one of the enumerated articles capable of disordering the digestive powers of the author's irritable stomach. To this succeeded brandy, bishop, punch, burnt claret, cigars, practical jokes, in which Snoole was uninitiated, and which ended invariably in his discomfiture; songs (select) were roared in his ear, to which he was requested to join chorus, the period for the commencement of which was a slap on the prisoner's back with the

bony hand of the athletic noble marquis that almost annihilated the vertebræ of poor nervous Snoole, who sat wincing with horror for the precise moment of the expected blow.

The Hon. T. —— now betted Captain —— that their visitor, the prisoner, could not stand on his head on the table without breaking any of the wine-glasses. The captain took the bet, and swore that Snoole could perform such a feat with great dexterity and credit to himself. It was in vain that the author expostulated, and declared that his abilites did not lie that way. Up he was lifted by these mad-headed convivialists, and placed with his head on the table, there Snoole was duly poised and balanced, and then, by signal, was left to his fate; the consequence of which was a tumble over backwards, in which the prisoner's heels kicked and smashed the chandelier all to pieces, and then he fell heavily on the floor. Then the jovial party began to throw their drinking vessels and decanters at the mirrors and looking-glasses that were ranged on the walls, and all for the good of the house, as the damage was to be charged to the Hon. T. ——'s bill; and as that young gentleman was already considerably more in debt than he could ever hope to pay, it was a matter of no consequence whatever.

The cabriolets were now ordered; and the pale and sleepy tigers aroused, and went to the horses' heads, while the revellers got into their carriages in the best manner they were able. The prisoner Snoole was replaced in Captain ——'s vehicle, when the respective high-born drivers manœuvred to see which could take the lead in a race towards their homes.

It was at the grey hour of morn, when London is silent, and its gaslights glimmering, and its many thousands of inhabitants were reclining in slumber in every variety of attitude, that the jovial party commenced their charioteering competition, in imitation of the ancients, and regardless of the remonstrances of the police. The Hon. T. —— bawled to the marquis, that if he attempted to pass him on the wrong side he would smash him. And his was a new cabriolet, of a strong build, though it was not paid for.

Away they dashed through Bond Street, and trotted, cantered, and galloped round Berkeley Square, cutting at each other's horses and tigers. Snoole got a most malicious lash across the forehead.

Captain —— now politely asked the prisoner where he would like to be *set down*.

Mr. Snoole told the captain, wherever it would best suit the captain's convenience; as he himself was not at all particular.

The captain now unfortunately took it into his head to put his horse on his mettle, and endeavour to pass the cabriolet of the Hon. T. ——. He was quickly observed by the dashing and inebriated sprig of fashion, who jerked his rein suddenly, and brought the two vehicles into collision with a crash, that, though Snoole had stated that he was not at all particular, he found himself *set down* on the pavement by the side of a post in the most unceremonious manner.

Off again went the cabriolets, jostling, and their drivers all trying to upset each other, until Snoole lost sight of them. With his head aching, and every bone in his body tortured by the severe punishment

he had undergone, the poor author determined never again to write in praise of the sporting aristocracy.

Hugh Dobbles, Esq., of Dobbles Hall, a country gentleman of retired primitive manners, and who had rarely quitted his native county, was indicted, and found guilty of manslaughter, under mitigating circumstances, in having shot Darby Irons, while in the act of breaking into the plate-room of Dobbles Hall.

The learned judge sentenced Hugh Dobbles *to be sent over to the neighbouring borough, to stand a contested election there, and to be returned member of parliament.*

This was the heaviest punishment that could be inflicted on Mr. Dobbles, and filled him with the most painful sensations, as he was aware that he stuttered very much, which would prove an impediment not only to his maiden, but any other speech he might attempt to make. Beyond this, he had seldom or ever meddled with politics, or left his home—a mansion of red brick, with large casemented bow-windows, a porch, with seats in it, the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the forecourt set round with hollyhocks. A journey to London was reckoned by Hugh Dobbles, Esq. as great an undertaking as other people would consider a voyage to the East Indies; and now he had to make reparation to the offended laws of his country—to undergo all the horrors of canvassing voters, addressing riotous mobs—to be pelted with *poll*cats, and rotten eggs—to be abused, hooted at—and ultimately to be returned a member of the British House of Commons—a place he never even had visited during his lifetime—where he was compelled to listen to long wearisome speeches, and give himself up to late hours and bad company. Mr. Dobbles almost thought it would be the wisest course to petition for a commutation, and pray that he might be hanged; but he was told that the indulgence would be refused, as no one, in these days, can be hanged, unless, indeed, he has very powerful interest.

We could, had we space, enumerate a great many more cases, and the summary sentences on them, according to the offences committed. Such as condemning a Wesleyan methodist preacher to superintend the getting-up of the ballets at the opera; to ordering gay, pleasure-seeking young fellows to attend a series of morning lectures, on that most dry of all subjects, "Political Economy;" to sentencing two fat old female offenders to a Barclay pedestrian match; or of committing a rheumatic prisoner, suffering under hopochondria, to a pic-nic party on one of the muddy islets of the Thames.

But what are the pleasures of the *philosophers* in this state of society?

Little pleasure trips to Botany Bay by high-pressure steam.

In lieu of barouches, landaulets, Broughams, or other carriages for exercise, three hours daily on the treadmill.

Demagogues and members of spouting clubs, for wholesale relaxation, surrender themselves to solitary confinement.

Previous to boys and girls running away together, and making imprudent matches, or old widows marrying young fellows in the Life-Guards, two months sojourn in the Millbank *penitentiary*—certainly better before than after.

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

SHEWING HOW THE GREATEST GENERAL OF HIS AGE WAS DRIVEN FROM HIS COUNTRY.

The removal of the Duchess of Marlborough being effected, the Tories next directed their machinations against the duke. Assailed with the grossest and most unjustifiable abuse; lampooned and libelled by petty scribblers; attacked in the most rancorous manner by Swift, Prior, and Saint-John; accused of fraud, avarice, extortion—of arrogance, cruelty, and ungovernable ambition—a sensible decline was effected in his popularity.

During his absence from England, in 1711, these attacks were continued with unabating virulence—his successes were decried—his services depreciated—his moral character calumniated—his military skill questioned—even his courage was disputed. Preparation was thus made for the final blow intended to be levelled against him on his return. Though despising these infamous attacks, Marlborough could not be insensible of the strong prejudice they created against him, and he complained to Oxford, who thus characteristically endeavoured to vindicate himself from any share in the libels. "I do assure your grace," he wrote, "that I abhor the practice, as mean and disingenuous. I have made it so familiar to myself, by some years' experience, that as I know I am every week, if not every day, in some libel or other, so I would willingly compound that all the ill-natured scribblers should have licence to write ten times more against me, upon condition they would write against nobody else." Oxford was the more anxious to excuse himself, because, at this particular juncture, he wished to effect a coalition with Marlborough.

A charge was subsequently brought against the duke, which more deeply affected him. He was accused of receiving a large per centage from Sir Solomon Medina, the contractor for supplying the army with bread; and though he immediately exculpated himself by a letter, declaring that what he had received was "no more than what had been allowed as a perquisite to the general as commander-in-chief of the army in the Low Countries, even

before the revolution and since," yet still the charge was persisted in, and inquiries directed to be instituted.

By these means, the public mind was prepared for Marlborough's downfall. On his return, at the latter end of the year, he experienced insults and indignities from the populace whose idol he had formerly been, while by the queen and her court he was treated with coldness and neglect.

On the opening of Parliament, in the debate upon the address, the Earl of Anglesey remarked, that "the country might have enjoyed the blessing of peace soon after the Battle of Ramilies, if it had not been put off by some persons whose interest it was to prolong the war."

To this unjust aspersion, the Duke of Marlborough made a dignified and touching reply, which, as the queen herself was present, though merely in the character of a private individual, had the greater weight.

"I can declare, with a good conscience," he said, "in the presence of her majesty, of this illustrious assembly, and of God himself, who is infinitely superior to all the powers of earth, and before whom, in the ordinary course of nature, I shall soon appear, to render an account of my actions, that I was very desirous of a safe, lasting, and honourable peace, and was always very far from prolonging the war for my own private advantage, as several libels and slanders have most falsely insinuated. My great age, and my numerous fatigues in war, make me ardently wish for the power to enjoy a quiet repose, in order to think of eternity. As to other matters, I had not the least inducement, on any account, to desire the continuance of war for my own particular interest, since my services have been so generously rewarded by her majesty and her parliament."

The amendment on the address moved by Lord Nottingham, and supported by Marlborough, being carried in the House of Lords, occasioned great alarm to the Tories, and rumours began to be raised that a new ministry was to be formed, of which Lord Somers was to be the head, and Walpole secretary of state. Mrs. Masham owned that the queen's sentiments were changed. Saint-John appeared disconcerted, and even Oxford could scarcely conceal his apprehensions. The Tory party was disunited, and the knowledge of this circumstance gave additional encouragement to the Whigs. Fresh advances were secretly made by the treasurer to the duke, but they were repelled like the first.

Finding that his salvation depended upon the most vigorous measures, Oxford bestirred himself zealously, and by his artful representations frightened the queen from recalling the Whigs. He convinced her, that if they returned to office, she must necessarily reinstate the Duchess of Marlborough, and submit to the domination of a tyrannical woman whose temper had been aggravated by the treatment she had experienced. The latter argument prevailed.

The storm weathered, Marlborough's immediate disgrace was resolved upon. The commissioners of public accounts were ordered to examine the depositions of the bread-contractor Medina, and to lay their report before the house. In answer to these accusations, the duke published the letter, to which allusion has been previously made, and which afforded a complete answer to the charge. Notwithstanding this, and without waiting the result of the investigation, the queen, at the instance of Oxford, dismissed him from all his employments.

Thus, unheard and unconsidered, was the greatest general England had then ever possessed, dishonoured and degraded. His disgrace occasioned the liveliest satisfaction throughout France; and on hearing it, Louis the Fourteenth exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "The dismissal of Marlborough will do all we can desire!" His minister, De Torcy, declared—"What we lose in Flanders we shall gain in England;" and Frederick the Great of Prussia broke out indignantly, thus: "What! could not Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, nor Malplaquet, defend the name of that great man? nor even Victory itself shield him against envy and detraction? What part would England have acted without that true hero? He supported and raised her, and would have exalted her to the pinnacle of greatness, but for those wretched female intrigues, of which France took advantage to occasion his disgrace. Louis the Fourteenth was lost, if Marlborough had retained his power two years more."

Such were the sentiments entertained by the different potentates of Europe. It is grievous, indeed, to think that so great a man should have been destroyed by faction. It is still more grievous, to think that some of the obloquy which the bitter and unprincipled writers of his own time endeavoured to fasten to his name, should still cling to it.

In the latter part of the same year, the duke voluntarily exiled himself from an ungrateful country. He embarked from Dover on the 28th November, and sailed to Ostend, where he was received with every demonstration of honour and respect. Proceeding to Aix-la-Chapelle, he afterwards retired to Maestricht, to await the duchess, who was not able to join him till the middle of February.

Marlborough never saw his royal mistress again. Apprised of her dangerous illness, at Ostend, he reached England the day of her decease. As he approached the capital, along the Dover road, he was met by Sir Charles Cox, at the head of two hundred mounted gentleman, and on the way the cavalcade was increased by a long train of carriages. On entering the city, a company of volunteer grenadiers joined them, and firing a salute, headed the procession, raising a cry which found a thousand responses—"Long live King George! Long live the Duke of Marlborough!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

QUEEN ANNE'S LAST EXERCISE OF POWER.

The rivalry between Oxford and Saint-John ended in producing a decided rupture in the cabinet. While the treasurer endeavoured to sacrifice his colleague, by artfully misrepresenting his conduct to the queen, the secretary was enabled to counteract his designs through the influence of Lady Masham, whose husband had been raised to the peerage with nine others, to strengthen the government, immediately after the dismissal of the Duke of Marlborough.

Saint-John's successful negotiation of the peace of Utrecht rendering it impossible to withhold from him the distinction, he was created Viscount Bolingbroke, though he himself expected an earldom; but he was refused the Garter, on which he had set his heart, while Oxford took care to decorate himself with the order. Bolingbroke never forgave the slight, and from that moment utterly renounced his friend, and bent his whole faculties upon accomplishing his overthrow. He found a ready coadjutor in Lady Masham, who was equally indignant with the treasurer for having opposed the grant of a pension and other emoluments which the queen was anxious to bestow upon her. Thus aided, Bolingbroke soon gained a complete ascendancy over his rival, and felt confidently assured of supplanting him in his post as soon as Anne's irresolution would allow her to dismiss him.

Oxford's fall, however, was long protracted, nor was it until his secret overtures to the Elector of Hanover, after the death of the Princess Sophia, had been made known to the queen; and that the court of Saint Germain had exposed his duplicity, and urged the necessity of his removal, that she consented to the measure. The Jacobite party, of whom Bolingbroke was the leader, had become paramount in importance during the latter part of Anne's reign; and as her dislike of the Hanoverian succession, and her predilection for her brother, the Chevalier de Saint-George, were well-known, the most sanguine anticipations were entertained, that on her death the hereditary line of monarchy would be restored. That the period was fast approaching when the question of succession to the throne would be solved, the rapidly declining state of the queen's health boded, and little doubt existed in the minds of those who considered the temper and bias of the public mind, and were aware of the preponderating influence of the Hanoverian party, as to the way in which it would be determined. Still, to an ambitious spirit, like that of Bolingbroke, the chance of aggrandizement offered by adherents to the fallen dynasty of the Stuarts, was sufficiently tempting to blind its possessor to every danger; and although aware of the terrible storm he should have to encounter, he

fancied if he could once obtain the helm, he could steer the vessel of state into the wished-for haven. The moment, at length, apparently came, when it was to be submitted to his guidance. On the evening of Tuesday, the 27th July, 1714, Oxford received a sudden and peremptory intimation from the queen to resign the staff into her hands without a moment's delay; upon which, though it was getting late, he immediately repaired to the palace.

Ushered into the queen's presence, he found Lady Masham and Bolingbroke with her, and their triumphant looks increased his ill-dissembled rage and mortification. Anne looked ill and suffering. She had only just recovered from a severe inflammatory fever, attended with gout and ague, and had still dangerous symptoms about her. Her figure was enlarged and loose, her brow lowering, her features swollen and cadaverous, and her eyes heavy and injected with blood. She scarcely made an effort to maintain her dignity, but had the air of a confirmed invalid. On the table near her, stood a draught prescribed for her by her physician, Sir Richard Blackmore, of which she occasionally sipped.

Moved neither by the evident indisposition of the queen, nor by any feelings of gratitude or respect, Oxford advanced quickly towards her, and eyeing his opponents with a look of defiance, said, in an insolent tone, and with a slight inclination of the head—"Your majesty has commanded me to bring the staff. I here deliver it to you."

And as he spoke he placed it with some violence on the table.

"My lord!" exclaimed Anne, "this rudeness!"

"Lord Oxford has thrown off the mask," said Bolingbroke. "Your majesty sees him in his true colours."

"It shall not be my fault, Bolingbroke," replied Oxford, bitterly, "if her majesty—ay, and the whole nation—does not see *you* in your true colours—and they are black enough. And you too, madam," he added to Lady Masham, "the world shall know what arts you have used."

"If I have practised any arts, my Lord Oxford, they have been of your teaching," rejoined Lady Masham. "You forget the instructions you gave me respecting the Duchess of Marlborough."

"No, viper, I do not," cried Oxford, his rage becoming ungovernable. "I do *not* forget that I found you a bedchamber-woman; I do *not* forget that I used you as an instrument to gain the queen's favour—a mere instrument, nothing more; I do *not* forget that I made you what you are; nor will I rest till I have left you as low as I found you."

"My lord!—my lord!" cried Anne. "This attack is most unmanly. I pray you withdraw, if you cannot control yourself."

"Your pardon, if I venture to disobey you, madam," replied Oxford. "Having been sent for, I shall take leave to stay till I

have unmasked your treacherous favourites. So good an opportunity may not speedily occur, and I shall not lose it."

"But I do not wish to hear the exposure, my lord," said Anne.

"I pray your majesty, let him speak," interposed Bolingbroke, haughtily.

"Take care of your head, Bolingbroke," cried Oxford; "though her majesty may sanction your correspondence with the courts of Saint Germain, her parliament will not."

"Your majesty can now judge of his baseness and malignity," said Bolingbroke, with cold contempt, "knowing how he himself has duped your royal brother."

"I know it—I know it," replied Anne; "and I know how he has duped me too. But no more of this, if you love me, Bolingbroke."

"Oh! that your majesty would exert your spirit for one moment," said Lady Masham, "and drive him from your presence with the contempt he deserves."

"If your majesty will only authorize me, it shall be done," said Bolingbroke.

"Peace! peace! my lord, I implore of you," said Anne. "You all seem to disregard me."

"Your majesty perceives the esteem in which you are held by your *friends!*" said Oxford, sarcastically.

"You are all alike," cried the queen, faintly.

"What crime am I charged with?" demanded Oxford, addressing himself to the queen.

"I will tell you," replied Bolingbroke. "I charge you with double dealing, with chicanery, with treachery, with falsehood to the queen, to me, and to the whole cabinet. I charge you with holding out hopes on the one hand to the Elector of Hanover, and to Prince James on the other—I charge you with caballing with Marlborough—with appropriating the public moneys——"

"These charges must be substantiated—must be answered, my lord," interrupted Oxford, approaching him, and touching his sword.

"They *shall* be substantiated, my lord," replied Bolingbroke, haughtily and contemptuously.

"Bolingbroke, you are a villain—a dastardly villain," cried Oxford, losing all patience, and striking him in the face with his glove.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bolingbroke, transported with fury, and partly drawing his sword.

"My lords!" exclaimed the queen, rising with dignity, "I command you to forbear. This scene will kill me—oh!" And she sank back exhausted.

"Your pardon, gracious madam," cried Bolingbroke, running up to her, and falling on his knees. "I have indeed forgotten myself."

"Oh! my head! my head!" cried Anne, pressing her hand to her temples. "My senses are deserting me."

"You have much to answer for, Bolingbroke," whispered Lady Masham; "she will not survive this shock."

"It was not my fault, but his," replied Bolingbroke, pointing to Oxford, who stood sullenly aloof in the middle of the room.

"Let Sir Richard Blackmore and Doctor Mead be summoned instantly," gasped the queen; "and bid the Duke of Shrewsbury and the lord chancellor instantly attend me—they are in the palace. The post of treasurer must be filled without delay. Lose not a moment."

And Lady Masham ran out to give the necessary instructions to the usher.

"Shrewsbury and the chancellor—what can she want with them?" muttered Bolingbroke, with a look of dismay.

Oxford, who had heard the order, and instantly divined what it portended, softly approached him, and touched his arm.

"You have lost the stake you have been playing for," he said, with a look of triumphant malice. "I am now content."

Ere Bolingbroke could reply, Lady Masham returned with Sir Richard Blackmore, who chanced to be in the ante-room, and who instantly flew to the queen, over whose countenance a fearful change had come.

"Your majesty must be taken instantly to bed," said Blackmore.

"Not till I have seen the Dukes of Shrewsbury and Ormond," replied the queen, faintly. "Where are they?"

"I will go and bring them instantly," replied Blackmore; "not a moment is to be lost."

And as he was about to rush out of the room, Bolingbroke stopped him, and hastily asked, "Is there danger?"

"Imminent danger," replied Blackmore. "The case is desperate. The queen cannot survive three days."

And he hurried away.

"Then all is lost!" cried Bolingbroke, striking his forehead.

And looking up, he saw Harley watching him with a malignant smile.

Lady Masham was assiduous in her attentions to her royal mistress, but the latter became momently worse, and continued to inquire anxiously for the Duke of Shrewsbury.

"Has your majesty no commands for Lord Bolingbroke?" inquired Lady Masham.

"None whatever," replied the queen, firmly.

At this juncture, Sir Richard Blackmore returned with the Duke of Shrewsbury, the lord chancellor, and some other attendants.

"Ah! you are come, my lords," cried Anne, greatly relieved. "I feared you would be too late. Sir Richard will have told you

of my danger—nay, it is vain to hide it from me. I feel my end approaching. My lords, the office of treasurer is at this moment vacant, and if anything should happen to me the safety of the kingdom may be endangered. My lord of Shrewsbury, you are already lord chamberlain and lord lieutenant of Ireland; I have another post for you. Take this staff," she added, giving him the treasurer's wand, which lay upon the table, "and use it for the good of my people."

As the duke knelt to kiss her hand, he felt it grow cold in his touch. Anne had fainted, and was instantly removed by her attendants.

"So!" cried Oxford, "if the queen's fears are realized, Lady Masham's reign is over, while your fate, Bolingbroke, is sealed. You have to choose between exile and the block."

"If I fly, you must fly with me," cried Bolingbroke.

"No, I shall wait," replied Oxford, "I have nothing to fear."

"So end the hopes of these ambitious men!" observed the Duke of Shrewsbury to the chancellor; "the queen found they were not to be trusted. Her people's welfare influenced the last exercise of power of GOOD QUEEN ANNE."

END OF "SAINT JAMES'S."

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